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THE GOWANUSIANS.

By Maurice E. McLoughlin.

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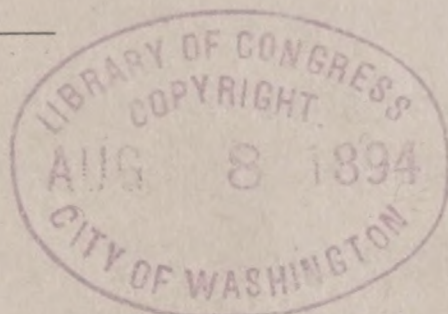
THE GOWANUSIANS.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE
AMONG PLAIN PEOPLE.

— BY —
Edmund
MAURICE E. McLOUGHLIN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

—
Illustrated by M. C. Coultaus.
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By MAURICE E. McLOUGHLIN.

P R E F A C E .

It's no joke to write a funny book.

That is, to write a funny book which everybody who reads it will think is funny.

Some people have such a peculiar way of looking at things.

What will cause one man to yell with glee, slap his leg and make such exclamations as "egad ! that's great," or "By Jove, that's immense !" will make another twist his face into a knot as though he had bitten into the core of a rotten apple, and exclaim "rats !" or "rubbish !" or something more emphatic but less elegant.

The Irish race is peculiar in this respect.

An Irishman is always ready to join in a laugh, even if the joke is made at his own expense.

If you jest with a German about his nationality he grows indignant ; if you tell a Hebrew a story reflecting on the habit of acquisitiveness which is a peculiarity of some of his brethren, he scowls ; but if you tell an Irishman a joke about some other Irishman (or woman), no matter how far fetched it may be, he is always ready to laugh where the laugh comes in.

To those who have read these sketches as they appeared in the columns of the Sunday "*Eagle*," and who may be more or less disappointed because the romance of Maud McBrannigan and some other things have been omitted, I will say that I found it impossible to crowd them all into one book.

If, however, this volume meets with a sufficiently warm welcome to warrant it, the other sketches, which form in themselves a complete novel of life in Gowanus, will be issued.

The pronunciation of the title of this work has been the cause of a good deal of discussion.

I have heard it called about fifty different names, each one of which sounded funnier than the other.

There is a proper way of pronouncing it, of course, but I don't think I'll give it away.

Everyone is therefore at liberty to pronounce it to suit himself or herself, and in this way everyone ought to feel satisfied.

If any of my readers, however, are in danger of turning gray from worrying over it they can have their minds relieved and the natural color of their hair preserved by addressing me, care of the publishers.

To everyone who has spoken of these sketches, whether in praise or depreciation, is hereby extended the sincere thanks of

THE AUTHOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

July, 1894.

THE GOWANUSIANS.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. MULGREW GOES TO HEAR PADDY ROOSHKY PLAY THE PIANO.

One day last week, as Mrs. McBrannigan was cleaning the windows of her front room, she saw Mrs. Mulgrew, the wife of the proprietor of the saloon at the corner, hurrying down the street, dressed in her very best clothes; her black velvet bonnet was set jauntily on top of her head and her bright broché shawl, the envy of every woman in Gowanus, was gracefully draped over her ample form. She carried in her hand a small chamois bag, such as are used by "matinée girls" for holding their opera-glasses, and she had altogether such an air of importance that Mrs. McBrannigan made up her mind that Mrs. Mulgrew must be on her way down-town on some very important business, because, as a rule, Mrs. Mulgrew never wore her velvet bonnet and broche shawl except on Sundays and whenever there happened to be a funeral in the neighborhood.

Mrs. McBrannigan was not naturally of a curious turn of mind, but this proceeding on the part of Mrs. Mulgrew was so very extraordinary that she determined to try and find out what was the occasion which brought Mrs. Mulgrew out dressed in her Sunday clothes in the middle of the week. Strangely enough she met Mrs. Mulgrew the very next morning, in the butcher shop where they both dealt, and after a short discussion on the high price of meat Mrs. McBrannigan remarked in a pleasant, off-hand way:

"I obsarved ye yestherday afthernoont, goin' past me dure all dressed up, Mrs. Mulgrew. Was it to a funeral ye were goin'?"

"No, indade, Mrs. McBrannigan, 'twas to no funeral I was goin', an' if ye wor guessin' from now till Tib's eve—an' that

comes, as ye know well, nayther before nor afther Christmas—ye'd not be able to guess where I was makin' for ; so, to aise yer moind, I think I betther tell ye at wanst." Then with an indescribable air of know-it-allness she added : "I was down to th' Academy av Music to hear Paddy Rooshky."

"An' who in the name o' goodness is Paddy Rooshky?" said Mrs. McBrannigan. "Is he some play acthor?"

"Divil a play acthor is he," replied Mrs. Mulgrew in a tone of disgust, "but the foinest pianny player in the world."

"An did yez enjoy it?" asked Mrs. McBrannigan in an inquiring tone, which was intended to draw Mrs. Mulgrew out.

"Did I enjoy it?" answered Mrs. Mulgrew warmly. "Why, av coorse I did; it was the foinest thing I iver listened to. My darter, Mary Ann, has been takin' lessons for the last siven years, and the only things she kin play be heart is 'Annie Rooney' an 'Comrades,' but Paddy Rooshky played for near two hours, an' he niver laid eyes on a bit o' music paper from the toime he began till he finished. Oh, 'twas wondherful. How I kem to go," went on Mrs. Mulgrew, apologetically, "was loike this: Ye see me cousin is wan o' the extra scene shifters at the Academy, an' he got a present av a couple o' bill board tickets, an' he gev them to me, so meself an' Mary Ann went. Mary Ann had some business downtown yestherday, an' she started ahead o' me, but I met her at the dure an' we wint in together, jusht as good as any of the big bugs from Columbia Heights. Oh, my! but the airs and the shtyle av some o' thim women and young gerruls ud make ye sick, Mrs. McBrannigan, pon me word. Wan woman wid a face loike a \$2 wax doll wint in just before us; she had a thrain on her dhress a couple av yards long, an' jusht bekase I happened to step on it be accident she turned around an' abused me in such language as I wouldn't demane meself be repeatin' to ye, Mrs. McBrannigan. Well, we wint in an' took a couple o' seats right down close to the stage, where we cud have a good look at Paddy Rooshky whin he kem out, d'ye moind. Well, in a couple o' minits a young jude av a fellow, wid no front to his coat or vest, kem along, an sez, 'Have yez any checks for these sates, ma'am?' 'Sorra a check have I,' sez I. 'I gev up me bill boards at the dure comin' in.' 'Well,' sez he, very shtiff, 'yez can't have these sates unless ye have checks.' 'What d'ye take me for?' sez I, gettin' mad. D'ye think I'm Jay Gould, an' that I have me pocket full of checks to be givin' them to spalpeens loike you?' Well, to

make a long story short, he saw it was no use thryin' to bulldoze me, an' he wint aff. Purty soon the whole place was full av the foinest crowd av people ye iver saw, the dhresses, an' the powdher an' paint an their faces, an' the beautiful smell av cologne, an' flowers an' bay rum was almost too much for me, but Mary Ann didn't seem to moind it a bit, she sat there wid her nose in the air jusht as if she was in habit of goin' to hear Paddy Rooshky ivery day in the year. The airs av that darter av moine, Mrs. McBrannigan, 'll be the death o' me some o' these days. For-ninst us, on the stage, was the quarest lookin pianny box ye iver saw; 'twas three times as big as the wan we got for Mary Ann whin she commenced to learn, but as sure as I'm stannin' here, Mrs. McBrannigan, all it had was three legs! 'Phwat kind av a pianny dy'e call that?' sez I to Mary Ann. 'That's a grand pianny, maw,' sez she; ye know she always calls me maw whin we goes out together. Well,' sez I, 'mebbe your pianny ain't grand, but, begorra, it has four legs?' Whin I said this, a young hussy about 16 that was sittin' beside me let out a roar av a laugh that ye cud hear a moile away, but before I had toime to give her a piece o' me moind, there was an awful noise, and I looked up and saw a young fellow, with a big bushy head o' red hair, bowin' up and down, an' shmilin' at the judesses in the boxes. 'Who's that?' sez I to Mary Ann. 'That's Paddy Rooshky,' sez she. 'Well,' sez I, 'he don't look very Irish, but if it's him it's him, I suppose!' While I was sayin' this, the youngster next to me was squirmin' around in her sate, and laffin' loike a loon.

Well, Paddy wint over to the three-legged pianny, an' sat down an' commenced to dhrum on the notes, jusht loike Mary Ann did whin she began to learn; divil a bit av an air cud I make out at all, so I whispered to Mary Ann, 'Shure Paddy Rooshky can't play half as well as yerself;' an' all she said was 'Hush, maw; thry an' behave yerself.' Such impiedence! Purty soon Paddy Rooshky left off drummin' an' began to play; and do ye know, Mrs. McBrannigan, I began to feel the quarest little shivers goin' up an' down me back. He put both his hands up at wan ind o' the pianny an' commenced ticklin' the notes so fasht that ye cudn't kape thrack of him at all. It med me kind o' dizzy, so I shut me eyes an' fell into a kind of a dhrame. At first I thought I was raised off the earth an' was sailin' up to the sky, an' all the time I cud hear the swatest music comin' from above me; the higher I wint the louder the music got, an' all at

wanst I found meself sittin' on a green bank, an' all around me was beautiful spirits all dressed in white, playin' on goold harps.

Well, I sat there for a few minits, whin all of a sudden everything got dark, the spirits disappeared, the ground seemed to fall from undher me, an' I wint down, down, down, until I arrived at a terrible place full av fearful lookin' people, that were groanin' an' wailin' an' screechin' an' carryin' on as if they were in horrible pain; I was just goin' to yell whin some kind av a power lifted me up into the air, an' I thought I was bein' blown along be the wind, an' that it was rainin' and snowin' and hailin' an' blowin' like mad, an' I had no umbrella or rubbers; all av a sudden there was a fearful crash, an' I med up me moind I was done for, whin I heard a lot o' people shoutin', an' I woke up an' found meself in me sate beside Mary Ann, an' Paddy Rooshky was stannin' beside the three-legged pianny, wid his hand on his chist, bowin' an' scrapin' away as happy as cud be.

Everybody was clappin' their hands an' shoutin' 'Bravo!' an' I cudn't kape in, so I stood up on the sate an' waved me brochay shawl an' yelled 'Good boy, Paddy! Hurray for Ireland! Erin go Bragh!' an' do you know that jude wid the half-masted coat an' vest kem down an' told me to kape still or he'd put me out. I told him I knew me business an' I wudn't take any slack from such as him, but Mary Ann axed me as a favor not to have a row, so I sat down an' listened to the fiddlers, but I soon got tired av that, an' kem out; Mary Ann stopped till it was over, but afther hearn' Paddy Rooshky I cudn't listen to nothing else. An' whin Mary Ann kem in, she says: 'Maw, ye med a great mistake; he ain't Irish at all.' 'Well,' says I, 'he must have some Irish blood in him, or he wouldn't be so smart, an', besides, I niver heard tell of a Dutchman yet that was called Paddy.' "

CHAPTER II.

MRS. MULGREW ATTEMPTS TO LEARN HOW TO SKATE.

The German count who keeps the corner grocery patronized by the élite of Gowanus was busily engaged in a dispute with Mrs. O'Dooley last Monday morning over the price of a frozen head of cabbage when Mrs. Mulgrew entered the store.

The saloon-keeper's wife presented a rather grotesquely dilapidated appearance; her left eye was very much discolored and almost closed; her nose was swollen to twice its usual size, and several scratches criss-crossed with black sticking plaster brought the lower portion of her face into great prominence.

When Mrs. O'Dooley saw her she suspended her discussion with the grocer and gazed at Mrs. Mulgrew in great surprise.

"Arrah musha, Mrs. Mulgrew, an' phwhat's happened yer face?" said Mrs. O'Dooley. "It looks as if ye had it run over be a throlley car an' left it out on the line to freeze all night; I hope yer domeshtic relations haven't sthrained thimselves or that yer huzhband hasn't become rambunctious; phwhat was it put sich a lookin' head on yez anyhow?"

Mrs. Mulgrew smiled, or rather made a feeble attempt to smile, which effort only added to the grotesque appearance of her features and caused the groceryman and Mrs. O'Dooley to laugh heartily.

"Begorra, 'tis aisy enough for yez to laugh," said Mrs. Mulgrew, slowly, "but yez can bet a barrel o' potatoes it was no laughin' matter for me whin I got me faytures bent up like this, but it larned me a lesson that I'll niver forget till me dyin' day, an' that lesson is that there's no fool like an ould fool."

"Thru for ye," said Mrs. O'Dooley, quickly, and then realizing that she had made a slight mistake, she added, "but the sinsiblest av us is likely to make omadhauns av ourselves wanst in a great while; an' how did ye happen to make the little mistake that put yer 'peeper' in mornin', Mrs. Mulgrew?"

"Well," said Mrs. Mulgrew, seating herself carefully on a mackerel keg, with many grunts, as if it hurt her to sit down, "it happened bekase I forgot I was an ould woman, an' thried to

take part in a sport that's only fit for school childher and circus tumblers."

"An' phwhat might the sport be?" asked Mrs. O'Dooley, curiously.

"Skatin'," replied Mrs. Mulgrew; "nothin' more or less than skatin'; an' it was thryin' to learn to skate yistherda afthernoon in Prospect Park that gev me the mug ye see on the front av me face at this moment."

"But how did ye come to think av such an outlandish thrick as that?" queried Mrs. O'Dooley, in disgust.

"Well," answered Mrs. Mulgrew, "I'll tell ye. Me daughther Mary Ann is a beautiful skater, and she's been up to the park ivery time they put thim red balls in the cars. Ivery time she went up she kem home wid such fine red rosy cheeks an' such a grand appetite for her supper that it used to dhrive me almost loony lookin' at her, bekase me own face had no more color than a Chinees's an' me appetite is that bad that I'm afeard I'm goin' into a decline."

Here Mrs. Mulgrew sighed and her whole two hundred and sixty-five pounds quivered with emotion or something, while Mrs. O'Dooley sighed sympathetically and the German grocer filled in the gap in the conversation by opening the door and running out to chase Mrs. O'Dooley's billy goat, who was just about to begin making a meal of the tarry strings tying some bundles of wood, which had just been left at the store door.

"Well," resumed Mrs. Mulgrew, "I stood it for a good long time, but whin I found I couldn't stand it no longer, I sez to Mary Ann, sez I, I'm goin' wid ye to the park to-morrow, to see if I can learn to shkate, an' freshen up me complexion, an' cure me dispepsy.' Av coorse she told me not to make a fool o' meself, an' disgrace her into the bargain, an' so on; but the more she said agin it, the more set I was on goin'; so yistherda afthernoon we shtarted out in all the cowl'd for the park, an' before we got half ways to the shkatin' pond I was sorry I kem out, but I was that stubborn that I wouldn't turn back; so finally we landed at the house where the shkaters put on their shkates before they go out to shkate, an' I sat down before the red-hot stove an' put me two feet up to warm thim, an' before I knowed I had the chill-blains so bad that I felt like yellin; but afther a while me feet kem around all right, an' I began to feel very nice an' warm.

"Thin sez I to Mary Ann, 'Phwhere'll I get me shkates?' An' she pointed out a little shsquare windy, an' I wint over, an'



MRS. MULGREW ON SKATES.

sez I, 'I want a good big pair o' shkates, av ye plaze; giv me the wans wid the wide runners on, so's I won't shlip.' Well, he shlammed down a pair o' shkates in a jiffy, an' sez he, 'Two dollars.' 'For phwhat?' sez I. 'For the shkates,' sez he. 'Faith, I don't want to buy yer shkates,' sez I, 'I only want the lind av thim.' 'That's all right,' sez he, 'we only charges twinty-five cints for the lindin' av the shkates, but we has to have the two bones for fear av any wan runnin' off wid the shkates.' 'An' do ye mane to say that I'd do such a dirty thrick as to run off wid yez ould shkates?' sez I, gettin' mad, an' takin' up wan o' the sthraps to give him a belt over the lug; jusht thin Mary Ann ran over an' sez she, 'Maw it's the regular thing to do; don't make such a fuss.' So I ped me two dollars, and got the shkates, an' sat down, an' a boy knelt on the flure and fastened them on me feet; I gev him tin cints, and thin meself an' Mary Ann shtarted for the ice.

"Well, to make a long story short, I had the devil's own time av it; as soon as I shteped on the ice me two feet went from undher me; wan o' thim shtarted for Gowanus an' the other for Greenpoint, an' I sat down so hard an' heavy that it's a wondher the ice didn't cave in wid me. A couple av young fellows, frinds av Mary Ann's, helped me to shtan' up, but I was that nervous that I cud scarcely kape on me feet wid one o' thim on each side o' me. However, they towld me to 'shtrike out,' an' I'd be all right. Well, I sthruck out wid me hands an' feet, an' face, an' in half a shake I ran into a pair o' thim fancy shkaters, a young fellow an' his gerrul, that was doin' shtunts to plaze the crowd, an' I tell ye ye niver saw such a mixture in yer life; the dude's nose bumped into his gerrul's eye, an' down they wint an' mesel on top o' them; about a dozen more shkaters that couldn't see where they wor goin' thripped over us, an' there I was in the middle av a muss, wid shkates diggin' into me eye, an' choppin' off me chin, an' battherin' me nose, an' breakin' in me ribs, until I thought I'd die.

"Well, afther a while a couple of policemen kem along an' exthtracted me from the danger I was in, an' carried me into the room wid the red-hot shtove, an' laid me on a binch until me heart got back to its right place, an' I was feelin' a little more like meself. Thin I bethought me av a shmall flashk av somethin' I had put in me dhress pocket before lavin' home to use in case of necessity. I felt in me pocket, an' bad luck to the shkatin', wasn't the bottle broke an' all the good shtuff shpilt all over me

good clothes, makin' me shmell like a small distillery, without any o' the binifits av it. Thin I took off me shkates an' gev 'em back to the shkate man, an' he had the gall to charge me fifty cints—twinty-five for the lind o' thim an' twinty-five more for breakin' wan o' them. Afther that I kem home, an I've med up me mind that even if me shkin turns as yellow as an Orangeman on Pathrick's day an' me dyspepsy dhrives me into consumption, I'll niver make another attimpt to learn how to shkate."

CHAPTER III.

“DE GANG” WORKS MR. MULGREW FOR FREE HOT DRINKS.

A cold night in Gowanus !

O gentle reader, who, before your cozy grate or beside your warm steam radiator in your comfortable home or flat, as the case may be, peruse this more or less interesting history of the Gowanusians, and laugh heartily or groan dismally (according to your blaséness) at the idiosyncrasies of the McBrannigans and McTerrigans and Mulgrews, little do you know of the meaning conveyed by the words with which this chapter opens.

The houses in Gowanus, as a rule, are not built in rows ; they have a detached, every-one-for-himself sort of appearance, which is very picturesque but very uncomfortable on a cold night, and when I use the word “cold” in reference to Gowanus, I mean cold with a capital C.

Mr. Mulgrew, the proprietor of the saloon which is the resort of the members of “de gang,” rubbed his hands with glee when he noticed how cold it was, as he knew his back room would be well patronized. Mr. Mulgrew had a habit of rubbing his hands with glee on occasions of this kind ; the blasé reader may think that it would have been better for him to have rubbed his hands with soap, but glee was more in Mr. Mulgrew’s line.

Mr. Mulgrew’s hopes were realized shortly before 7 o’clock, when several members of “de gang” came in and huddled around the great red-hot stove, on the top of which was a copper kettle, filled with boiling water, which filled the minds of each one with possibilities of a hot Tom and Jerry later on in the evening.

In front of the stove, with his enormous feet planted in dangerous proximity to the red-hot iron, sat Slob McTerrigan. A clay pipe, which he had obtained at a wake a couple of weeks previous, was fastened in a space which was caused by the loss of a couple of his front teeth in a scrap some months before. Slob always insisted that the loss of the “bones” made pipe smoking a luxury, and he had often advised his friends to have one or two teeth knocked out to make a space for the pipe, but, like the tail-less fox in the fable, his advice was laughed at.

The conversation naturally turned on the weather, and Slob, in order to draw Mulgrew out, for a purpose which will appear later on, asked the saloonist what he thought of the condition of the atmosphere.

Mr. Mulgrew at once hemmed and coughed, and "de gang" knew he was going to indulge in one of his long dissertations; so they leaned forward in their chairs and pretended to be intensely interested.

"Well, Shlob," he said, after a pause, "'tis purty cowld, but these winthers nowadays ain't a patch to the wans we used to have about forty years ago." Having made this statement Mr. Mulgrew leaned back against the bar and puffed vigorously on a wicked looking cigar, while the stove-huggers grinned and nudged one another in a knowing way.

"Well, of course," said Slob slowly, "none of us blokes is forty years on de eart', an' if yer know anything dat yer tink'll give us a spasm, w'y don't yer open yer mug an' play yer game o' talk?"

This was what Mr. Mulgrew had been waiting for; he gave a quick jump, which landed him in sitting position on the bar, and in an impressive way addressed the mob about the stove, somewhat after the manner of a man who knew his words would be respected, no matter what he might say.

"Well, boys," said he, "yez may not believe some o' the things I'm goin' to tell yez, but I don't care whether yez do or not, for I know how the things happened, an' yez don't, bekase ye warn't born at the time. It was in the month of January, 1852, that I landed in New York. It was so cowld that the ship couldn't come any further than Quarantine, an' the passengers had to be carted up the river on sleighs. When I got to New York I went to a barroom and axed for a glass o' wishky. 'Yez mane a shtick,' sez the barkeeper to me. Shure enough, wasn't the wishky frozen into long shticks, an' instid av dhrinkin' I had to ate me glass o' wishky. The beer and ale was the same way, instid av axin' for a glass or a pint o' mixed, the people kem in an' called for half a yard o' beer or two foot an' a half o' mixed ale, and the barkeeper 'ud break it off wid an axe whoile it was runnin' out o' the tap."

Mr. Mulgrew paused to see what effect his "game o' talk" was having on "de gang." That select crowd of young men groaned in an incredulous sort of way, which did not disconcert the saloonist in the least, so he continued. "In the month av

February I moved over here to Gowanus, an' thin I found what cowl'd weather was. The houses were scatthered, and the wind had a foine chance to blow. D'ye know, I had as foine a pair o' whiskers as you'd see in a day's walk at the toime, but they got froze stiff wan day, an' the wind was so sthrong that they broke off, an' iver since I've had to wear a clean shave."

"De gang" groaned again at this point, but Mulgrew, pretending not to notice the interruption, went on: "I worked for a while in a factory, an' at dinner toime I used to watch the steam comin' out o' the pipe over the ingine-house. As soon as it sthru'ck the air it was turned into ice, an' fell on the ground in big lumps, an' afther a few days they had to close the factory, bekase it was buried undherneath the chunks o' frozen steam. Thin I wint to boord wid a woman over on the hill, near Greenwood. She had a pig in the yard that weighed about three hundred pounds. Well, wan morning she wint out to feed him, whin she found the poor pig inclosed in a block av ice as tight as a drum. You see the pig, bein' so big, had a very heavy way av breathin', and his breath jusht froze all around him in a solid cake."

When the crowd heard this they all stood up and, forming in a line, headed by Slob, marched up to Mr. Mulgrew and shook hands with him in a way which meant volumes.

"George Washin'ton ain't in it wid you, Mul," said Slob, "w'en it comes to tellin' de troot; is he, boys [to the crowd]?" "Naw!" yelled "de gang," in chorus. Then they executed a peculiar dance step on the floor, which so delighted Mr. Mulgrew that he asked them all to have a drink "on the house." He stepped behind the bar, grabbed a handful of schooners and was about to fill them whem Slob called out: "Not on yer little whiskers, Mul! Boys, wot are we drinkin' on Mulgrew?"

And the answer came from a dozen hoarse and thirsty throats: "Hot Tom an' Jerry! See?"

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. McBRANNIGAN'S PREPARATIONS FOR PATRICK'S DAY, AND
THE MEETING OF THE A. O. H.

As the little McBrannigan family were seated around the supper table one night this week, Mrs. McBrannigan noticed that her husband was unusually quiet, and had a certain air of pre-occupied indifference, which was so much at variance with his ordinary manner, that she felt compelled to inquire the reason.

"Ye seem to be moighty good company for yerself, this evenin', Phelim, to judge be the amount o' talk yer givin to the rest av us," she said softly, with a sly wink at Maud, who smiled in anticipation of the reply which she knew her father would make to her mother's remark.

"Well," said Mr. McBrannigan, slowly, "a man's thoughts are his own property; 'tis only omadhauns and ejits that tells everything they know; but as long as ye are so intherested, Oi may as well tell ye what Oi was pondherin' about. Av coorse there's no need av remoindin' ye that Saint Pathrick's Day is comin' on very soon, an' Oi was tinkin' that ye'd betther be gettin' me hat and me regalia ready for the parade. There's a meetin' of the A. O. H., to-night to make arrangements for the proper celebration of the day, an' Oi must be off." Mr. McBrannigan pushed his chair away from the table, reached under the stove for his hat, and, buttoning up his coat, started forth to attend the meeting. Mrs. McBrannigan and Maud cleared away the supper dishes in short order, after which Maud "fixed up" and ran over to see Ethel McSniffigan.

After she had gone Mrs. McBrannigan went up-stairs to hunt for her husband's high hat and the green sash which he had worn on every St. Patrick's Day since he had arrived in the country, and to see that they were in proper order for wearing on the day of all days dear to the Irish heart.

Of course, when things are worn only once a year they get to have a very dilapidated appearance after a while, and Mrs. McBrannigan was not at all surprised to find that Mr. Mc's high hat was sadly in need of some renovation. However, she was not at

all disturbed, as she had renovated it every year herself by a peculiar process which had regularly roused her husband's admiration and praise.

She brought the articles down-stairs to the kitchen, laid the hat carefully on a newspaper upon the table and, going to the closet, brought out the can in which she kept her supply of kerosene oil. She poured a quantity of the oil upon the hat and then, by brisk rubbing, succeeded in producing a gloss which no amount of ironing could have brought out of the ancient piece of headgear and then placed it at a safe distance from the stove to dry. She then overhauled the sash and made the startling discovery that the moths had been busy upon its rich folds of green silk, and had made sad havoc of it in spots. She was not entirely discouraged, however, as she remembered that she had a piece of an old green silk dress which Phelim had made a present to her shortly after their marriage, and she made up her mind that she could use it for patching the regalia.

Accordingly she set about finding the necessary articles, and in a few minutes was busily engaged in sewing a large patch of dark green ribbed silk over the holes which the ruthless moths had made in the front of the sash, which, by the way, was made of a very vivid shade of green watered silk. The patch, with its feather-edged stitching of black thread, made a striking contrast against the light background, but Mrs. McBrannigan, not being of an æsthetic turn of mind, never noticed the difference, but, when she had finished it, placed it around her neck and surveyed herself in the glass in the front room with a very well satisfied smile at her own ingenuity.

Mrs. McBrannigan then placed the glossy high hat and the composite regalia carefully away in a drawer to remain there until the 17th, when, arrayed in them, her lord and master would sally proudly forth to march with his branch of the A. O. H. in the parade.

She then sat down in the comfortable rocker which stood in the cozy front room, and folding her hands in her lap, fell into a doze, in which she dreamed of an unending line of fairies, dressed in high narrow brimmed hats and patchwork sashes, marching in dazzling procession past her humble little home.

Mr. McBrannigan, meanwhile, was attending a meeting of the A. O. H., at which some highly interesting events happened.

When he arrived at the hall where his branch of the A. O. H. held its meetings he found the rest of the members there ahead

of him, waiting for the hour of eight to strike before they began discussing the arrangements for the celebration of St. Patrick's day.

Promptly at eight o'clock the president, Mr. Mulgrew, took his seat in the chair in the center of the room beside a table on which he pounded for order at frequent intervals with a small-sized sledge-hammer, which was the only thing in the shape of a gavel that was handy at the time. Mr. Mulgrew enjoyed this pounding process so much that he kept it up most of the time, except when he felt called upon to make a remark himself, in which case he used the hammer to emphasize or punctuate his rather rockily rounded periods.

"The secretary will please call the roll," said the president, with much dignity. "What roll, Frinch roll?" interrupted the fresh member with the piccolo voice. "No, club roll," replied the president, quickly, "and if we have any more interruptions or interjections from the human flute from Galway we'll have a roll call for him specially, wid plinty av taps into the bargain."

This bit of repartee on the part of Mr. Mulgrew was much appreciated, but the laughter and applause was quickly squelched by the sledge-hammer, and the business of the meeting was proceeded with.

When the president announced that motions were in order, a big member, who came originally from Sligo and whose voice resembled the roll of distant thunder, stood up and said: "Misther Chairman, Oi move that we hire a bugle corpse to furnish the music for our branch in the parade." He sat down, and another member rose and remarked that he was not in favor of such "dead and alive music," and moved that they hire a troop of Irish pipers who could play lively airs and keep them in good humor. When this member had subsided the fresh little funny member, who was simply unsquelchable, stood up and addressed the chair. "Misther President," he said, "I know the mimbers who have jusht spoken are sincere in their suggestions about music, but I would like to offer a resolution on this subject which I think ought to meet with the approval of all hands. I would advise that instead of havin' a bugle corpse or a throop of pipers, that we secure a large rubber band and let the mimbers take turns in playing on it; or we might get the loan of Shlob McTerrigan's bulldog, for he carries a brass band around his neck." The piccolo-voiced member stopped speaking at this point, as the noise of the sledge hammer gavel drowned him completely.

Mr. Mulgrew looked positively savage as he glared at the tenor-voiced humorist and proceeded to rebuke him in a strictly Cushingian manner. "Gintlemin," he said, "fun is fun, foolin' is foolin', an' a joke's a joke. I tink I appreciate a rale funny joke as well as any man, but whin a low down Galwaygerian with a little Lord Fauntleroy voice thries to turn a meetin' of intelligent men into a monkey convintion, foolin' oversteps the boundary which separates humor from lunacy, and causes my blood to bile wid indignation an' disgusht. Now, if I hear any more vocalistic flip flaps from the dinky Galway joker I'll take harsh measures wid him; parliamentary rules 'll be suspinded, and we'll have a game o' collar-an'-elbow, or catch-as-catch-can."

The table suffered severely from the assaults of the hammer during this speech, and when he had finished Mr. Mulgrew gave it a final whack and sat down in a mixed state of perspiration and glee.

A discussion then arose between two of the members in regard to the order of marching, which of the members should be in the front rank and so on. The argument was growing warm, when the small, anti-fat voice of the little Galway man was heard above the others, saying, "It seems to me that hammering on that table don't seem to be much use, Misther President. Phwy don't yez use the gavel on some one's head?" This speech was taken as a challenge by the president. He leaped from his chair and made haste to the corner where the flutist was sitting, and was about to administer a stinging rebuke to the interrupter, when a dozen of the cooler members interfered and carried Mr. Mulgrew back to his seat, bidding him not to forget the dignity of his position.

They managed to pacify him after a while, and when he had recovered his mental equilibrium he stood up behind the table and delivered himself of the following speech, which he had carefully prepared for the occasion:

"Gintlemin, an' fellow mimbers of the Gowanus branch of the Ancient Ordher of Hibernians: It is once more me proud duty to address ye as I have done every year for the twelve years that I have been president of our powerful and beautiful araganoization, and it is me intintion to give ye a few points and insthructions, so that our branch will make a creditable showing in the parade on Saint Pathrick's day. The conduct of wan o' the mimbers this avenin' recalls to me moind a meetin' we held the first year I was elected president of the branch. The question was, as it was to-night, about what kind av music we'd have. Wan

mimber proposed that we hire a brass band and another proposed that we hire a sthring orchistra, and a third said it would be better to have nayther a brass band nor a sthring band, but instead to hire a colosseum light ; the man who proposed havin' the brass band, who was of about the same mintal capacity as the mimber who had the idiocity to propose our havin' a rubber band, jumped up an said, "Misther President, before we decide about hirin' the colosseum light, I think we betther find out whether there is any mimber of this araganoization that can play on the colosseum light." That man was too shmart to live, he died and went to a land where bands are unknown, and colosseum lights are not necessary to help you to see your way around.

"To resume, gintlemin, the mimbers will assemble here on Thursday mornin' dhressed in their level besht ; high hats and Prince Albert coats will have the right of way, an' no mimber who has any respect for the araganoization will show up in anything else. Above all things, don't shmoke pipes in the parade, dhrop yer every-day thricks, rise to the occasion, an' shmoke cigars. The mimbers who have a wakeness for stoppin' at corners to celebrate will march in the center of the lines, so that the sthronger minded wans can help to kape thim on their feet till the parade is over, whin they will be left to the tindher mercies av the pathrol wagon and the tin-day coorts.

"Don't put on airs. We had a mimber once in the branch that was very proud in his walk ; he was a high stepper, and wan Pathrick's day as he was marchin' along Fulton sthreet his head got turned, and he stepped so high that he was run over by an elevated railroad thrain ; he joined our colosseum light member on the spot in the march that has no end or beginning."

While Mr. Mulgrew was speaking the little man from Galway pretended to fall asleep, and when Mr. Mulgrew reached this part of his harangue he gave vent to a long drawn out combination of a snore and a whistle, but the sledge hammer came down on the table in an emphatic way, which made the piccoloistic pigmy jump about three feet from his seat and prevented a repetition of the joke.

After a few more remarks of a cautionary nature Mr. Mulgrew declared the meeting adjourned, and the members filed out of the hall and over to Mulgrew's hostelry, where they drank to the success of the parade from "schooners," which, on account of their extraordinary size, were called "washtubs," and which were replenished so frequently that the success of the parade was fairly drowned.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. MULGREW AND MRS. O'DOOLEY HAVE A LIVELY DISCUSSION.

"Me Parthrick's pot on ye!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dooley, as she met Mrs. Mulgrew in the butcher-shop on Saturday morning.

"Faith, yez are a day late wid yer well-wishin', Mrs. O'Dooley," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, sarcastically, "but I'm much obliged to ye all the same; an' how did yez enjoy the day?"

First class," replied Mrs. O'Dooley; "'tis a long toime since I had so much fun; I was on the sthreet from 8 in the mornin' till 6 in the avenin'; I saw the both parades, and ilegant parades they wor, too. Did ye see any o' thim?"

"Oh, yis," replied Mrs. Mulgrew; "I was invoited be a frind that has a flure on the line o' march to come an' spind the day wid her, an' I sat there at me aise all day long, an' was as comfortable as a pig in a mud hole; phwere did ye obsarve the per-cisshun from yerself, Mrs. O'Dooley?"

"Oh, begorra, I had to be satisfied wid a grand stand up on the shteps o' the City Hall," said Mrs. O'Dooley. "God bless the man that built it; shure he must have been a great friend o' the Irish, to build the City Hall wid so many shteps o' stairs goin' up to the front dure, so that iverybody cud have a foine view of the parade. I brought me little boy, Tommy, wid me, afther seein' the ould man off safe an' sound, wid his new regalia on, an' his high hat polished so that ye cud see yer picther in it. Begorra, he looked foine, an' whin I saw him in the march, I felt that proud av him I cud scarcely kape from leapin' over the City Hall."

"An' why did he have a new regalia?" asked Mrs. Mulgrew, curiously.

"Bekase his ould wan was chewed up by that villyin of a billy goat belongin' to the McTerrigans," replied Mrs. O'Dooley, "bad cess to his ugly whiskers! I hung the ould sash that O'Dooley had worn in ivery parade for I don't know how many years out on the clothesline to air, an' that thafe o' the world kem along, an' before ye cud say 'Jack Robinson,' he had the

whole beautiful piece o' silk, wid the tassels an' goold lace all complate, stewed away in his stomach. Av coorse I near killed him wid a club, but that was small consolation to the ould man, for he couldn't parade widout his sash, so he took satisfaction out of himself by goin' out and comin' home full, an' breakin' up some o' the furniture, by way of a divarshun."

"I saw Misther O'Dooley in the parade," said Mrs. Mulgrew, "an' to tell the truth, he did luk very foine indade; by the way, did ye see anything of Misther Mulgrew?"

"Oh, yis," replied Mrs. O'Dooley, "he raley looked extramely ilegant, divil a word of a lie am I tellin' ye, Mrs. Mulgrew; av coorse, he ain't near as tall as my ould man, but for a man of his size he did look imminse!"

Mrs. Mulgrew didn't look very highly pleased at the left-handed compliment her neighbor had paid her better half, but she pretended to be delighted with Mrs. O'Dooley's opinion.

"Well, as far as size goes," said she, "ye know merit doesn't always go by heighth, or breadth; av coorse, Misther Mulgrew ain't a six-futter, but he do luk quite respectable whin he's dhressed up; he had on a bran new Prince Albert coat, vesht an' pants that he ped \$45 for lasht wake, an' a new shtovepipe wid a wide brim, thrimmed on the side wid a bunch o' shamrogues that grew in the ould sod. I suppose ye noticed, Mrs. O'Dooley, that he was captain of wan o' the divisions?"

Mrs. Mulgrew drew herself up when she made this remark and towered over Mrs. O'Dooley with a splendid consciousness of her superiority, as she knew Mrs. O'Dooley's husband was only one of the common ordinary rank and file in the parade.

"Oh, yis," replied Mrs. O'Dooley, quietly, but in a tone which was intended to take Mrs. Mulgrew down from her "perch," "I obsarved he was leadin' a part o' the percisshun, but I also noticed that he did it on fut. How is it that yer good man wasn't mounted on a prancin' horse instid av wearin' out his feet on the cobble-stones?"

"Oh, that's aisily explained," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "Ye see they're usin' thim elashtic throlley cars on nearly all the car lines of Brooklyn now, an' they sint all the horses away to be sould at auction; that laves the parade horses very scarce. Misther Mulgrew forgot to pervide himself wid a horse in toime, an' phwin he wint lookin' for wan on Thursda' he cudn't get it for love or money, so he had to be continted wid shanks mare for the first time since he joined the ordher."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. O'Dooley; "that was too bad, for a small man do look so much betther on horseback than he do on his feet; ye can't tell phwat size he is at all at all."

Mrs. O'Dooley laughed at her little joke, in which laugh Mrs. Mulgrew failed to join, as she immediately busied herself looking at some meat for the Sunday dinner. While she was doing this Mrs. O'Dooley nudged her, and said:

"Phwat do ye think o' the iday av havin' two parades in Brooklyn ivery Pathrick's day, Mrs. Mulgrew?"

"Well, I don't think much of it, Mrs. O'Dooley, to tell the honest truth," replied Mrs. Mulgrew. "It's too much like the ould faction fights in Ireland, phwin they wor niver satisfied unless there were several broken heads at the ind o' the fray. Of coorse, thanks to Chief Campbell, an' the efforts o' the mayor, the police are able to kape thim in check here in Brooklyn, by makin' thim march in opposite directions, an' at different times o' the day, so that the different factions won't be able to meet and scatther each other all over the sthreets of Brooklyn. 'Tis a foine thing, Mrs. O'Dooley, that we have such a good police foorce here, bekase if we hadn't, ivery Pathrick's day ud be a regular Watherloo, an' the consequence ud be that afther a few years there wouldn't be enough Irishmen left in Brooklyn to make a parade, an' the cimitery in Flatbush ud be so crowded that they'd have to annex Prospect park to find room to bury the victims."

"An' phwy can't they agree together, some way," said Mrs. O'Dooley, "an' patch up their differences an' march together like min, for the honor of the great St. Pathrick, instid av quarrelin' like a lot av school childher?"

"On account of their Irish pride," answered Mrs. Mulgrew; "ivery mother's son o' thim thinks he ought to be on horseback, be rights, wavin' a swoord, an givin' ordhers, an' its on account o' their not bein' able to agree who'll be officers, and who'll be min that they have to have two araganoizations an' two parades, so's to give ivery man that thinks he was born to be a gineral, only that he became a hod carrier be mistake, a good chance to shoot aff his gub, an' shout 'aarther aarums!' or 'foorward maarrech!'"

"Me huzhband tells me there's great prospects of home rule in Ireland, Mrs. Mulgrew," said Mrs. O'Dooley, when Mrs. Mulgrew had stopped for want of breath.

"Well," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "I'm glad to hear that the Irish are goin' to get fair play at lasht; but all I have to say is that the Irish Americans of Brooklyn ought to git some sinse, an'

by meetin' together on aqual grounds, an' havin' wan good sthrong, peaceable parade on Pathrick's day, set a good example to the people in the ould counthry, instid of fightin' over thrifles, an' makin' thimselves the laughin' sthock of their fellow citizens, an' the counthry at large."

"Thrue for ye," said Mrs. O'Dooley; "'tis yerself has the gift o' the gab, an' can explain thim things, but I guess I'll have to be lavin' ye; I musht go home an' see afther me ould man; he kem home lasht night in a turrible state; he said he cud see more shnakes than St. Pathrick iver dhrove out o' the ould dart; I had to kape watchin' him all night, for fear he'd jump out o' the windy, but he fell asleep about 6 o'clock this mornin', an' I guess he'll be all right by 12. Good-mornin', Mrs. Mulgrew."

"Good-mornin', Mrs. O'Dooley," said Mrs. Mulgrew, and as Mrs. O'Dooley disappeared through the door of the butcher-shop. Mrs. Mulgrew resumed her occupation of selecting the meat for the Sunday dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MULGREW AND MARY ANN TAKE A TURKISH BATH.

One day last week Mrs. O'Dooley's goat strayed away from the neighborhood on an exploring expedition and as that estimable woman was searching for him she came face to face with Mrs. Mulgrew.

Mrs. Mulgrew was dressed in her best dress, black velvet bonnet and broché shawl, but no matter how well she was appareled, Mrs. Mulgrew never was above saluting her humblest neighbors, and if she had time would always stop for a little chat.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. O'Dooley," she said pleasantly.

"Good-afternoon to yerself," replied Mrs. O'Dooley. "I'm huntin' high an' low for that ould billy goat av mine, an' divil a sign av his ugly shape can I see. Yez didn't happen to run acrass him in ye' thravels, did ye, Mrs. Mulgrew?"

"Faith I didn't, Mrs. O'Dooley," said the saloon-keeper's wife. "I'm only jusht comin' from downtown, where I'm afther havin' a Turkish bath, if ye plaze."

"A Turkish bath, is it? An' phwhat in the name o' goodness is a Turkish bath?" said Mrs. O'Dooley, quizzically.

"Oh, it's a thratemint the docthor's ordhered me to take for me degingeratin' heart," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "and 'tis a wonderful thratemint intoirely."

"An' phwhat might it be like?" asked Mrs. O'Dooley.

"Well, I'll tell ye," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "Meself an' Mary Ann wint to the place down-town, an' I ped tin dollars for a dozen tickets; then we wint into little bathin'-houses like they do have in Coney Island an' undhressed; an' a nice, polite little lady gev us sheets to wrap around us, an' we follied her through a couple o' rooms until we got into wan that was so hot that I thought we'd arrived at the home o' the ould boy himself. There was five or six women an' gerruls sitting around on long chairs, all wrapped up in sheets, an' lookin' like a lot av ghosts. 'Phwat do you call this?' sez I; I 'tought I kem here to get a bath or a wash, an' not to be roasted alive.' 'Oh,' sez the polite little

woman, 'this is part of the bath; yez'll have to sit here for a phwhile an' puspire, so's that all the exuberances av the skin 'll have a chance to excruciate.' 'Oh, all right,' sez I; 'I'm willin' to stand anything, as long as the docthor have towld me to;' so down I sat, with Mary Ann next to me, an' the shweat jusht rolled off me like rain.

"Afther a while I sez to Mary Ann, 'May,' sez I (she always likes me to call her May phwin we're out any place), 'I'm feelin' very dhry. Do ye think cud I get a glass av ale here?' 'Oh, no, maw,' sez she; 'this is a very high toned place; they wouldn't sell anything as common as ale.' 'Well,' sez I, 'I'll see phwhat they have,' an' I pushed a little button like the wan in Asbury Park, to see if I cud get a kodax dhrink. The polite little woman kem skippin' in at wanst, an' sez I, 'Have yez any good mixed ale here? I'm thirsty.' She smiled swately, an' sez: 'We have iverything yez kin ax for in the way av dhrinks, but no wan is allowed to dhrink anything but ice wather while they're goin' through the bath; after ye come out ye kin have iverything ye wish.' Well, I was forced to take the ice wather against me will, for it med me shweat harder than ever. When I cudn't stan' the heat no longer, I pushed the button wanst more, an' the polite little wan kem in again wid only a taste of a shkirt on her, lookin' as fresh as a May mornin'. 'Phwhat'll ye have?' sez she; 'shtep this way.' So I shteped afther her into a little room wid a marble sofa. 'Lay down there,' sez she. 'Phwhat for?' sez I. 'So's I can scrub ye,' sez she. 'Faith, I'll let ye know I don't need any scrubbin',' sez I. 'Didn't I jusht get back from Asbury Park three weeks ago, where I washed meself well in the say?' 'Oh, niver mind,' says she, very polite like; 'lay down any way, 'twill do ye good; ye won't have the full bath if ye don't get scrubbed an' rubbed!' So I lay down for peace sake, an' if she didn't rub me an' scrub me, lave it there? Ye'd think I was a kitchen flure. She actually took a regular scrubbin' brush an' scrubbed me till I was as clane as a new pin; then she squirted warm wather all over me to wash the suds off, and thin she stood me undher a shower of wather that got colder an' colder till I thought I'd freeze; jusht whin I began to shiver, she turned off the wather an' took me into a room full o' towels an' began dhryin' me.

"She was raley the most obligin' little woman I iver met. Nothing was too much throuble for her, an' whin she had me dhried she brought me into an ilegant room full av beautiful

sofys, an' there was Mary Ann lyin' off as graceful as ye plaze, all wrapped up in a blanket. Well, the little woman bid me lay down on the lounge next to Mary Ann, an' thin she wint over ivery bit o' me wid her two fat little hands, an' she rubbed me till I felt as smooth as a yard av \$6 satin. Thin she wrapped me up in the blanket, an' axed me would I like anything to dhrink. 'I would,' sez I; 'bring me a good big glass ov mixed ale.' An' phwhat'll you have?' says she to Mary Ann. 'I'll take a pussy caffay,' sez she, quite airy like, an' I think you better hav wan, maw, instead of the ale; they're much betther afther a Turkish bath.' 'All right,' sez I; 'bring me the pussy cat's tail, or a puppy dog's ear, it's all the same to me; if I can't have phwat I want, I suppose I'll have to take phwat I can get.' Well, the polite little fairy was back in a jiffy with the two dhrinks, an' I dhrank me pussy cat's tail for shtyle, just to plaze Mary Ann; I didn't like the taste av it at first, but whin I lay down it sint such a lovely feelin' shootin' through me that I thought I was about half way betwixt Heaven an' earth, an' I wint to sleep, an' dhreamed of iverything lovely, until Mary Ann shook me an' woke me up, sayin' it was toime to go home. She was all dressed, an' wint off for a promenade on Fulton street, an' I dressed meself an' kem home, afther payin' sixty cints for the pussy cats' tails. Sixty cints is a good dale to pay for two dhrinks, when mixed ale is only tin cints a pint; but they were so ilegant that I niver grudged it, an' plaze goodness I going down this day week for another dose o' the same medicine.

Mrs. Mulgrew paused; Mrs. O'Dooley put her hand up to shield her eyes from the sun, and gazing long and earnestly toward the other side of an adjacent lot said, very suddenly: "There he is, the divil!"

"Who is it ye mane?" said Mrs. Mulgrew.

"Me billy goat, to be sure," replied Mrs. O'Dooley. "Thim that has nothing else to do can hunt afther pussy cat's tails, but hard workin' people must be contint wid chasin' billy goats; so I'll be lavin' ye, Mrs. Mulgrew; good-afthernoont."

"Good-afthernoont," said Mrs. Mulgrew, stiffly, and as Mrs. O'Dooley galloped across the lot after her pet, the saloon-keeper's wife swept across the street and into the house to prepare the supper and entertain her husband with an account of her experience in Turkish baths and pussy cats' tails.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. O'DOOLEY'S BILLY GOAT CAUSES TROUBLE BETWEEN HIS MISTRESS AND MRS. DINKELBECKER.

On Wednesday morning, just as Mrs. Dinkelbecker, who is a near neighbor of Mrs. O'Dooley, had finished hanging out the week's wash and had gone into her kitchen, Mrs. O'Dooley's billy goat, which had had nothing but two sheets of brown paper, a picture of Francis Wilson, which had blown from a bill-board, and a rusty tomato can, for breakfast, happened to come along and spy the luscious garments which were suspended from Mrs. Dinkelbecker's line. Mrs. O'Dooley's goat was rather particular about what he ate in the clothes line, and he nosed around until he located the choicest morsel of the lot, which was Mr. Dinkelbecker's only white shirt.

Mr. Billy calmly proceeded to devour this article of apparel, and, as it disappeared down his throat, the chances of Mr. Dinkelbecker's being able to appear in immaculate linen the following Sunday grew more and more slim. He was just reveling in the sweetest part of the linen bosom when Mrs. Dinkelbecker happened to spy him. In the shortest possible space of time Mrs. Dinkelbecker was out in the yard with the clothes stick in her hand, ready to do battle with his goatship and rescue the remains of her husband's Sunday shirt. The goat saw her coming, however, and, standing on his hind legs, after the manner of Gowanus goats of the William sex, made a vicious buck at the furious Mrs. Dinkelbecker. He missed her, but knocked the clothes stick from her hand.

Mrs. Dinkelbecker stooped to recover her weapon of attack and defense, and in doing so turned her back on the goat. The billy seemed to take offense at Mrs. Dinkelbecker's lack of politeness, and rising once more to the occasion butted poor Mrs. Dinkelbecker so effectively that she went sprawling into a large mud puddle which had formed in the middle of the yard. This unfair, behind-her-back attack only served to increase Mrs. Dinkelbecker's anger. Mrs. Dinkelbecker, owing to a fondness for noodle soup, Limburger cheese, frankfurters and the other delicatessen deli-

cacies which particularly tickle the Teutonic palate, was quite stout and un wieldy, so that when Mr. William Goat O'Dooley precipitated her into the mud, it was only with a great amount of exertion that she managed to recover her equilibrium.

When she finally struggled to her feet there was fire in her eye and a stick in her hand. The goat saw how things were, and having swallowed the button-hole on the tab of Mr. Dinkelbecker's shirt, thought it was about time to be going home.

He turned tail.

This was very unwise on the part of the goat. He had a very long tail for a billy goat, and Mrs. Dinkelbecker caught hold of it with her left hand.

Then she brought the clothes stick down in an emphatic fashion on the goat's back several times.

Then the goat started to run.

Mrs. Dinkelbecker still held on to his caudal appendage.

They ran down the street until they arrived at Mrs. O'Dooley's gate, Mrs. Dinkelbecker still raining blows on the goat's back with the clothes stick.

When the goat saw his home, he made a flying leap over the fence, which landed Mrs. Dinkelbecker against it with a suddenness which took her breath away.

She managed to retain possession of the billy goat's tail, however, and with the sense of the awful wrong he had done, and the indignity he had heaped upon her still uppermost in her mind, Mrs. Dinkelbecker continued beating him with the stick.

Then the billy commenced to "Ma-a-a-a!" When a Gowanus goat begins to "Ma-a-a!" in a certain tone of voice, the owner of the goat usually knows there is something wrong with it.

So when Mrs. O'Dooley heard her beloved Willy goat "M-a-a-ing" she hastened out to see what was the matter.

The sight that confronted her roused every bit of "Irish" in her nature.

She made a wild rush to the rescue of her pet, and then the fun began.

"Phwhat do you mane by wallop in' my goat?" yelled Mrs. O'Dooley, as she seized Mrs. Dinklebecker's uplifted stick, which was just about to descend in another welt upon the goat's head.

"Vot does your coat mean by shvallerin my husband's new vite shirt? Dot's vot I vant to know, Mrs. O'Dooley," replied Mrs. Dinklebecker, who arrogated to herself for this occasion the

essentially Irish privilege of answering one question by asking another.

“He didn’t ate your shirt; that goat wouldn’t stale other people’s property no more than he’d floy in th’ air,” answered Mrs. O’Dooley, hotly; “he’s as innocent as a new born babby, ain’t you, Billy, darlin’?” and Mrs. O’Dooley fondled the long goatee which adorned the animal’s under jaw.

“Maype dot pilly coat is as innocent as dot papy dot ain’t yet peen porn yet, but all the same he has a peautiful new vite shirt inside of him dot I only pought six months ago in Fifth avenue for sixty-dree cents, und I gets dot money from you or else I vill kill dot coat, dot’s all!” shouted Mrs. Dinklebecker, whose face was as red as the sun at seven o’clock on a summer evening.

This statement on the part of her German neighbor roused Mrs. O’Dooley’s wrath to a high pitch. She was angry before, but now she was what was known as “hopping mad.”

She danced around like a wild Indian and gave a whoop like a Comanche on the warpath.

“See here, Limburger,” she yelled, “I was living in Gowanus when you an’ yer Budweiser husband were over in Germany diggin’ in the fields, when nayther him nor yerself knew what it was to have a shirt to yer backs, an’ here ye have th’ impudence to jabber at me, a dacent, honest woman, in yer Dutch brogue, an’ charge me, or me goat—’tis the same ting—wid stalin’ a dirty ould sixty-cint shirt! Phwhy, that billy goat wouldn’t demane himsel’ by atin’ a Dutchman’s shirt. He comes of too good shtock to do anything of the kind; besides, it wouldn’t agree wid his insides. I tink if that goat iver ate anything Dutch be mistake, he’d die the next minute from disgusht, that’s phwat he’d do, ould noodle soup! Put that in yer dhudeen an’ puff on it!”

Mrs. O’Dooley’s voice rose higher and higher with each sentence, and when it came to the climax she fairly shrieked.

Mrs. Dinklebecker listened with fire in her eye to this tirade, and when Mrs. O’Dooley had finished she replied quickly:

“Vot’s dot? You call me a lawyer? You say dot villy coat nefer didn’t eat dot shirt? I say you lie packwards; he did eat dot shirt; und I dells you, old voman, dot ven you say me and my huspand didn’t have any shirts on our packs in Yarmany, you makes vun pig mistagke; ve had shirts und eferyting ve wanted to eat und trink ven you and your old man, O’Tooley, vos eatin’

potatoes und sour milgk, und diggin' in de pogs for goal to gook dem mit."

"We lived in a castle in Ireland, let me tell you, Mrs. Dinklebecker!" interrupted Mrs. O'Dooley.

"O yes," replied Mrs. Dinklebecker, "I know de kind; de same space did for a vindow and a door, und if it vas fastened on de inside, all you had to do vas to reach your arm down the chimley, und open it, und let yourself in. Oh, I know dem Irish gastles, Mrs. O'Dooley. I know chust de kind dey vos, ha! ha!

Mrs. Dinklebecker was so amused that she laughed loudly at her joke.

"That's all right," sneered Mrs. O'Dooley, coming out on the sidewalk to where Mrs. Dinklebecker was standing, "but my an-cesthral estates has nothing to do wid de charge yez med agin my goat; I want you to take it back, do yez undherstand?"

Mrs. O'Dooley shook her fist threateningly in her neighbor's face, and scowled in a way which was intended to scare Mrs. Dinklebecker into a "Dutch fit."

The goat had moved around behind Mrs. Dinklebecker by this time.

"I understand nodings but dot de coat have shvollerred my shirt, or my huspand's shirt, dot I gave him for a Grismas bres-ent lasd New Year's, und I vant sadisfaction, dot's vot I vant?"

Mrs. Dinklebecker here shook her fist in Mrs. O'Dooley's face.

Just as she did so the goat rose on his hind legs and butted her.

He did it so effectually that Mrs. Dinklebecker's fist landed in Mrs. O'Dooley's eye.

They landed in a heap on the sidewalk, and then began a real old-fashioned Gowanus scrap.

The yelling of the principals and the "ma-a-a-ing" of the goat, which butted the contestants with great impartiality, soon brought a crowd around.

The fighters were soon separated; Mrs. O'Dooley and the goat were led into the house, and a sympathetic German woman persuaded Mrs. Dinklebecker to go home.

Mrs. O'Dooley's good looks will be interfered with for some time by a black eye, and Mrs. Dinklebecker will be more presentable when the crossbar scratches left on her face by Mrs. O'Dooley's nails have healed up.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. MULGREW GOES TO SEE "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

As Mrs. McBrannigan was leaning over her front gate on Wednesday afternoon she noticed coming down the street the portly form of Mrs. Mulgrew. The saloon-keeper's wife was radiant with smiles, and Mrs. McBrannigan of course felt in duty bound to comment good-naturedly upon her neighbor's pleasant expression.

"An' phwat's the good news that's makin' yer face look so pleasant this afternoon, Mrs. Mulgrew?" she inquired, as that woman rested her elbows upon the fence.

"Deed 'n' 'tis good cause I have to look pleasant, Mrs. McBrannigan," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "for wasn't I to the theayter lasht night! Iver since I heerd Paddy Rooshky play the pianny I've been dyin' to go to the Academy av Music again, but me cousin, that's the scene-shifter, towld me there was nothin goin' on there iver since but amachoor performances, an' they'd be a dead loss to me; nothing but a gang av judes and judesses makin' gummy love to one another, an' he knew I cud niver shtand that; but wan night lasht week he kem up to the house, an' sez he, 'Now's yer time; Augushtin Daly's company is comin' here next week from New York, an' if yez want to see a good show, take in "The Tamin' of the Shrew" on Choosda' evenin'.

'Well,' sez I, 'I niver heerd tell av Augushtin Daly before, but Daly's a good Irish name, an' I suppose the show'll be first class; can ye get us billboards, like ye did for Paddy Rooshky?', sez I. 'Oh, no!' sez me cousin, 'there's nary a billboard flyin' around for Daly's shows, an' if yez want to see it yez'll have to pay yer way in.' Any way, Mary Ann an' meself wint down lasht night an' I tell ye, Mrs. McBrannigan, it was jusht grand. I had to pay a dollar for two tickets, an' thin had to climb half way to the sky to get a sate. It was an awful long ways from the stage, but wid them peepers av Mary Ann's iverything is brought right to the ind av yer nose, d'ye moind."

"An' phwat was the play about, at all, at all?" said Mrs. McBrannigan, becoming interested.

“ Oh, ’twas wan av Spokeshear’s plays,” replied Mrs. Mulgrew loftily. “ Twas wrote a great many years ago, whin the min wore thim funny tight-fittin’ clothes to show off their legs, an’ be the same token ’tis a good thing they don’t wear thim nowadays, because it ud kape a woman busy darnin’ and patchin’ her huzhband’s clothes from mornin’ till night. Well, afther the music was over, the green screen was hishted up an’ the play began. There was a lot of tomfoolery in the first part that I cudn’t make head or tail of, but afther a while I began to catch the dhrift of it, and I enjoyed it tremenjously.

A foine young fellow came in, wid a servant afther him, to call on an ould man wid whiskers that had two daughters in the market; wan av thim was a moild shlob av a wan, that always did as she was bid, and niver said ‘ Boo,’ but the other was a rale out-an’-out shrew; as purty as an oil painting, but as hot timpered as the divil himself. Ivery time a young man ’ud come around to make love to her she’d fly into a rage and scare him so bad that he’d niver turn up again. But this young fellow that came in to see her father was made of different shtuff; he towld the ould man that he wanted to marry his daughter. The ould fellow took pity on him an’ gave him a few hints about her disposition not bein’ on the angelic make, but Petruchio—that was the fellow’s name—said he had been a lion tamer in his day and had no fear of a woman’s tongue. Thin the ould man wint out an’ sint in his daughther to the parlor, and she came in loike a shot from a gun. The actress that took the part av the shrew is a Miss Ada Rehan. She was born in Ireland, so me cousin tells me, an’ was brought up right here in Brooklyn, so ’tis no wondher she’s so fine lookin’ an’ so clever.

Well, as soon as she flew into the parlor, Petruchio stepped up to her, an’ sez he, as bowld as ye plaze, ‘ Good-mornin’, Kate. She marched over to the other side av the room, and sez she, ‘ Oi’m not used to bein’ called be any such familiar names as thim, young man; my name is Katherine.’ Well, the young man jusht laughed at her, an’ niver called her anything but Kate after that, jusht to taze her. They had a grand scrap, but ivery time she said anything sharp to him he’d meet her half way, and be the time her ould man kem in he had Katherine excited up to the biling pint. She called him a fool and an ass and several other impolite names, but he jusht shmiled an’ shmiled all the time, an’ phwin her father came in to see how they were makin’ out, Petruchio says to him, ‘ She’s mine; she’s promised to marry me to-morrow.’

“Well, she does marry him, jusht for spite, I suppose, but she thinks she’ll stay for a few days at her father’s house before she goes on her weddin’ tour. He says she won’t; she says she will; and there they have it hot an’ heavy until he jusht catches her around the waist and throws her over his shoulder, loike a side av beef, and carries her home wid him to his own house.

“Whin they get there Kate is very hungry, but whin the dinner is brought in Petruchio finds fault wid the way it’s cooked, and upsets the table and kicks the servants and the cook down stairs, an’ poor Kate has to go to bed widout a bite or sup on her marriage night. But she’s jusht as full of fight as iver. A man milliner comes in wid a new bonnet an’ dhress for her, but her huzhband doesn’t loike the cut av them, an’ he chases the man out av his house, bag an’ baggage.

“Well, to make a long story short, Mrs. McBrannigan, he kapes up his bossy ways until the shrew is as meek as a pet lamb. Whin the sun is shinin’ he calls it the moon, an’ she agrees wid him; an’ whin an ould, bewhiskered fellow comes in he makes believe it’s a pretty gerrul, an’ Kate praises him up to the skies; she niver thinks of contradictin’ him, an’ he has ivir-thing his own way.

“In the ind they grabbed hould of each other an’ kissed an’ made up an’ promised to be good to each other for the rest of their married life, an’ the green screen fell an’ the play was over; but I’ll niver forget how beautiful it was, Mrs. Brannigan, niver,” and Mrs. Mulgrew smiled again.

While the two women were talking the 6 o’clock whistle blew, and just as Mrs. Mulgrew was finishing her story, Maud came along and hurried into the house.

“Maud seems to be in a hurry this avenin’,” said Mrs. Mulgrew.

“Yes,” replied Maud’s mother, “she’s goin’ to the Grass-eaters’ picnic this avenin’ wid Dushty O’Dowd, an’ I must be in to give her her tay. Good-avenin’, Mrs. Mulgrew.”

“Good-avenin’,” answered Mrs. Mulgrew, as she walked slowly up the street, wearing the same wide smile which had attracted Mrs. McBrannigan’s attention as she came down the street a half hour before.

CHAPTER IX.

TONY'S ACCOUNT OF HOW COLUMBUS MADE HIS DISCOVERY.

This is a season of great rejoicing; about four hundred years ago America was discovered by Christopher Columbus, and three hundred and ninety-nine years later Gowanus was discovered by the author of "The Gowanusians." That is, it wasn't discovered exactly; people have resided there for many years, but their peculiarities were as much unknown to the world as were the manners and customs of the Indians who were discovered by Columbus.

Among the countrymen of Columbus who have since made the voyage to the shores of America is a fiery son of sunny Italy named Tony, who keeps a fruit-stand and boot-blackening plant on a prominent corner in one of the principal thoroughfares of Gowanus.

For the past few days he has had his stand gayly decorated with flags, in honor of his great countryman, and has been holding forth uniquely on the virtues and attributes of Columbus, to the great delight of his customers.

One night last week he left his business in charge of his little boy and, taking a can from under the stand, went up to Mulgrew's for a pint of beer.

When he went in he was greeted with a loud chorus of "Hello, Tony!" from the back part of the saloon, where our friends "de gang" were collected.

Slob McTerrigan motioned to Tony to come over to him. When he approached, Slob said:

"See here, Tony, dis gang wants to know all about Christopher Columbus an' wot he done. Dey don't tink he wuz a great man at all, an' I want yer to give it to dem straight. See?"

Tony's dark eyes flashed at this insinuation, and looking at the gang contemptuously he hissed, "Colombo wasa da greates' man dat ever liveda. See?"

"Well," replied Slob, speaking for the crowd, "tell dem wot he done, an' den maybe dey'll change dere minds."

Tony jumped on a chair, and gesticulated wildly as he made

his speech, which was applauded at frequent intervals by Slob and "de gang."

"Gent-amen," he began, "I am here toa-night to tella you abouta da discovery of America by a da g-r-r-reat Christofa Colombo!"

"He was a vera poora man in Italia, kepa da fruita standa an' shinea da shoes for vera litta mon; he noa lika to be a poora man, so he tink wot to do to geta da bood', just like da New York an' da Brooklyn aldermen.

"Wana day de king of Spain stopped at da stand and tooka da pear, and da apple, an' da peanuta, just likea da fresh cop; noa paya for anything.

"Colomb' he getta vera mad; he say to him, 'See here, Ferdy' (he always called de king Ferdy; he vera well acquaint' wid him, you know) 'see here, Ferdy,' he say, 'I'm sick an' tired of disa stealin' biz; it's bada 'nough to have a da Irish cop steal da peanut; but youa tink because you're a king dat you can do da same as da fly cop; now, disa ting doan go no more. See?' and Colomb' shaka da feest in da king's face; vera mad.

"Den Ferdinand he say to him, 'Youa needa get so hot about disa ting, youa vera smarta man, Colomb'; too smarta for da fruita standa biz; why don't you trya something else?' Den Colomb' he say, 'I know Ferdy, I'm too smarta for deesa bum business; I have a greata scheme, but I havea no mon' to float it; I wanta geta beega da ship and go and discover America.' Den Ferdy he say, 'I have got nota mucha bood' myself, Chris; but Bella, my old woman, she gota da big Balbriggan stockin' full o' chink; I aska her to lena you some.'

"Well, da nexta morn Ferdinand and Isabella dey got offa da car in front of da fruita stand, and dey havea da big guff wit' Chris, all about America. Den Bella she say, 'Chris, you take deesa old Balbriggan stockin' I been a savin' alla ma life, and eef you noa have enough taka deesa rings anda deesa breastpin to da Simps' and see whata youa get for dem, an' sella da fruita stand, an' go buya da ship an' deescover America.'

"Well, Chris ver' glad; he takes da stockin' an' da golda plated jewelry an' sella da stand an' buya da ship an' hire da sailor an' geta da new velvet suit, wid da longa white socks, an' start out across da sea.

"Well, after abouta forty-five day da steerage passengers geta vera seeck, an' dey say to Chris, 'How 'bout dees? Wea thought you makea da great deescov'! If by to-morrow night you no

deescover America wea go back home.' Den Chris, he say, 'Don't be sucha damma fools. Whena we get to da shore evera one will get a job, buildin' da water-work an' da trolley railroad. Makea mucha dust. See?

"Dey say, 'alla right, Chris,' den da sail two, three, foura day, an' one ofa da sailors holler out, I seea land! hurray? Den Colomb' he look through da spyaglass an he say, 'dat's it, dat's Coney Island.' So da ship sail up to da iron pier, an Chris step on da dock, an march up to Westa Brighton. He have vera biga time, meeta Johnny McKane an' go all through da Bowery, eata da sausage, look at da show, drinka da small glass of beer, hava da spiel wid de fly chippie, seea da box at da Coney Island athaletic club, biga time. Nexta day he go up to Manhatta Beach an' meeta Georga Wash, an' dey hava da swim togedder, den dey eata biga lunch an' go in to heara da mus' by da greata Gilmore.

"Da nexta day dey takea da train for New York, and Wash he say to Chris, 'Whata brought you over here anyway?' and Chris he say, 'A ship, Georgie; did youa tink I walked over, or swam?' Chris he vera smarta man; lika joka vera much. 'Well,' George say, 'you musta join da Tammany hall, or you hava noa show at all.' 'Alla right,' Chris say. So dey go into da Bowery, an Chris buya da suit of clothes, and da higha hat, an da diamond stud, and da biga bada seegar, an hava da hair cut short, an da clean shave, an maka da face lika da Mick, and den Wash taka him to da Cita Hall, and swear out da papers for him, and geta him a softa job to boss de Dagos data cleana da street.

"Bima by, Chris geta vera rich; he goa into da padrone biz, brings da poor Dagos over, an maka dem worka lika da dev' for two, tree shillin' a day; geta vera rich, live in da Fift' av', driva da dog cart, wida da Irish footaman behind; put on mucha lugs.

"One time he hired a steamer an' sailed back to Italia, to tella da Ferdinand an' Isabella 'bout da deescovery; he land in Italia, an' de maka biga fuss: soldiers hava da big parade; electric lights all over da country; da ballet girls dance all da time for Chris; he feela lika jump over da moon.

"But he gota vera seeck, disa time; I tink he eata tooa mucha macaroni, an' drinka too mucha wine; anyway he die; dey hava da big funeral, pipes an' tobac' an' da beer an' da whisk' for evra-boda free; fiva hundred coaches anda six brassa band; everaboda ver sorry for poor Colomb's wife, but she geta da mon' from da insurance company, an' she feel vera good."

“Now gent-amen, don’t youa tink Columb’ was da greates’ man in da world?” asked Tony, as he jumped down from his perch.

“Cert,” replied Slob; “say, fellers, Columbus was O. K., but wot’s de matter wid Tony?”

“He’s all right!” the gang yelled.

“Who’s all right?” asked Slob, with a rising inflection.

“Tony!” shouted the crowd in unison.

“Who is Tony?” demanded Slob.

“First in crackers, first in cheese, first in lager beer up to his knees?” was the response of the crowd, with a vim which almost took Tony’s breath away.

Then “de gang” “lined up” against the bar, and Tony’s speech on the discovery of America cost him just 75 cents for schooners, which were downed by the crowd with great alacrity.

Then Tony had his can filled, and went back to his stand, poorer but wiser, to ponder over the problem of what benefit Columbus’ discovery had been to him, and failing to solve it, he soothed himself with a long draught from the can.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. MULGREW'S ADVENTURES AS "SHAFFYONE" AT A BOWLING CLUB.

Mrs. McSniffigan, who is Mrs. Mulgrew's rival in the leadership of élite Gowanus society, was just coming down the steps of her residence on Thursday morning last when whom should she happen to meet but the saloon-keeper's wife herself.

The usual salutations were exchanged, and then Mrs. McSniffigan, noticing that Mrs. Mulgrew's hand was bandaged with an immense amount of white muslin, inquired in a societyishly solicitous fashion, which she was able to assume at a moment's notice, "Phwhat ails yer hand, Mrs. Mulgrew? Did ye hurt it doin' somethin' around the house?"

"No, indade," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, with a contemptuous toss of her head. "'Twas in a more high toned occupation than household dhrudgery that I met wid me accident." Then, with an indescribably consequential air, she added: "I had me thumb squashed on Monda' avenin' at the bowlin' club."

"At the phwhat?" said Mrs. McSniffigan, in surprise.

"At the bowlin' club," repeated Mrs. Mulgrew in a louder tone, which was intended to impress Mrs. McSniffigan with the importance of the fact that a bowlin' club was something out of the ordinary run of Gowanus affairs.

"Well, bless me heart!" exclaimed Mrs. McSniffigan, "phwhat'll ye be up to next, I wondher; deed 'n' 'tis a great surprise to me that that a woman of your age an' size, wid yer fatty congluberation of the heart, wouldn't have betther sinse than to be meddlin' wid games that ye know nothin' about; phwhat was it that put it into yer head to put yer fut into a bowlin' alley at all at all?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "that daughter o' mine, Mary Ann, has been gettin' a good many high-toned notions lately; she's been mixin' in wid some high up folks, an' goin' to Phil Marnick's concerts in the Academy of Music, given by the sympathy band from Boshton, an' to other affairs o' the same sort for the lasht few months. Now it seems that the people that she's

been associatin' wid have a bowlin' club and they invoited Mary Ann to attind the meetin' lasht Monday night. She read the letther for me, an' thin sez she, 'Maw, you'll have to come wid me on Monda' avenin, as me shaffyone, bekase thim frinds o' mine is very partic'lar on thim points. 'An' phwhat the divil is a shaffyone?' sez I; 'will I have to hire a mashquerade suit, or will me Imerald ball dhress do?' Well, she scolded me for five or tin minits for me ignorance, an' thin she explained that a shaffyone was only a Frinch name for a mother or any wan else that goes wid a young gerrul to an affair of that kind, to see that she behaves properly an' doesn't have any flirtations or carryin's on wid ondesirable young min, an' points out the advoisability of thrying to make a good match for herself while the sun shines on her side of the sthreet, an' siveral other things too numerous to mintion.

"Well, I towld Mary Ann that I didn't care to go; that I had perfect confidence in her, and that I knew she had better sinse than to take up wid any chicken-breasted dude, or anything o' that sort, but she said that all the young gerruls in the 'set' had shaffyones, an' that she didn't care to be different from the rest. She gev me great insthructions about kapin' me mouth shut for fear I might put me fut in it, an' I promised her I wud thry an' behave the besht I knew how. Well, on Monda' avenin' we dhressed ourselves in our new shpring dhresses, lined wid that horrible shtiff shtuff that don't give ye a chance to be a bit graceful, an' havin' big puffs on the sleeves an' big flapping' things on the chist, for all the world like the ears av a circus elephant. I didn't want to have mine made that way, but Mary Ann insisted that nothin' else would be anyway stylish, so I let her have her way, although the puffs an' things makes me look the size of a house an' a half."

"Well, we got on the car, an' rode down-town to the bowlin' alley, an' whin we got there, faith I was glad I had on my crinolines an' me puffs an' me flaps, for ivery wan o' the gerruls an' the shaffyones had them, of ivery shape an' form an' size, an' if I wan't dressed as good as any wan' o' thim I'd have been mortified to death on Mary Ann's account.

"I was inthrojuced to all the different people, an' thin I sat down on a chair as Mary Ann insthructed me to, as stiff as a gurnet, but wan o' the other shaffyones, a very nice, civil spoken woman, dhrew her chair up close to mine, an' began a conversation, an' of course I was only too glad to get a chance to pass away

the time, bekase it was very monotonious lookin' at the young folks bowlin' an' me sittin' there like figure wan on a sheet o' paper. I was jusht in the middle of me chat with the other ould woman, whin I noticed a thin, gawky lookin' fellow passin' schmall talk wid Mary Ann, an' goin' on in a way I didn't like, so I axed the lady to excuse me for a minute, an' I called Mary Ann over to me.

"Sez I, 'May' (ye know I always have to call her May pwhin we're out in society). 'May,' sez I, 'I don't like the looks o' that slabsided gawk that ye've just been dallyin' wid, an' 'tis me juty as shaffyone to warn ye to beware of him; I think he's lookin' afther yer father's money.' 'Why, Maw,' sez she, 'that is wan o' the nicest young min in the club, an' I wish ye wudn't intherfare wid me whin I'm havin' such a nice time.' 'All right,' sez I, 'fire away, have all the fun ye want, but as long as ye brought me here as a shaffyone, I thought I'd thry an' carry out the iday of it.' Thin she left me an' wint on wid her bowlin' an' I continued me conversation wid the other shaffyone. I began to observe the conduct of the other shaffyones afther that, an' I saw that they were only there as an excuse, an' phwhiniver the gerruls did anything obsthreperous or comical all they did was to smile or not purtind to notice it, so I did the same afther that and got along first rate.

"Whin we wor in there a while it got very warrum, an' I got very dhry, an' jusht thin wan o' the young min called a waither an' stood thrate. He axed me phwhat I'd have, an' I called for me ould standby, a good glass o' mixed ale. I cud see Mary Ann makin' faces at me to ordher ginger ale or sasparella, but I had me own way; shure I cudn't allow her to boss me in iverything; if I did I wudn't have the life of a dog at home or abroad. Well, whin the waither kem down wid the dhrinks he brought down a beautiful big supply of free lunch; there was cold ham, an' boxes o' sardines, an' a big dish o' hard biled eggs, and slathers o' bread and butther. The young folks tuk a little sandwich apiece, by the way that they were so polite an' delicate like, and thin wint on wid their bowlin', but the shaffyones all turned right around an' pitched in for the feed like a hod carrier afther a hard day's work, an', of coorse, I was jusht as hungry as any o' thim, an' ate me fill.

Phwhile we wor atin' the waither keem in again, an' I sez to the rest o' the shaffyones 'I think it is my turn to thrate now. We'll jusht have another quiet dhrink here bechune ourselves, an'

although they said it was agin' the rule o' the club to allow any strangers to thrate, still, as long as I insisted, they didn't mind if they did take a little somethin' wid me. Well, we had a dhrink apiece, an' jusht as we wor demolishin' the lasht o' the free lunch, wan o' the young min kem over an' sez he, 'We're goin' to bowl the lasht game, ladies, an' we'd like to have the shaffyones join in wid us.' Well, I tuk off me gloves an' me bonnet, an' the young man that was so attentive to Mary Ann towld me how to sthand an' fling the ball down the alley so as to knock down the rows of the Injin clubs that the little boys wor afther standin' on ind at the lower part o' the alley.

"Well, I thought I'd follow a plan o' me own in thryin' to knock down the clubs, instid of takin' the young dude's advice, bekase I didn't like his ways, for I thought he was thryin' to make fun o' me. Thin I started on a run down the alley wid the ball in me hand, so as to be nearer to the Injin clubs phwin I threw the ball. I didn't know that thim bowlin' alleys wor so slippery, or mebbe the free lunch an' the mixed ale med me dizzy, but anyway, the first thing I knew I was upside down in the middle o' the alley, wid the Injin clubs flyin' all around me, an' all the stars in the skies seemed to be fastened to the ceilin'. The big bowlin' ball flew up in the air out o' me hand an' landed hot an' heavy on top o' me poor thumb: I kem very near faintin' away, but wan' o' the young min ran up-stairs an' got a glass o' whishky an' gev it to me, at the same time advisin' me to soak me thumb in it to rejuce the shwellin', but I thought the whishky 'ud do me a great dale more good inside, so I dhrank it an' thanked the young man for bein' so kind to me. I wrapped me handkercher around me thumb, an' Mary Ann an' meself kem home.

"I'm jusht on me way to the docthor's wid it now. He says 'tis a bad bruise, I'll be all right in a couple o' weeks; but I'll tell ye right now, Mrs. McSniffigan, that if I iver go again wid Mary Ann to a bowlin' club as a shaffyone I'll be quite contint if they do all the bowlin' an' let me attind to the free lunch an' mixed ale."

After a few words of sympathy from Mrs. McSniffigan, Mrs. Mulgrew bade her good-morning and went on her way to the doctor's, while Mrs. McSniffigan went back into the house to tell her daughter Ethel of the latest adventures of their eccentric neighbor.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. MULGREW DETERMINES TO CELEBRATE COLUMBUS' DISCOVERY.

On Tuesday morning, when Mr. Mulgrew had finished his breakfast, he pushed his chair back from the table, and called out, "Mary Ann!"

Mrs. Mulgrew emerged from the kitchen with her hand on her gingham apron.

Mrs. Mulgrew had just begun some washing, and she was not at all pleased when she had to leave it in obedience to the peremptory summons of her liege lord.

Her face wore a decided frown as she came into the dining-room.

I may add that when Mrs. Mulgrew's face took on a forbidding expression, it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to contemplate.

Some faces are said to look like half-past six on certain occasions.

Mrs. Mulgrew's face didn't look anything so ordinary as that.

It looked as though it had been left out in the rain all night and had become warped on the bias as a result.

But her husband was quite used to her facial contortions and didn't mind in the least.

He had often told her that he had not married her for her face, but for her figure.

The \$1,500 which Mrs. Mulgrew had saved up during her career as a cook was the figure to which Mr. Mulgrew had reference.

Her physical figure was not startingly Venus di Miloish in its proportions.

It was more on the style of which the late lamented Jumbo was a perfect representative.

"Phwhat's up now?" asked Mrs. Mulgrew in a short, sharp fashion, which meant that she wanted an answer by return mail, as it were, or she would know the reason why.

"Be aisy," answered her husband quietly, as he went on filling his pipe with a mixture of tobacco and dust from the corner

of his coat pocket ; “ there’s no occasion for makin’ Paddy Fitzgubbins’ mother out of yerself, at all at all.”

“ Well, I have me work to do, and I can’t stop here gassin’ wid the likes o’ you the whole blessed day,” retorted Mrs. Mulgrew hotly ; “ so I want to know phwhy ye called me ?”

“ Whisht now ; sit down for a few seconds till I light me pipe, an’ tell ye phwy I called ye from the face o’ your washtub,” said Mr. Mulgrew as he pressed the choice assortment of tobacco, etc., into the bowl of his “ dhudeen ” and proceeding to light a match, leisurely watching the sulphur as it burned, previous to applying it to his pipe.

Mrs. Mulgrew was “ peppering,” but feminine curiosity got the better of her anger, so she folded her hands in her lap and sat down.

When Mr. Mulgrew had started his pipe to his satisfaction, he turned toward his wife and began :

“ Do yez know that there’s goin’ to be a great cellybration in Brooklyn on Friday in honor of Christopher Columbus, Mary Ann ?”

“ I didn’t know about it, but I’m glad to hear the news,” answered Mrs. Mulgrew, in a sarcastic tone ; “ but hearin’ about cellybrations won’t wash clothes, Mither Mulgrew, an’ if ye kape me here much longer, divil of a clane shirt will ye have on Frida’ to put on to cellybrate the day ; so if you’ll excuse me I’ll be goin’.”

“ Howld on ; howld on,” said Mr. Mulgrew, “ till I tell yez phwhat I want to say. I want you to go down-town afther dinner and buy a big bundle of flags and shtreamers so’s we can decorate the front of the store in honor of Christopher Columbus.”

“ An’ phwhat do you want to be such a jackass for as to throw away yer money decoratin’ yer store for a Dago ? Phwhat nonsense,” said Mrs. Mulgrew, with a contemptuous toss of her head ; “ phwhat did Columbus iver do for you, or me, or Ireland ? Did he iver sind a subscription to the Home Rule fund, or do any other dacent hand’s turn for the ould sod ? ” “ Oh, shut up, shut up ! ” said her husband in a disgusted way ; “ you ought to know betther than to talk like that ; phwhere would we be to-day if it wasn’t for Columbus ? Diggin’ in the bogs at home instid av makin’ a fine livin’ in Gowanus ; phwhere would all the Irishmen and women who have made fame and fortune in this glorious land o’ the free be to-day if it wasn’t for Columbus’ dis-

covery? At home, grovelin' on their stomachs under the iron heel of landlordism an' royalty, Mary Ann, an' glad to get a chance to kiss the toe of the divils that held them in slavery; phwhist, nol de diddle! what did Columbus iver do for poor Ireland? Phwhy, he did more than Robert Emmet and Daniel O'Connell and Parnell and Gladstone and all the agitators and fighters and Home Rule fund collectors that iver walked or talked. Be off wid you now, an' whin yer ready to go down-town, let me know, an' I'll give ye money enough to buy the finest lot of decorations that's iver been seen in Gowanus, an' don't you forget it!"

With this parting injunction, Mr. Mulgrew went down-stairs, and when his wife had recovered from the effects of his eloquent discourse, she went back to her washing, and in a short time had her husband's shirts and her daughter's petticoats out on the line.

Mrs. Mulgrew was very proud of Mary Ann's white shirts; they were of such a fine quality and trimmed with such expensive embroidery that she took a positive delight in washing them, and always put them on the line nearest the street, so that the neighbors could have a full view of their beauties, which were usually concealed when Mary Ann wore them, unless it happened to be a very muddy day.

When Mrs. Mulgrew had arranged the dainty articles on the line to her satisfaction, she went up-stairs and busied herself preparing the dinner, which meal is usually eaten by the Gowanusians at the unfashionable but sensible hour of noon.

When the repast was over Mr. Mulgrew took out a roll of bills and, peeling off several tens, threw them across the table to his wife, admonishing her to be sure to buy enough bunting and flags to smother the whole house from top to bottom.

When the dinner dishes had been washed and put away, Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann washed themselves carefully and put on their best "Sunday go-to-meetin's."

Then Mary Ann took an atomizer and squirted cologne over her mother until Mrs. Mulgrew declared she was "stuffed wid the shmell."

Then Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann started down-town to buy the flags and decorations, after again being admonished by Mr. Mulgrew to be sure and buy a plentiful supply.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. MULGREW AND MARY ANN GO SHOPPING FOR DECORATIONS.

As Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann sailed down the street to take the car down-town to purchase the decorations which were to be displayed in honor of Columbus, all the neighbors ran to their windows and gazed after them in admiration or envy or disgust, according to their tempers or dispositions.

This scrutiny to which they were subjected annoyed Mary Ann very much, but it did not disturb her mother in the least, as she rather enjoyed the sensation she created every time she went down the street dressed in her best clothes.

As soon as they got on the car, however, Mary Ann felt more at ease, and she devoted her energies to the task of trying to teach her mother the beauties of repose.

"Repose" was something of which Mrs. Mulgrew knew very little, and wanted to know less.

Mary Ann, however, being a modern girl, wished to make her mother understand the value of a low voice in conversation, and some other things, which help to make a rough person seem half way refined.

I need not remark that, as Mrs. Mulgrew had a strong will of her own, Mary Ann had a hard task in trying to subdue her mother's natural exuberance.

Mary Ann always insisted upon calling her mother "Ma," which did not suit Mrs. Mulgrew at all.

"It always reminds me of a lost goat callin' for its mother," she would say, when Mary Ann tried to impress upon her that "Ma" sounded much better than plain, old fashioned "mother."

They had the same trouble when Mary Ann insisted upon being called "May."

Half the time her mother would forget it, and when, in excited moments, she would blurt out "Mary Ann," poor May would sigh and blush, and wish she had never been born, and pray for the ground to open and swallow her up, and several other things too numerous to mention.

Mary Ann did not care much about going shopping through the large down-town stores with her mother, because she was always sure to either get into a squabble with a salesman or make some "bad break," which invariably caused Mary Ann great humiliation. She felt pretty safe this time, however, as she imagined there could be no difficulty in selecting a supply of appropriate decorations.

They got off the car in front of the leading dry goods store of Brooklyn.

(The proprietor of every large store in the city will probably smile to himself as he reads this line, thinking he has received a free ad ; a smile is a good thing, however, so let them smile.)

Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann pushed through the crowd and got inside the door.

They encountered the head floorwalker, who is usually the most prominent thing in every large dry goods store.

He is generally a very tall man, with a military carriage, gray hair, a deep voice and a large mustache, which he twirls continually, except when he has his hands folded behind his back.

A Prince Albert coat is the only garment the head floorwalker ever wears. He can thrust his hand between the buttons on the front and strike an attitude that fills the cash boy with awe and the pretty little \$3.50-a-week blondes behind the perfumery counter with an attack of admiration which lasts until some cream-color coated chappie comes along and asks for a stick of mustache wax in a hesitating, uncertain way, which causes the crowd of three-cases-and-a-half-a-week-and-pay-your-own-car-fare blondes to burst out into a unanimous giggle.

"We wants to buy some decorations," said Mrs. Mulgrew to the lordly mustache twister.

"What do you wish to use them for, madame?" he inquired stiffly.

"It's none o' yer business phwhat I wants to use them for. I have the money in me pocket to pay for phwhat I gets, an' I'll take no back talk from ye, or any wan else, d'ye moind," said Mrs. Mulgrew.

Mary Ann began to feel uncomfortable. If the squabbling began at the very door, where would it end?

She blushed and whispered to the lord of the center aisle, "We wish to see some bunting for decorating a building."

"All right, miss," replied the floorwalker, recovering his composure ; "take the elevator to the sixth floor, walk eight

sections to the right and then down the store as far as you can go."

Then the head floorwalker bowed and approached another customer who had just entered the door.

"It's too bad we didn't bring a reporter wid us, Mary Ann," said Mrs. Mulgrew, "to take down the diagram o' the thrip; do yez think we'll be able to find it, afther all?"

Mary Ann made no reply, but led the way to the elevator, in which they were quickly conveyed to the sixth floor.

Another floorwalker met them here, and, learning what they needed, ushered them to the bunting counter, where they seated themselves in front of a dapper clerk with a tired, I'm-too-talented-for-this-\$8-a-week-job sort of a look in his eye, the effect of which was lost on prosaic Mrs. Mulgrew.

"Come, sonny, an' show us some flags an' streamers, an' be quick about it, too," was the order she gave, which brought the dapper little clerk down from the clouds to the earth with a dull, sickening thud.

He twisted his infinitesimal mustache, and asked slowly, "Aw, what kind did you wish to get?"

"Every kind," replied Mrs. Mulgrew; "the besht yez have in the house is none too good for me."

The tired clerk produced a roll of bunting, with alternate stripes of red and yellow, laid it on the counter, and resumed operations on his mustache.

Mrs. Mulgrew became furious at once. "Phwat do yez mane be insultin' me in this way?" she exclaimed. "I axed yez to show me decorations, an' yez bring me out a pair o' the ugliest, dirtiest, colors in the place. Do ye suppose I'd belittle mesel' de decoratin' me house wid the English red an' the Orangeman's yaller? How dar ye show me such colors as thim?" and Mrs. Mulgrew tossed the loose end of the bunting into the clerk's face.

When he extricated himself from the folds he ventured an explanation.

"This ain't English, nor Orange, madame; these are the Spanish colors. As you know, Spain had a good deal to do with the discovery of America, and they are using lots of this for decorating," said the clerk, as he tried to arrange his hair, which the contact with the bunting had rumped considerably.

"I don't care phwat it is," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, hotly. "The soight of id makes me sick, an' if I brought any of it home

to me huzband, I moight as well lave the house. Take it away an' show us somethin' else."

The clerk folded up the bunting, put it away, and produced a roll of Italian colors. This seemed to strike Mrs. Mulgrew's fancy.

"There's a dacent decoration!" she exclaimed; "red, white an' green. That's more like it. Gimme about forty yards o' that."

"We ought to have some red, white and blue, too, ma," suggested Mary Ann, quietly.

"Yis, yis," said her mother; "I forgot; slash off about fifty yards of the stars an' stripes, an' say! I want two flags, the biggest an' finest yez have."

"A Spanish flag and an Italian flag make a very pretty combination," said the dapper youth.

"Niver mind yer purty combinations," said Mrs. Mulgrew, quickly, "'tis an Irish flag an' an American flag I want; don't dar' to show me that small-pox an' Johnny Bull arrangement again, or I'll have ye sacked right off."

The dapper clerk produced the two flags, and was forced to open them out to their full length and width, so that Mrs. Mulgrew could see what she was getting. When she had admired the combination of the stars and bars and harp sufficiently, she called for the bill, paid it, left her address, and she and Mary Ann returned to Gowanus.

The next day Slob McTerrigan and Plug McGee, under Mr. Mulgrew's directions, made festoons and loops and fearful and wonderful drapery with the bunting and flags, and when the job was done Mr. Mulgrew stood out in the middle of the street, and as he gazed at the general effect, his bosom swelled with pride, and he was the happiest man in Gowanus.

As for his wife, she felt so pleased at the result of her artistic taste in selecting the colors that she began to think Gowanus was entirely too small a place for a person of her refinement and good taste.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE APPETITE OF MRS. O'DOOLEY'S GOAT MADE MR.
MCBRANNIGAN LOSE HIS VOTE.

In the barber-shop next to Mulgrew's saloon, which is kept by "Poll Parrot Jim" McGlue, there was great bustle and confusion on election morning.

The voting was to take place there, and as "Poll Parrot Jim" had been up late the night before he forgot to wake up in time to have the place in readiness for the election officers, who arrived at his door half an hour before sunrise.

After a fearful lot of pounding on the door, accompanied by the throwing of a few bricks through his bedroom window, "Poll Parrot Jim" woke up, rubbed his eyes, came to the window and looked out.

There in front of the shop, were two policemen, poll clerks, ballot clerks, inspectors and the other folks whose presence is required to see that the election is carried on in proper shape, all clamoring to Jim to let them in.

It suddenly flashed on Jim that election day had come, and hastily drawing on his pantaloons, he flew down-stairs and opened the door.

Then there was a busy scene; the barber chairs, cups, mugs, spittoons, razors, everything that was in the way was thrown out upon the sidewalk so that the booths and railing could be put up and the voting started.

"Poll Parrot Jim" stood on the sidewalk protesting at the wanton destruction of his property, but nobody paid any attention to him, except to hurl some epithet at him which was always more remarkable for force than elegance.

Finally everything was ready for the voters, a number of whom had been waiting for over an hour for a chance to deposit their ballots.

"Poll Parrot Jim" got a couple of the boys to help him carry his traps into Mulgrew's for the day, and because some one stole a shaving outfit, consisting of a gilt edged mug, a brush and a razor, he stood around the polls all day, abusing the officials,

calling them thieves and other not nice names ; but they, knowing Jim's weakness, which, as may be guessed from his nickname, was a fondness for talking, paid no attention to him whatever.

Mr. Mulgrew was the first man to vote. For fifteen years Mul has held the record as the first voter at every election, and although he has had some pretty tough scraps in keeping up his reputation as an early voter, he has managed so far to hold his own.

The election officials had the usual trouble explaining how to fold the ballots, and so on, with a number of the voters who followed Mr. Mulgrew, but no incident of any account occurred until Mr. McBrannigan came in to exercise his right as a citizen of the great United States to signify his choice of candidates by means of the secret ballot.

Mr. McBrannigan's early education was of so little account that he could not read anything except large signs, and even those he read very stumbingly.

So he went to the Democratic booth, which was at some distance from the polling place, and asked for a "straight Dimicratic posther." He was provided with a regulation paster, which he placed in the hip pocket of his overalls, and then walked down the street to McGlue's barber shop to deposit his vote.

It happened that one end of the paster projected from Mr. McBrannigan's pocket and as he crossed the street the bit of white paper attracted the attention of Mrs. O'Dooley's Billy goat.

The goat had had nothing but brown paper to eat for several days, and he made up his mind that a taste of white paper would be a welcome change, so he stole up cautiously behind Mr. McBrannigan.

He caught the projecting part of the paster in his teeth, and with a quick movement lifted it out of Mr. McBrannigan's pocket.

Mr. McBrannigan, full of the importance of the high duty he was about to perform, never felt or saw the theft of his "posther" by the villainous goat, which stood in the middle of the street, contentedly munching his breakfast of candidates.

Mr. McBrannigan marched proudly into the polling-place and after announcing his name and residence received his ballots from the ballot clerk, who volunteered to show him how to fold the tickets.

Mr. McBrannigan indignantly refused his assistance.

"Haven't I attinded the place where they insthruct voters for the last month?" said he, "an' I guess I know how to vote widout havin' the loikes o' ye thinkin' to make me out an omad-haun intoirely."

With this speech, Mr. McBrannigan walked into the nearest booth.

He laid the ballots on the shelf and smiled as he reached into his back pocket for the "posther."

The smile died from its face as he realized that he was gone.

He hurried back to the counter where the ballot-boxes were and asked in a highly excited way who had stolen his "posther."

Every one in the place denied any knowledge of its whereabouts.

Then Mr. McBrannigan went back to his booth and looked all around the floor, but no trace of the "posther" could be seen.

Then he looked helplessly at the five ballots on the shelf and tried his level best to find the name of Grover Cleveland on one of them, but it was no use; the print was too small, or something; anyway he gave it up and came out with the ballots in his hand.

"Say," be began, "will some o' yez that has yer glasses wid ye pick out the straight Dimicratic ticket for me; the print is too small for me failin' sight."

Everybody laughed except the policeman, who took McBrannigan by the arm and led him back, in spite of his objections, to the booth, and telling him to go in and go behind himself, shut the door upon him.

Mr. McBrannigan was puzzled. He stared at the ballots for almost ten minutes, and then, seeing no way out of his difficulty, he got mad.

He came out again and began to talk, but as he had already spent more time in the booth than the law allows, and, as others were waiting, his ballots were taken from him and he was hustled out without ceremony into the street.

So, through the depraved appetite of a Gowanus billy goat, Cleveland and Stevenson lost one good vote, but as Kings County gave them such a rousing majority, poor McBrannigan's vote was scarcely missed.

The day after election, when Grover's success was assured, Mr. Mulgrew got Slob McTerrigan to decorate the house all over with the bunting his wife had purchased for the Columbus cele-

bration, and many glasses of brown October (mixed) ale were quaffed over the bar in honor of the great victory.

In consequence of his election day experience, Mr. Mc-Brannigan has withdrawn his patronage from "Poll Parrot Jim's" barber shop, and henceforth will have his tonsorial art work done by Macaroni Tony, who gives a kerosene oil shampoo with every five-cent shave.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. AND MRS. MULGREW AND MARY ANN GO TO THE EMERALD BALL.

Last Thursday morning, as Mrs. O'Dooley was starting out to buy the making of a new spring costume of the calico description, she met Mrs. Mulgrew.

Mrs. Mulgrew looked very tired; her face, which has almost recovered from her skating experience, had a sort of drawn expression, as though she had not had enough sleep, and the black lines under her eyes showed that she had been through some strange and unusual dissipation the night before.

"Good-mornin', Mrs. Mulgrew," said Mrs. O'Dooley; "an' how is every tether length of ye this blessed mornin'?"

"Very poorly indade, Mrs. O'Dooley," answered Mrs. Mulgrew; "very poorly; I'm that tired that ye could knock me over wid a feather."

"An' phwhat cause have ye for bein' tired, that has such fine times as yerself, goin' out to Turkish baths an' skatin' an' shows, an phwhat not?" said Mrs. O'Dooley, with a fine tinge of sarcasm in her voice which roused Mrs. Mulgrew's Irish just a trifle.

"Well, it's jusht the fine times I do have that do make me tired," she replied. "The fun I do have is all very well in its way, but it'll be the death o' me some day. Now, phwhere do ye suppose I was Wednesday night, Mrs. O'Dooley?"

"I dunno," replied Mrs. O'Dooley; "down to the theayther, I suppose."

"No, ma'am," said Mrs. Mulgrew, with a toss of her head which almost took her off her feet; "I was to no ivery day affair this toime, Mrs. O'Dooley, but to the Imerald ball!"

"Indade!" said Mrs. O'Dooley, with a smile; "an' was it a grand affair?"

"Grand!" said Mrs. Mulgrew, elevating her eyebrows until they were lost in her hair; "grand, is id? Well, to be honest wid ye, Mrs. O'Dooley, it bate the divil himself, an' shure he's hard to bate."

Mrs. O'Dooley's curiosity was aroused at this exclamation, and taking Mrs. Mulgrew's arm in hers, she whispered:

"Come back to the house, acushla, an' sit down, where ye'll be comfortable an' warum; I was goin' to the avenya to buy a few knickknacks, but 'twill do to-morrow; I'm jusht dyin' to hear about the ball."

Mrs. Mulgrew needed no second invitation, and in a few minutes she was seated in a rocking-chair in front of Mrs. O'Dooley's kitchen stove, and with that good woman as an attentive listener she told the story of her adventures without interruption.

"Ye see, Mrs. O'Dooley, Mither Mulgrew has been gettin' very much mixed up in politics lately, an' av course he's bothered all the time by people wantin' him to buy tickets for balls, an' picnics, an' 'shivers,' an' iverything undher the sun, an' he has to buy from ivery wan that comes along. Well, about two weeks ago, he got a letther from some big man named Committee, wid a ticket for the Imerald ball along wid it; he was kind av vexed at the first, bekase the ticket was marked five dollars, but when Mary Ann read the lisht av names signed to the letther he med up his mind that he had betther buy id, bekase some of the foinest min in Brooklyn were runnin' it. So he ped for the ticket, an' wan day lasht wake he sez to me: 'How would ye like to go to the Imerald ball, ould woman?' 'Go 'long wid ye,' sez I; 'is it an ould duck like me to be thinkin' o' goin' to balls? Don't be foolish.' 'I'm not foolish, nor foolin' aither,' sez he; 'if yez are young enough to go skatin' yez'll do for a turn at the Imerald ball. Go down-town an' buy some duds for yerself an' Mary Ann, an' go into some sheeny tailor shop an' hire me wan of thim suits o' clothes wid the front knocked out, an' buy me a new shirt wid flowers on the chist av id, an' a choker collar, wid piccadilly points, an' a phwhite necktie, bekase we want to go in stoyle, d'ye moind?' an' he threw me over a roll o' bills as big as me fisht an' wint down-stairs.

"Well, phwhat cud I do? I shpoke to Mary Ann about it, an' she said it would be very pleasant an' agreeable, so the next day off we shtarted for down-town an' went into wan o' the big shtores an' left our measure wid the dhressmakers up-stairs, an' gev orders to have the dhresses med in the very latest style, bekase we wanted to look the same as the besht o' thim. Thin we hired the full dhress suit o' clothes for the ould man, an'



THE MULGREWS AT THE EMERALD BALL.

bought a beautiful shirt, wid the front all plastered over wid imbroidery, an' the collar an' cuffs an' necktie all compleate.

"Well, the dhresses didn't get home till Wednesday afthernoon, an' whin we opened the box we wor dazzled. I thried mine on an' found that they left a thremenjus big space for me neck an' put no sleeves in at all at all. 'Begorra,' sez I to Mary Ann, 'this won't do at all at all; they forgot to put in the waist and sleeves!' 'Don't be such a gom,' sez she; 'that's a reg'lar deckoletty Frinch gown; mine is jusht the same.' An', shure enough, whin she put it on, she looked as purty as a pecture, but I couldn't get used to the immodeshty av the bare chist an' arms for a long time.

"Well, I spint the rest o' the afthernoon clainin' an' rubbin' an' scrubbin' meself till ivery bit o' me neck an' arms was as clane as a new pin an' as red as a boiled lobster; an' afther supper we all started in to dhress.

"To tell the truth, Mrs. O'Dooley, I nivver put in such a hard night's work in all me life; first, I had to fasten Mary Ann's dhress, for it was put on wid a pair av silk shoelaces in undher the arms, an' thin I had to look afther the ould man; he was as cross as a sick mule, becace there was somethin' wrong wid his suit. Ye see I forgot to take his measure, an' the sheeny tailor sint a suit that wasn't a suit at all. The pants wor too long in the legs an' too tight in the sate, an' the tails o' the coat touched the flure. I had to get the scissors an' make a rip in the waist o' the pants, and I towld him he cud turn up the bottoms o' the legs, because it was a shloppy night, an' forget to turn thim down again; then I clipped off a half of a yard of each coat tail, an' I tell ye Misther Mulgrew looked so fine that I felt rale proud of him.

"Thin I got into me own deckolletty, an' Mary Ann fastened hooks an' buckles an' things till I cud scarcely breathe; thin she put on me frizzes, that fastens wid a rubber band, thin she took a powdher puff and dabbed white powdher all over me face an' neck an' chist an' arms till the lobster color turned into a nice pink shade; thin she put on me sixteen-button kid gloves that kem up to me shoulders, an' I was all ready for the ball.

"It took Mary Ann another fifteen minits to titivate herself, an' whin she was ready we got into the carriage, an' in a short time we landed at the Academy of Music, where we wint to hear Paddy Roohsky play lasht year. Well, Mrs. O'Dooley, it was jusht like a fairy sthory; hundhreds an' hundhreds av lovely

young gerruls in deckollettys, an' judes in full dhress, an' ould women loike meself sittin' wan side, takin' it all in, an' thinkin' o' the days whin they wor young an' giddy; an' lots av lights, an' flags an' flowers, an' lovely shmells av Frinch cologne, an' canary birds singin' in cages all around, an' music that was lively enough to make a dead man come out of his grave and dance; begorra, 'twas so fine that I jusht sat down in a front sate an' shmiled till I thought me face ud crack.

"In a few minutes a couple av dhry goods judes that Mary Ann knew kem along, an' took her away, an' she danced ivery dance till we kem home. About wan o'clock the ould man took us in to supper, an' ordhered a couple o' bottles o' champagne, an' whin we left the supper-room, himself an' meself wor feelin' like two young colts; ye see, nayther Mary Ann nor the jude ud touch the wine, an' we had to finish it bechune us.

"Well, as soon as we kem out into the ballroom, we saw they wor jusht going to start up a quadrille. 'May I have the pleasure of this dance wid you?' says the ould man to me. Well, the music was so fine that me feet began to jump, an' the first thing I knew I was in a set on the flure, makin' bows to young gerruls an' judes I niver laid eyes on before. Thin the music began, an' meself an' the ould man showed thim youngsther some rale ould-fashioned shteps that musht have opened their eyes; Mulgrew got so excited that I couldn't hould him in. He leaped up in the air, an' cracked his heels together, till he had a gang around watchin' him, the same as if he was a dime museum or somethin'; an' jusht near the ind o' the quadrille as he was makin' a very fashionable low bow to wan o' the young gerruls thim tight sheeny pants of his gev a snap, an'—well, iverybody began to scrame laffin', an' all the young gerruls thried to blush, and the quadrille stopped an' a nice young fellow kem over an' wrapped his illegant double breasted frieze ulsther around the ould man an' hustled him into the coat-room.

"As soon as he pinned himself together the band played 'Home, Sweet Home,' an' we kem out an' hunted up our coach, an' landed back in Gowanus at 6 o'clock in the mornin'. I'm awful tired afther it, but I must say that, barrin' the accident to the ould man's tight trousers, we had an illegant toime av it in-toirely."

"Well," said Mrs. O'Dooley, as Mrs. Mulgrew stood up to go, "yez musht have had a great toime, but tell me, was there any wan there from Gowanus besides yerselves?"

“Oh, yis,” replid Mrs. Mulgrew, “I saw Maud McBrannigan an’ Jack O’Flynn there, an’ I tell ye Maud was as purty a lookin’ gerrul as there was at the whole Imerald ball.”

“Glory be to goodness, ’tis wonderful phwhat Gowanus people is comin’ to,” said Mrs. O’Dooley, as Mrs. Mulgrew bade her good morning and started for home, humming one of the airs of the quadrille she had been dancing the night before.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY AT MCSNIFFIGAN'S.

The affairs of the Mulgrews and the McBrannigans have taken up so many chapters of this interesting history that I am afraid some of my readers may begin to think I have forgotten all about the neighbors of these good people, who have been left in the background for so long a time.

The neighbors, however, have been going on in their usual more or less quiet way, although some of them have had a good deal to say about Mrs. McBrannigan's luck and Mrs. Mulgrew's social aspirations, and some of the comments concerning the latter were more remarkable for their Gowanusian picturesqueness than for Chesterfieldian elegance.

Mrs. McSniffigan, the wife of the contractor, who made his "dust" in the street-sweeping business, has been watching Mrs. Mulgrew's doings with a jealous eye.

One morning this week she spoke to her daughter Ethel on the subject:

"Have ye heard of Mrs. Mulgrew's advintures lately, Ethel?" she began. "Now, I think she's gettin' too prominint altogether, an if we don't luk out we'll be 'left at the posht,' as yer father says whin he comes home from the races, afther losin' his money on the shlow horses; now, we must get up somethin' here that will knock the shpots out of iverything that Mrs. Mulgrew has done; phwhat's the use of havin' money if ye can't spind it to show off fornist the neighbors?"

Mrs. McSniffigan placed her arms akimbo and looked at Ethel as though expecting a reply to her odd question; as none came she went on:

"Now, Ethel, I'll lave it all to yerself; get up a dazzler of a shwaray, wid iverything first class; don't stop at any expinse, for the ould man can shtand it; but make it of a charackther that'll be enjoyable to old an' young, bekase I want to invite Mrs. Mulgrew an' her husband, jusht to show her that there's more than wan society woman in Gowanus."

Ethel said she would have to take a little time to think over

it; but they agreed that the Monday night before Lent would be the date when the McSniffigans would show Gowanus what could be done in the way of real entertaining.

Ethel spent all that day turning over plans in her mind, and finally decided that the best form of entertainment would be a progressive euchre party; so she went down-town the next day to one of the leading stationery houses and ordered fifty cards to be engraved as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. McSniffigan,

At Home,

Monday Evening, February Thirteenth.

R. S. V. P.

Progressive Euchre.

She also procured a supply of playing cards, tally cards, with vari-colored ribbons, stars of green and gold to paste on the cards of winners and losers, and all the other articles necessary for the proper conducting of a progressive euchre party.

I may mention here that the form of invitation was suggested by the stationer. Ethel would have preferred something more explicit, as she feared the neighbors would not be able to gather from the cards that their presence was requested at the McSniffigan residence on Monday evening, but the fashionable dealer in dies insisted that this was the proper form and was in use in the very highest circles in the city, so Ethel submitted gracefully, but with some misgivings, especially in regard to the four letters in the lower left-hand corner, which she knew would be a puzzler for forty-nine out of the fifty people who would receive the dainty cards.

She then went into one of the large dry goods stores, which are so called because the dry goods department occupies so small a space in them, and purchased four prizes, two handsome first prizes and two booby prizes, the former being a silver match-box and a gold hairpin, and the latter a large jumping-jack worked by a string and a Japanese doll, whose funny, slanting eyes and strange expression of face seemed to promise Ethel a good return for her investment.

Then she went into a prominent caterer's establishment and

made arrangements for a first-class supper for fifty guests, and, as she knew the good, hearty appetities of the Gowanusians, she told the polite little food provider that it would be just as well to furnish enough to feed a hundred. Nothing was to be stinted. Large dishes of everything were to be given to each guest and a plentiful supply of champagne to wash the eatables down. She also ordered fifty camp chairs and a dozen small tables for the card playing, and left strict injunctions with the caterer to have everything first class.

She next went to the house of a man who is well known as the provider of the best dance music in Gowanus, and engaged him to discourse sweet, low music from eight in the evening until the card playing was over, and then to play the enticing waltz and the gay lancers and the catchy "Cocoanut Berlin" (a new dance which is unknown in Pouch mansion society, but which is very popular in Gowanus), and the fancy "caprice," together with a few old-fashioned polkas and quadrilles for those who might not care to indulge in those newer twists, and a good lively jig or two for some of the old timers who don't feel that they are dancing at all unless they can "welt the flure."

Then Ethel went home and told her mother all that she had accomplished during the morning, and Mrs. McSniffigan was so delighted that she wore a smile all day which seemed to run over the edges of her face and lose itself in her back hair.

The cards arrived from the stationer's in a few days and Ethel immediately addressed and mailed them, so that the recipients would have ample time to prepare for the great event.

The next few days were spent with a dressmaker, who was instructed to make gowns of the very latest pattern, with ten gores in each skirt, so that they would hang with proper fullness, and completely overshadow any other dresses which might be worn at the party.

The cards of invitation to the progressive euchre party of course caused a great deal of excitement among the neighbors of the McSniffigans. Those who were lucky enough to receive them were in great glee, and those who were not among the fortunate ones turned up their noses, and said that "phwin Gowanus people begin to put on such lugs as that it's time they moved down-town to Columbia Heights," and made use of other phrases to express their disapproval of the course taken by the McSniffigans.

The initials R. S. V. P. of course puzzled everybody, and

consequently no replies were received by Mrs. McSniffigan; but that fact did not cause her any annoyance, as she knew everybody would come without doubt, unless prevented by sickness or some equally urgent reason.

On the morning of the 13th, however, the postman left a card which contained no message, except the initials "C. C. S. W." and the signature of John O'Toole, a friend of Mrs. McSniffigan.

Ethel and her mother puzzled over it for a long time and finally gave it up.

After supper Mrs. McSniffigan and Ethel went up-stairs and prepared for the party, leaving the door in charge of a colored boy, who was instructed to notify the guests as they arrived that they would find the coat-room on the next floor.

It did not take the McSniffigans long to dress, and at 7.30 they were all ready to receive their company.

Mrs. McSniffigan was arrayed in a costume of brocaded satin, with expensive trimming, and Ethel's figure was hidden to advantage in a crinoline lined gown of some kind of silk, with very elaborate flouncing.

At exactly 7.50 the bell rang, and in walked Mr. and Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann; they were closely followed by Mr. and Mrs. McBrannigan and Maud and Mr. Jack O'Flynn. Maud was neatly dressed in a new pink silk gown, made in the Empire style, and looked very pretty as she shook the snow from her hood and smiled at Jack. Mr. and Mrs. O'Dooley came next, then Elecia O'Higgins and her "best feller," Jigsy McDuff, Mr. and Mrs. McFudd arrived soon after, and then in twos and threes the invited guests came, until the McSniffigan parlors were filled with the *creme de la creme* of Gowanus society.

When Mrs. McSniffigan counted her guests she found they were all there except Mr. O'Toole, the man who had sent the postal card, and Mrs. McSniffigan made up her mind that the initials "C. C. S. W." had some meaning in connection with his absence.

The "orchestra" (consisting of a piano, violin and cornet) played an overture while Ethel and Maud and Mr. O'Flynn were arranging the tally cards and the packs of playing cards, and settling the question of partners and the other little details of the game of progressive euchre. As they had to read their instructions from a book their progress was necessarily slow, but after awhile everything was straightened out and the game began.

Fate arranged it so that the head table was occupied by Mr. Mulgrew and Mrs. O'Dooley as partners, and Mr. O'Dooley and Mrs. Mulgrew as their opponents. The two men are very proud of their card playing ability, but in the excitement of the moment they are likely to get things a little mixed, and this is just what happened on this occasion.

Each side had scored four points, and it was Mr. Mulgrew's deal. Spades were trumps, and the saloon-keeper held a pretty good hand, but somehow he didn't seem to play the cards carefully, as he was in danger of being euchred, when with a triumphant smile he threw down the ace of hearts on the top of Mr. O'Dooley's left bower.

Of course Mr. O'Dooley reached out his hand to draw the cards in, claiming a euchre, when Mr. Mulgrew stopped him with a polite gesture, which consisted in placing his own ample fist on top of Mr. O'Dooley's, remarking at the same time: "Excuse me, Misther O'Dooley, but I think this thrick is mine."

"I don't see phwhy," said Mr. O'Dooley quietly, but still retaining his hold on the cards; "I pled the left bower."

"An' didn't I play the ace of hearts?" said Mr. Mulgrew, growing excited, and raising his voice with every word, "an' doesn't any omadhaun known that the ace of hearts is always a thrump; an' that accordin' to Hoyle, nothin' can bate it but the knave and foive fingers of thrumps!"

Mr. Mulgrew was standing up by this time and shaking his fist in little Mr. O'Dooley's face, but that little man had lived too long with his wife to be scared by mere words, so he kept a tight grip on the four cards.

Mr. McSniffigan came up to the head table to inquire the reason of the disturbance, and when the whole thing was explained to him, he turned to Mr. Mulgrew, and with a tremendous amount of sarcasm in his voice, said to him, "Sit down, an' come back from the ould dart, an' yer days o' dhrudgery; 'tis progrissive euchre we're playin' here, an' not forty-five, d'ye see?"

Mr. Mulgrew realized that he had quoted the wrong rule and he subsided. Mr. O'Dooley scored the point and won the game, and Mr. Mulgrew and his partner, Mrs. O'Dooley, were obliged to go down to the last table. Everything went on very smoothly after this little incident, except that Mr. McFudd got so excited during one of the games that he split the table in two with his knuckles putting down the right bower on top of his opponent's left at a

critical period of the playing, and the rest of the games had to be played on the piano stool in consequence.

At 11 o'clock the card playing stopped and Ethel examined the tallies. She found that Mr. O'Dooley and Maud McBrannigan were entitled to the first prizes, and that the boobies were won by Mr. Mulgrew, who had been very unlucky after his first break, and Mrs. O'Dooley, who had kept even with him from the start.

Then the tables were cleared away, and the orchestra played a march, and each woman took her escort's arm and they all marched down to supper.

The dining-room table was decorated with pink flowers and lighted candles ("jusht for all the world like a wake," as Mrs. O'Dooley expressed it), and the French waiters, with their open vested suits and haughty air, almost took the Gowanusians' breath away. (Not quite, however, as the average Gowanus breath is pretty well able to hold its own.)

The waiters passed around generous cups of bouillon and were staggered by an almost unanimous request for a second help. The soup was so nice that politeness wasn't in it, and when the soup gave out, Mr. McSniffigan was so disgusted that he was going to throw the head waiter out of the window.

The oysters, salad and sandwiches came next, and it made the waiters stare in open-eyed amazement as they saw the way the food disappeared. They were kept on the run supplying second, third and fourth helps to some of the guests, who had evidently been saving up an appetite for several days at least. The women were more polite, however, and a number of them were busy at their dessert while the men were demolishing the salad. Some of the men, while waiting for another supply of the substantial food, would do away with a large slice of ice cream and frozen pudding, and some others seemed to think that every second spoonful of salad and ice cream made a most delicious combination.

The champagne flowed as freely as water; more freely, in fact, as Mr. McSniffigan gave orders that not a drop of water in any form should be offered to any one present. The waiters helped themselves to an odd glass, and, by the end of the supper, they found great difficulty in properly serving the guests; but the guests were so busy enjoying themselves that they didn't notice it.

One of the waiters, however, happened to trip over a chair and spilled a glass of champagne over Mrs. Mulgrew's décolleté,

which compelled her to retire up-stairs for repairs, which were made with great success by her clever daughter, Mary Ann. After supper everybody went up-stairs, and then followed a succession of dances of every possible kind, to suit every taste; the young folks reveled in the waltz, "Berlin" and "Caprice," while the old folks chatted; and the old folks shook their feet and danced each other down, while the young folks applauded their efforts vigorously.

The party was a grand success in every way, and Mrs. McSniffigan's heart swelled with honest pride as she heard the exclamations of delight on every hand, and when the last guest had departed at four in the morning she went to bed tired, but as happy as a queen.

Later in the morning, as she was on her way to the butcher's, she met Mr. O'Toole, the man who had sent the postal card.

"Arrah, good-mornin', Misther O'Toole," she said pleasantly, "an' phwhy weren't yez to me party lasht night?"

"Didn't ye get me postage card?" said Mr. O'Toole.

"I did," replied Mrs. McSniffigan, "but we cud make nayther head nor tail of id."

"Well, didn't yez have letthers loike thim on yer invitations?" said Mr. O'Toole; "phwhat did they mane?"

"Oh, thim was 'R. S. V. P.," said Mrs. McSniffigan, "which is Frinch for 'sind word if ye can't be there.'"

"Well," said Mr. O'Toole with a twinkle in his eye, "mine wasn't Frinch at all, but plain, ivery day English, 'C. C. S. W.," which stands for 'I cannot come, bekase me shirt is in the wash.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. MULGREW GOES OVER TO NEW YORK TO SEE THE "JUKE."

The numerous factory whistles in Gowanus were just proclaiming the hour of 6 P. M. on Wednesday last as Mrs. Mulgrew alighted from the trolley car and began to make her way slowly up the street toward her home.

Her daughter, Mary Ann, was with her when she got off the car, but, as Mrs. Mulgrew knew her husband would be impatient if he was kept much longer without his supper, she dispatched Mary Ann ahead of her, as her fatty "degingeration" of the heart prevents her from making rapid progress, and as this was one of her "bad days," she was compelled to rest several times on her way up the street.

Mrs. O'Dooley's house is about half-way up the block, and Mrs. Mulgrew was delighted to see that Mrs. O'Dooley was leaning over the fence, apparently waiting for her husband, who had not yet returned from his work.

As Mrs. Mulgrew approached Mrs. O'Dooley "took her in" from top to toe; she noticed that instead of the usual "Sunday go to meetin'" outfit of a broché shawl and black velvet bonnet, Mrs. Mulgrew wore one of the new fashionable Empire capes, with a wide velvet collar and a large hat, "with feathers enough on it to shtuff a tick," as Mrs. O'Dooley remarked to herself; these things, together with the voluminous crinoline lined dress, which Mrs. Mulgrew had bought in order to appear in proper style, kept Mrs. O'Dooley busy thinking until the owner of all the finery had arrived in front of her door.

"Good-avenin', Mrs. O'Dooley," said Mrs. Mulgrew, as she leaned her elbows, with a sigh of relief, on Mrs. O'Dooley's gate post.

"Good-avenin'," answered Mrs. O'Dooley, as she scrutinized the details of Mrs. Mulgrew's costume carefully, "an' if ye'll exshuze me for sayin' so, yez are dhressed up like the dowager Duchess of Ballysloughutthery. My, oh my, but 'tis yerself that's fond o' the foine clothes, Mrs. Mulgrew."

"An' phwhy wudn't I be dhressed up like a dowager duchess,

Mrs. O'Dooley? Wasn't I jusht over to call on his royal jags, the juke?" said Mrs. Mulgrew, with a saucy toss of her head.

"An' who the divil is his royal jags, the juke?" said Mrs. O'Dooley, in a tone of great surprise. "Wan o' yer cousins that landed at Castle Garden an' had to be idintified before they'd let him land, I suppose."

"Faith 'tis yerself that's mighty sarcastic, intoirely," said Mrs. Mulgrew, somewhat stiffly, but without losing her temper, "but av coorse ye can't be blamed for not knowin' who I mean by his royal jags, the juke. Sure ye don't rade the papers."

"No, I don't," replid Mrs. O'Dooley, "but I'm jusht as well off, for it keeps me from makin' a bigger fool o' meself than the Lord intinded me to be whin I was born."

Mrs. Mulgrew didn't pretend to notice this bit of sharp repartee, but went on:

"Well, ye see, Mrs. O'Dooley, I'll explain the whole thing for ye. I suppose ye know that this counthry was discovered by a foreigner named Christopher Columbus, about four hundred years ago, don't ye?"

"Yis, I belave I have heard that bit o' news before," replied Mrs. O'Dooley, with a smile.

"Well, I suppose ye know that he was a married man, don't ye?" asked Mrs. Mulgrew.

"Why, any fool would know that," answered Mrs. O'Dooley quickly; "that's what caused him to lave home; he had a fight wid the old woman, an' he found that Europe wasn't big enough to hold the both o' thim, an' he said he'd go an' find a counthry large enough for a man to open his mouth widout havin' to swallow his wife's tongue an' fisht at the same time; faith, Mrs. Mulgrew, you can't stick me on thim historical facts, even if I don't rade the papers, not much!"

"Well his family quarrels have nothing to do wid the case jusht now," said Mrs. Mulgrew, "phwhat I wanted to prove was that he kem of a marryin' family, and that ivery wan of his discindants were of a same turn o' mind. Now they kep thrack of all those discindants, an' they found that his royal jags the juke of Feveranagey is really an' thruly the sthraight goods in the way of a riprisintative of the family of Columbus; so the king of Spain sint him over here to see that the World's Fair in Chicago is run right, or to know the rayson phwhy."

"An' how did ye come to go callin' on the Juke of Feveranagey?" asked Mrs. O'Dooley.

“Well, it was all out o’ pure curiosity, Mrs. O’Dooley,” replied Mrs. Mulgrew. “Ye see, I read in Sunday’s paper that the juke had arrived in New York, an’ that a grand reception wud be given in his honor at Waldorf’s Hotel on Wednesda’, so I med up me moind if it was a foine day I’d go over; so this afthernoon I put on me besht, an’ meself an’ Mary Ann started for the reception.”

“An’ how did yez enjoy yerselves?” asked Mrs. O’Dooley, eagerly.

“First rate,” replied Mrs. Mulgrew; “barrin’ a few disagreeable things, we had an illegant time intoirely; in the first place phwhin we got to the door o’ the grand ballroom there was an impident young fellow, who wanted to know where our tickets wor; I was so mad that I jusht gev him wan look that med his teeth rattle, an’ tuk Mary Ann be the arm, an’ walked in; ‘the iday,’ sez I to Mary Ann ‘of axin’ a mimber o’ the family of King Brian Boru if she had a ticket, whin she was payin’ an ordinary juke the honor of attindin’ his reception.’ Well, we wint right along wid the rest o’ the gang o’ guests, an’ I tell ye Mrs. O’Dooley, I never seen such a crowd in all me loife. Ivery wan o’ the women was dhressed to kill, an’ loaded down wid diamonds, an’ had their faces beautifully powdhered an’ painted up, so as to look as nice as pie. The min wor all like tailors’ dummies, wid bran new coats an’ pants an’ vests an’ neckties an’ iverything.”

“An’ the decorations! Phwhy ’twould take me a week to specify the different kinds o’ flowers an’ fruit an’ vegetables they had hung an’ spread an’ festooned all around the room; an’ the shmells o’ the different roses an’ daffydowndillies almost took me off me feet. An’ the music! they had about a hundhred fiddlers hid away up among a lot o’ green bushes, an’ they fiddled away in such fine style that I cud hardly keep me feet still; I was jusht on the pint o’ breakin’ into a jig, whin Mary Ann grabbed me, an’ towld me to remimber that ’twas at no mixed ale party we wor, an’ of coorse I saw the sinsibility of it, an’ I stopped.

“Whin we got tired of admirin’ the women an’ the flowers an’ so on, I sez to Mary Ann, ‘Let us go an’ find his royal jags, the Juke of Feveranagey, an’ ax him how he feels, for ’twill soon be time for us to be goin’ home.’ Well, we got in line, an’ afther a good dale of crushin’ we landed in front of the place where the juke an’ duchess wor recavin.’

“Another fresh duck there axed me for me card, an’ sez I, ‘Phwhat do yez want all the cards for?’ ‘So’s I can inthrajuce ye

to the juke,' sez he, an' thin I found that it was me visitin' card he wanted, but I had none wid me, so I sez to him, sez I, 'Niver moind about the card; I'll inthrajuce meself.' So I stepped along till I got in front o' the jukal party, an' sez I, reachin' out me hand to the juke, 'How is your royal highness to-day? I'm Mrs. Mulgrew of Gowanus; I suppose ye've heard tell of me. I'm glad to see yerself an' the ould woman an' yer daughter Maria lookin' so fine an' hearty afther yer say voyage. This is my daughter Mary Ann. She likes me to call her May whin we're out, but I notice that yez are not ashamed to call yer little gerrul Maria, since that's her name, so I med up me mind I'd inthrajuce Mary Ann be her proper name.' Thin all the gang around began to laugh, I don't know what at, but I guess it was at the juke, for divil a word of English cud he spake at all at all, but mumbled somethin' in Spanish or Italian; faith, I felt sorry for him, for the high-toned people that ought to know betther wor laffin' fit to kill themselves.

"When we shook hands wid all the party we wint to the caffay an' had a bite o' lunch an' a glass of claret punch; I wanted a little beer or mixed ale in the worst way, but Mary Ann towld me it wasn't good form, so I didn't ax for it; but I think if some o' thim high-toned people wud take a good dhrink o' mixed ale once in a while they'd have better forms than they have now; begorra, 'tis a scraggy, scrawny lot they are intirely, an' no wondher, whin they have to live on claret punch.

"Whin we got through the eatin' I wanted to go back to say good-bye to the juke, but there was such a crowd we cudn't get in, so we left, an' kem home, but I'll niver forget to the longest day I live the grand time I had at the reciption to his royal jags, the juke of Faveranagey."

Just at this point Mr. O'Dooley came along, and as Mrs. Mulgrew was fully rested, and knew, moreover, that Mr. O'Dooley was in a hurry for his supper, she said good-evening to both Mr. and Mrs. O'Dooley and wended her way slowly up the street to her abode, where she found Mary Ann busy preparing the supper and keeping her father in good humor by telling him of their experience at the reception in honor of the descendant of the great Columbus.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. MULGREW'S ADVENTURES AT GRAVESEND ON HANDICAP DAY.

On Tuesday morning, as Mrs. O'Dooley was on her way to the German grocery store to buy a few vegetables for the dinner, she met Mrs. Mulgrew right in front of the door leading to that good woman's apartments over the saloon.

Mrs. Mulgrew greeted her neighbor with a pleasant smile and a hearty "top o' the mornin'," and as the weather was very fine and warm, she asked Mrs. O'Dooley to sit down on the steps leading to the hall door, which invitation Mrs. O'Dooley, having some time to spare, gladly accepted, as she saw by Mrs. Mulgrew's manner that there was something on her mind, and she knew if she waited that Mrs. Mulgrew would have something interesting to disclose.

When Mrs. Mulgrew had recovered her breath, which had been coming in short gasps on account of a sudden slight attack of her fatty "degingeration" of the heart, she turned toward Mrs. O'Dooley and said, pleasantly:

"Did ye see me arrivin' home lasht evening at about 8 o'clock in me barouche, Mrs. O'Dooley?"

"Faith, I did," replied Mrs. O'Dooley. "I suppose ye wor at some funeral over in New York, or Greenpoint, or Jersey, or some other far away place, an' hired wan o' thim coaches that ye can open out, so as to take the air phwin yez are comin' home from the buryin' ground; is it any wan I know that was dead, Mrs. Mulgrew?"

Mrs. Mulgrew looked at Mrs. O'Dooley in disgust, and in a tone finely tinged with sarcasm she replied:

"Well, well; 'tis yerself that's mighty fond of jumpin' at conclusions, Mrs. O'Dooley. Ye thought because ye saw me ridin' in a carriage that of coorse I must be comin' from a funeral; but this time ye wor sadly mistaken. Whin ye saw me dhrivin' up to me hall door in style lasht night I was comin' from no funeral, thanks be to goodness, but from a far different kind of an affair—nothin' more nor less than the Brooklyn Handicap."

This information didn't startle Mrs. O'Dooley as much as Mrs. Mulgrew thought it would; the owner of the most celebrated billy goat in Brooklyn looked at the saloon-keeper's wife coolly and said:

"An' phwat the divil is the Brooklyn Handicap? Is it anything like Barnum's circus or Paddy Rooshky's piano playin' that ye wor tellin' me about this time a year ago?"

Mrs. Mulgrew was more disgusted than ever; she managed not to show her ire very much, however, at Mrs. O'Dooley's ignorance, and in as calm a manner as she could command she said:

"Well, not exactly, Mrs. O'Dooley; the Brooklyn Handicap is a good deal like a circus, but it has no more likeness to Paddy Rooshky's piano playin' than a pig has to a pint o' mixed ale; the Brooklyn Handicap is nothin' more or less than a horse race."

"An' phwhy do they call it a handicap?" asked Mrs. O'Dooley, more to draw Mrs. Mulgrew out than from any real curiosity in regard to the word.

"I dunno, raley," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "unless 'tis on account of the beautiful little silk hats that the jockeys wear"; and Mrs. Mulgrew leaned her back up against the side of the house with an air of conscious superiority over her neighbor, whose ignorance was very annoying to Mrs. Mulgrew.

Mrs. O'Dooley was satisfied with this explanation of the meaning of the word, and then, with a truly Delsartean expression on her face, of intense interest she asked:

"An' phwhat kind of a time did ye have at the handy hat race, Mrs. Mulgrew?"

Mrs. Mulgrew's face took on a smile of intense satisfaction, and as she raised her eyes skyward, in a sort of retrospective way, she replied:

"Ah, don't be talkin', Mrs. Dooley. I had wan o' the grandest days o' me whole life; ye've heard of the Turkish bath, an' me dhrame at the Paddy Rooshky concert, but me experience yestherda' bate thim all hollow; begorra, I'm not over the excitement of it yet," and, as she recalled the events of Monday, the perspiration burst from every pore on Mrs. Mulgrew's face, at which Mrs. O'Dooley's curiosity became roused, and she determined to learn the particulars if possible.

"Well, it musht have been fine," said Mrs. O'Dooley. "Have ye time to spare to tell me all about it?"

"Oh, I have, but I don't like to be keepin' ye from any work

ye may have at home, Mrs. O'Dooley," said Mrs. Mulgrew, "perhaps yer time is valuable."

Mrs. O'Dooley assured Mrs. Mulgrew that she had lots of time to spare, as her husband was working on a job over in Williamsburgh, which would prevent him from arriving home until six o'clock in the evening, and with this assurance Mrs. Mulgrew began her interesting story.

"Ye see, Mrs. O'Dooley, the ould man has taken quite a dale of intherest in sports lately, but he niver mintioned it around the house until Sunda' at dinner time, phwhin he axed meself and Mary Ann wud we like to go to the races wid him on Monda'; well, of course we wor agreeable, an' whin Monda' mornin' kem around we washed an' claned ourselves an' put on our very besht duds, an' the ould man did the same, makin' sure to put a good fat rowl o' bills in his inside vesht pocket, an' phwhin we wor all ready, we started for the 11:30 thrain on Culver's railroad, for Gravesend.

"I made sure to put three or four five-dollar bills in me breasht, in case meself an' Mary Ann happened to get separated from Misther Mulgrew, so that we'd be able to git somethin' to ate an' dhrink, if we felt hungry or thirsty, an' for any other expinses we might have to overcome; an' 'twas a good thing I did so, bekase, the minute Misther Mulgrew got us in a good sate he went off an' left us, an' we niver clapped eyes on him again, except once, phwhin we saw him conversin' as large as life wid some big guns that looked like politicians or somethin'.

"Well, we arrived at the gate of the race track, an' about five thousand other people got off the thrain along wid us, an' such pushin', an' scrappin', an' screamin', an' swearin' I niver saw in all me life; ould min, an' young boys, an' dudes, an' young gerruls, an' ould women like meself, squeezed an' hollered an' pushed to get in as if they were thryin' to escape from a fire.

"But I didn't lose me head. I jusht stood me ground, an' shtuck out me elbows, an' gev pokes in the ribs right an' left to the fresh dudes an' the giddy ould min that ought to have known better than to be jostlin' an' ould lady wid fatty degingeration o' the heart, an' meself an' Mary Ann an' the ould man landed safe an' sound on the grand shtand.

"Well, Mrs. O'Dooley, such a sight as was there! I guess there musht have been about a hundherd thousand people on the grand stand an' the grounds; an' the dhresses, an' the bonnets o' the women an' young gerruls, an' their purty faces, all flushed up

wid the excitement an' the champagne that was flowin' like wather in a river, an' the min runnin' here an' there, some lookin' for their frinds, an' some lookin' for tips, an' some lookin' as if they wor afther losin ivery frind or ivery cent they had in the world.

"Ivery wan was chuck full of excitement, an' a good many wor chuck full o' beer, but they all seemed to be injoying themselves in grand style.

"Finally the races began, an' such yellin' an' goin's on as they had before an' afther each race! it was awful.

"I began to feel a kind o' tired afther the third race, bekase they had such long waits bechune each wan, an' phwhin they did begin they were over in a jiffy; so I began to look around me.

"I soon found that the most o' the women wor amusin' themselves be readin' the names o' the horses off a card, and thin callin' little messenger boys, an' givin' thim money to bet for thim on the next race; the woman next to me was doin' it all the time, an' phwhin she saw me watchin' her, she looked up and says she, very pleasant like, 'Do yez want a dead air-tight cinch for the nixt race?'

"'Faith, I dunno,' says I; 'phwhat might it be like?' not understandin' her race-track language."

"'Oh,' says she, 'tis a burd!' 'Well,' says I, 'if it is, I'll take it, for I'm near dead wid the hunger be this time, an' 'tis very kind of ye to mintion it.'

"Well, she gev a roar of a laugh right in me face, the impident thing. I cud have given her a shlap right in the jaw, but Mary Ann explained to me that she was a sport, an' was only wantin' to give me a tip to bet on a certain horse named Lamplighter, that was goin' to win the next race sure.

"I apologized to her, an' says I, 'Madam, I'm much obliged to ye for yer burdy tip, but I don't like the name o' that baste; I've seen lamplighters in Gowanus in me time, an' they move, around purty slow, an' if that horse was used to ride around, lightin' all the lamps in New Utrecht, he'd never reach the winnin' posht; no, I think I'd like to make a little bet, but I'll thry some other horse; would ye be kind enough to rade the name of some o' thim for me?'

"Well, she read a whole sthring o' names that I cudn't make head or tail of, but finally she sthruck a name that scounded like Diablo. 'Howld on,' says I; 'what does that mean?' 'Oh,' says she, 'that's Spanish for divil; but the horse is no good.'

‘He’ll do for me,’ says I, ‘for I know the divil is hard to bate, an’ any wan that kin bate him has to be purty good;’ so in spite of her tellin’ me that I was ‘chuckin’ me money in the soup,’ I called the boy an’ gev him five dollars to bet on Diablo, an’ he kem back in few minutes wid a ticket certifyin’ to the bet he made wid a bookbinder down in the basement.

“In a few minutes the race began; ivery wan was lookin’ afther the horses wid spyglasses but me. I jusht sat there an’ waited, but phwhin the horses kem near the grand stand, an’ I saw the divil in front, me heart went bumpidy bump! an’ I gev a yell that shook the roof. ‘Go it, ould boy!’ says I, an’ sure enough, he gev a leap that put his nose in jusht ahead of Lamplighter, an’ in another second he won the race.

“The boy kem along, an’ I gev him me ticket, an’ in five minutes he was back wid three nice new wan hundred dollar bills in his fisht, an’ me own \$5 along wid them; I gev him the \$5 for making such a good bargain for me, an’ put the \$300 safe away in me breasht, an’ sat there smilin’ till the rest o’ the races wor over, an’ thin I invited the sportin’ woman next to me to come into the eatin’ saloon and have a rale burd wid me; I felt sorry for her, for she lost all her money on old Lamplighter.

“Phwhin we ate our fill, we kem out, an’ I made up me mind we’d come home in shtyle, along the bullyvard in a barouche, so I hired one at the gate, an’ although it cosht me \$12, I didn’t grudge it, bekase I felt jusht like a millionaire, wid me winnin’s shtowed safe away in me buzzum.

“Misther Mulgrew was home long before us, and phwin I told him about me bet, I thought he’d fall dead; he bet ivery cint he had wid him on Lamplighter, an’ had to come home hungry, for he hadn’t as much left as ud buy a sandwich.”

Mrs. Mulgrew paused, and Mrs. O’Dooley, hearing the clock-factory whistle announcing the hour of 12, thanked Mrs. Mulgrew for her interesting description of the handicap, and went on her way to the German grocer’s, while Mrs. Mulgrew went up-stairs to prepare the dinner and to think up remarks with which to tease her husband, who hadn’t sense to bet on “Diablo the divil” the day before.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A HEATED DISCUSSION OF THE GREAT CHINESE QUESTION.

It was very warm in Gowanus on last Thursday morning ; just as warm as in any other part of Brooklyn.

But the Gowanusians have one great advantage over the residents of some of the higher toned parts of Brooklyn.

That advantage consists in the fact that the majority of the houses in that peculiar section of our beautiful city are but one story high.

Some of them have an attic, it is true, but the difference is scarcely perceptible from the outside.

Of course some of the Gowanus streets boast of high-stoop, two-story-and-basement brick houses, and some even have an occasional brown-stone edifice which rises to the dignity of two and a half or three stories, but the section of the famous neighborhood of which this story treats, and in which reside the Mc-Brannigans, O'Dooleys and Mulgrews, consists mainly of the humbler class of dwellings, which, though not exactly shanties, still are not palaces.

The advantage of living in a one-story house is very apparent on a warm day.

There are no stairs to climb, and, consequently, no distressful groanings from the female members of the families on account of that dreadful complaint palpitation of the heart, which is so common among the women of the "Upper Ten," who live in four-story mansions.

Then there's the ease with which the children can be called in the morning. If Johnny or Jamesy fails to respond with alacrity to the warning that "It's time to get up!" why, he can be landed out of bed in a jiffy, before he has time to turn over and begin that second sleep from which it is so hard to wake a growing boy.

But the principal advantage of "living on the ground floor" is, that when it is very warm in the house, one can easily slip out and get a breath of fresh air.

That is what makes Gowanus such a sociable place, and that

is why I have been able to report so many pleasant sidewalk conversations between the neighbors, who, if they were shut up in those prison-like abodes of brick and stone with which so many of our streets are lined, would probably remain unacquainted with one another during their whole lives.

Well, on Thursday morning, the sun and Old Humidity began operations at an early hour, and the consequence was that at about 11 o'clock nearly every woman in Gowanus was standing at her front door, trying to get a little relief from the oppressive heat.

Of course, when one Gowanus woman sees another standing at her front door, the natural result is that in less than no time one front door is deserted and two Gowanus women are engaged in a more or less animated conversation.

It happened that Mrs. McSniffigan, the contractor's wife, who lives in a more pretentious house than her neighbors, but who is not very stuck up on that account, was passing Mrs. McBrannigan's just as Mrs. O'Dooley was crossing the street in that direction. The three women met at Mrs. McBrannigan's gate, and of course stopped to have a little chat.

The weather occupied their attention for the first ten minutes, and they compared the state of the atmosphere with its condition last year, and the year before, and as many years back as each could remember.

While they were talking a Chinaman happened to pass on his way down the street.

He was dressed in the usual loose-fitting garments, and carried a small fan which he fluttered industriously as he passed the three women, who gazed at him without speaking as he approached.

As he passed them he had the temerity to smile and say something which sounded like "belly hot."

The women looked after him in disgust as he walked on down the street; when he had turned the corner, Mrs. O'Dooley remarked:

"Well! well! is there any bounds to the impudence o' thim yalla divils? Phwhat business is it of ours if his ould belly is hot? If he wore his nightshirt tucked inside of his breeches instid of havin' it flappin' in the breeze, there might be some rayson for his remark; but the iday of his spakin' to three dacent ladies at all at all is phwhat I am disgusted wid. If I had my way I'd have ivery wan o' the jandhered haythens run on boord of a mud scow an' dumped out in the say, like so much garbage, so I wud!"

Mrs. O'Dooley tossed her head back, and the perspiration began to trickle down her face in little streams as a result of her heated remarks.

"They're goin' to do somethin' o' that sort wid thim, I b'lave," said Mrs. McSniffigan; "at laste, I heard my huzhband readin' in the paper that accordin' to some new law passed by an Irishman named Geary, no more o' the cross-eyed things 'll be allowed to come into America; an' that thim that's here now will be obliged to have their pecther taken an' filed at the City Hall, so that the police can kape thrack of phwhat they do. Faith 'tis time they mede some rules to kape thim in ordher, or they'd soon have possession o' the counthry, bad cess to their ugly mugs."

"An' phwhat good'll it do to have their picthers took?" said Mrs. O'Dooley. "Shure they all have the wan yalla look, an' the same loikeness ud do fer the whole dirty thribe o' thim; it ud take tin Philadelphia lawyers to tell wan o' thim from the other. I raley b'lave the only way they can have of knowin' each other is like dogs—be the shmell."

"Well, there's a slight difference in some o' thim," said Mrs. McSniffigan. "There was wan o' thim kep' a laundhry down in Coort sthreet, an' he let his hair grow long instid of havin' it scraped off wid a razor, an' his eyes wor sthraight, an' he had a thremenjus upper lip that gev him a good dale o' an Irish look. Well, wan day a coushin o' mine, a greenhorn, was takin' a walk along Coort sthreet, whin he spied the Chinee, an' he looked so much like omadhaun me coushin used to know at home, named Paddy the Loon, that he ran into the store an' put his two hands over the Chinee's two eyes so that he cudn't see him."

"'I'll give him a little scare,' sez me coushin to himself, 'before I tell him who I am.' Then say she to the haythen, 'Phwhat part o' the ould sod did yez come from, me fine bucko?'"

"Now the Chinee was holdin' a thing in his fisht like they use for teachin' the childher to count wid in school, an' he was usin' it to count up the laundhry, so he says to me coushin, gettin' mad like, in his own quare language, 'Leg go me head; countee washee,' meanin' that he was busy countin' the wash, d'ye see?"

"Well, me coushin thought Paddy the Loon was gettin' a little too smart, an' that he was thryin' to make a fool of him, so he let go of him an' fetched him a clip alongside the gub, an' says he, "Take that, Paddy, for denyin' that ye came from Donegal, an' for thryin' to make belave there's such a place as County

Washee in dear ould Ireland, when you know there isn't, even if ye are a loon !

"Well, me coushin kep' up the argument an' walloped the Chineese around, an' soused him in his washtub, an' kem near finishin' him, but a policeman ran in an' arrested thim both for fightin', but phwhin I explained it to the judge he undherstood the throuble, and let me coushin go, and the Chineese wint back to his laundhry, but there's no fear any wan 'll mistake him for an Irishman again, bekase me coushin decorated his gub so beautifully that you wouldn't know him from a pug dog."

Mrs. McSniffigan rested her elbows on the fence as she ended her story, and Mrs. McBrannigan was just about to tell of an experience she had had with a Mongolian, when the whistle of the clock factory proclaimed the hour of noon, and the little anti-Chinese convention adjourned almost before it had time to settle itself down to a serious consideration of the subject under discussion.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW THE GLORIOUS FOURTH WAS CELEBRATED AT MULGREW'S.

Last Monday evening Mr. Mulgrew went up-stairs, and, walking quickly into the front room, where his wife was sitting by the window, *en deshabille*, fanning herself in a heroic attempt to keep cool, said very sharply :

“Phwhere’s thim dicorations ye bought lasht fall whin we wor cilebratin’ for Christopher Columbus?”

Mrs. Mulgrew looked up in surprise at her better half, and instead of answering his question performed that peculiar Irish trick of asking another.

“Phwhat do yez want thim for, any way?” was what she said.

“Phwhat do ye suppose I want thim for?” said Mr. Mulgrew, growing a little excited. “Do ye think I want to soak thim in alcohol an’ hops, an’ make some new brand of red, white an’ blue mixed ale, that’ll make me cushtomers see green an’ yalla shnakes? Maybe ye think I want to lind thim to the Dutch Sourkrout Turn Veroyne cadets whin they parade to-morrow; no, Mrs. Mulgrew, I want thim flags for the simple purpose of decoratin’, that’s all.”

“An’ phwhat rayson have ye for decoratin’ any way?” said Mrs. Mulgrew. “Did some o’yer cushtomers give ye a surprise by payin’ what they owe?”

Mr. Mulgrew looked at his wife in disgust. When he was able to speak he said, slowly, and with a touch of sarcasm in his voice: “Mrs. Mulgrew, ye’ve been out of Ireland long enough to remimber that there’s a day comes in the middle o’ the summer that’s called the Fourth o’ July, an’ that ivery dacent citizen is bound to celebrate in proper style, an’ tis wid that object in view that I kem up-stairs lookin’ for the sthreamers ye bought lasht October; phwhat did ye do wid thim, that’s all I want to know?”

“Shure I packed thim away in bedbug powder, an’ put thim by, thinkin’ they wouldn’t be needed till the next time they’d be celebratin’ the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, d’ye see?” said Mrs. Mulgrew.

"I see," said her husband, "an' I also see a great big jackass of a woman forninst me! Phwhere, let me ax ye, will you or I be a hundhred years from now, whin they'll be celebratin' for Columbus? Have some gumption about ye, an' hunt up thim flags in a jiffy, bekase I want to have the store done up rale gorgeous for the Fourth o' July, do ye undherstand?"

"I do," said Mrs. Mulgrew, meekly, realizing the justice of her husband's scolding. "Sit down here for a minute and I'll get thim for ye."

Mrs. Mulgrew climbed up-stairs to the attic, and after considerable rummaging managed to locate the bundle of flags, which she recognized from its strong Persian powdery odor.

She brought them down to Mr. Mulgrew, who carried them down to the saloon, where he found Slob McTerrigan waiting for him.

He gave Slob the job of draping the front of the house with the bunting, promising him three schooners of beer as a reward providing the work was satisfactorily performed.

Slob set to work, and before long had an admiring crowd of children looking at him, and also a critical crowd of his pals, who fired a volley of facetious remarks at Slob as he stood on a ladder with his mouth full of tacks and a hammer in his hand draping the Stars and Stripes and the harp of Erin in graceful juxtaposition over the saloon door.

Mr. Mulgrew surveyed the job when Slob had finished, and, it being satisfactory, he drew three full schooners of foaming beer and placed them on the bar in front of Slob, who emptied one after the other so quickly that even Mr. Mulgrew stared in surprise.

On the morning of the Fourth Mr. Mulgrew went down-town and purchased a supply of fireworks. He also happened to meet a German band and engaged them for the evening, and on his return painted a sign and hung it in the window, which ran as follows:

<p style="text-align: center;">FIREWORKS ! AND MUSIC BY A DUTCH BAND, AT MULGREW'S, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY. COME 1, COME ALL.</p>
--

It is needless to say that the news spread like wildfire through Gowanus, and at 8 o'clock the streets near Mulgrew's corner were

packed with people bubbling over with impatience waiting for the show to begin. There was no public exhibition of fireworks in Gowanus this year, so Mr. Mulgrew's generosity came like a godsend to the people.

At 8 o'clock the band commenced to play, and "After the Ball," "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow Wow," "Tip Your Hat to Nellie," "The Star Lancers," and other very popular airs floated out on the still air for some time. The crowd joined in the chorus of the songs with a vim and kept the band busy with requests for encores until it was dark enough for the fireworks exhibition to commence.

While the band was playing one selection, Mr. Mulgrew noticed one of the players, a cornetist, who held his instrument in his hand most of the time, as the piece was one which had very few cornet notes in it. Going up to the fat little German, he said, in a way which meant business, "Phwhy the divil ain't you playin' on yer bugle?"

The little cornetist, without raising his eyes from the music, said, "Oxcoose me, sir; I'm resting."

Mr. Mulgrew's ire rose at once. "How dar ye?" he exclaimed, "I'm payin' yez hikers a dollar an' a half an' two schooners o' beer each for playin' music, an', begorra, if yez don't stick the ind o' that horn in yer ugly mug an' play like the divil, yez'll not get a cint from me, an' don't you forget it."

The poor little Dutchman put his cornet to his lips and tooted away for dear life, although the other players looked daggers at him, and it is safe to say that if the author of the selection had been present he would not have recognized his work, so greatly embellished was it by the grand flourishes performed by the little cornetist, who was bound he would not miss the money and the beer, no matter how art had to suffer during the ordeal.

At 9 o'clock "Lamelamp" O'Leary, "Jigsy" McDuff and "Hoptygofetch" O'Gaff, who constituted themselves policemen for the occasion, cleared a good sized space in front of the saloon, and Slob McTerrigan, his face beaming with pride, carried out the soap box containing the supply of fireworks, which, under Mr. Mulgrew's direction, he proceeded to let off.

What "Ohs" and "Ahs" went up from the crowd as each rocket ascended, leaving its tail of gleaming sparks behind, and each Roman candle emitted its bright vari-colored balls of fire, while the German band nearly burst its lungs playing "Yankee Doodle" and "Comrades"!

It was a great exhibition, and when finally three rockets were set off at once, and the band played "Home, Sweet Home," signifying that the entertainment was over, a great cheer went up from the crowd, and a number of enthusiastic men began shouting for Mulgrew.

The cry was taken up by the crowd with such vim that Mr. Mulgrew was compelled to leave the bar in charge of his assistant and make his appearance at the door, where he stood bowing to the cheering crowd.

"Speech! Speech!" yelled the enthusiastic crowd, and before he was aware of it Mr. Mulgrew was hoisted up on the shoulders of several men, who carried him over to the edge of the gutter. They placed him on top of an old empty ale barrel, where he stood smiling, while the crowd continued to call for a speech.

When silence was restored, Mr. Mulgrew cleared his throat and made these characteristic remarks, which were frequently interrupted with applause:

"Min an' women an' childher of Gowanus—I stand before ye this evenin' teetotally unprepared for speechmakin', but my mind is so full of the spirit of the day that I cannot refrain from lettin' some of it run out through me mouth. As yez all know, this is the Fourth of July. On this day a great many years ago, George Washington an' Thomas Jefferson an' Lafayette, an' a lot of other good citizens came together and med up their minds that they'd have nothing more to do wid ould England; well, England at the time was in a great stew, thryin' to keep Ireland in subjection. The whole English army was quartered in Ireland, and the whole navy was sthrung around Ireland to prevent any disturbance. Well, the King hired a lot of Swedes an' Hessians an' sint thim over here to fight the Americans, but the Yankees, assisted by a few Irishmen who had come over in advance to give Washington the tip about all the English army bein' busy in keepin' down the Irish, wor too much for the foreign soldiers, an' a few years later what was left of thim wint back home to Sweden wid a great respect for America illuminatin' their thick skulls.

"For this rayson I claim that Ireland had a great deal to do wid the emancipatin' of America from England's clutches.

"If the Irishmen in Ireland wor peaceable, why there wouldn't have been any necessity for the troops bein' left there, wid rows o' battle-ships to back them up, an' the ships an' min

wud have been sint over here to wollop the stuffin out of the Yankees.

“ That’s the rayson Ireland is gettin’ so much support from America in the sthruggle for Home Rule, an’ I say, my frinds, ’tis only a matter of a few days whin Ireland will be free ; my belief in this is as firm as the foundation on which I stand ! ”

As he said this Mr. Mulgrew got excited, and leaping about three feet in the air came down with both feet heavily on the barrel head, which collapsed under the strain, landing Mr. Mulgrew in a standing position in the empty barrel.

The humor of the situation dawned on the crowd, and they burst into a loud laugh, which was immediately followed by three hearty cheers for Mulgrew, after which the crowd dispersed.

A great many of the men, however, crowded into the saloon, and Mr. Mulgrew was kept busy till an early hour in the morning receiving congratulations, and drawing beer and mixed ale while he explained over and over again his theory about the important part played by Ireland in releasing America from England’s hated yoke.

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. MULGREW AND MARY ANN GO TO SEE BARNUM'S CIRCUS.

For the first time in its history Barnum's Circus pitched its tents this year within a stone's throw of the border line which separates Gowanus from Brooklyn proper.

The small boys who despaired of ever getting together sufficient money to buy a circus ticket have contented themselves with long and earnest study of the flaring pictures on the fences and animated discussions as to whether the acrobats and bareback riders really did the wonderful feats shown in the colored lithographs, usually coming to the unanimous conclusion that if they really accomplished those things they must have "sold demselves to de devil, see?"

On Saturday morning, as Mrs. Mulgrew was on her way to the grocery store she saw Mrs. O'Dooley gazing intently at a picture representing the giant gorillas Chiko and Johanna, which was hanging in the window of a barber-shop next door to Mulgrew's saloon.

Mrs. Mulgrew waited until Mrs. O'Dooley had satisfied her curiosity, and when she turned round to go home she saluted her with a pleasant "Good-mornin'."

"Arrah musha, good-mornin' to yerself," said Mrs. O'Dooley, pleasantly. "T'is a fine mornin' for a walk, so it is; an' how is ivery bit o' ye, an' the ould man, an' Mary Ann?"

"Oh, meself an' the ould man are all right," said Mrs. Mulgrew, "but Mary Ann has a headache iver since lasht night, an' she has the impidence to blame me for it."

"An' phwhat did ye do that made yer daughter sick, Mrs. Mulgrew?" asked Mrs. O'Dooley, anxiously.

"Divil a thing, only thry to injoy meself the besht way I knew how," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "Ye see, meself an' Mary Ann wint to the circus lasht night, an' she didn't like some o' the things I did. She says ivery time we go out together I do somethin' to disgrace her, an' she has a good mind niver to go out wid me again."

"Oh, well, young people is young people," said Mrs. O'Dooley,

shaking her head; "they do get so much eddication that it turns their brains, an' they imagine that iverything the ould folks do is unpolite an' disgraceful. I wudn't mind Mary Ann, but if I wor you I'd thry an' take her advice about behavin' in public, bekase a young gerrul that has a polite mother wid her always feels much aisier in her mind an' she can injoy herself iver so much betther than she can phwhin her mother is always makin' 'breaks,' as the boys say. But ye tell me ye wor at the circus; was it worth goin' to see?"

"Oh, indeed, it was," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, with a smile. "Next to Paddy Rooshky's piano playin', it was the finest performance I iver had the good luck to see."

"I was jusht lookin' at the picthers in the barber's windy," said Mrs. O'Dooley, 'showin' a pair o' monkeys wid faces on thim for all the world like min. Did ye see thim?"

"Oh, yis," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "an' about a hundhred million other things too numerous to mintion, as the professor said at the door as we wint in. Come over to the grocery shtore wid me an' I'll tell ye all about it. I can't shtand so long on me feet. I have corns an' bunions so bad, lately, that I'm almosht crazy wid thim."

Mrs. O'Dooley slipped her arm into Mrs. Mulgrew's and together they wended their way to the little German grocery store, and on arriving there proceeded to plant themselves on two convenient soap boxes near the door, and as Mrs. O'Dooley assumed a listening attitude, Mrs. Mulgrew began the recital of her adventures at the circus.

"Lasht night, at supper time, Mary Ann says to me, 'Maw, I think we betther go to the circus this evenin'. 'Tis playin' at the corner of Fourth avenue an' Third street. We can take the throlley an' get there in no time, an' I'm sure ye'll injoy it much betther than the musicale at McShniffigan's, bekase there'll be no singin' or recutin', but lots o' horses an' animals an' things that it'll do ye good to see."

"Well, I was feelin' purty good, so I says, 'All right, we'll shtart right afther supper,' an' as soon as the meal was over we washed ourselves an' put on our things—not our besht wans, bekase Mary Ann said we might have thim shpoiled wid the dusht an' dirt, but our second besht—an' off we wint.

"Phwhin we arrived at the inthrance of the tint, there was the greatest collection o' people I iver saw in all me born days—old min wid their wives, an' young min wid their besht gerruls, an'

any number of small childher, all pushin' an' crushin' an' thryin' to get near the ticket office, but me size an' me strinth kem in very handy, for I poked me elbows out, the same as I did at the food exhibition, an' gave thumps right an' left, an' soon med a passage for meself.

"Phwile this was going on, a smart young fellow shopke to me, an' says he, 'Buy yer tickets from me, ma'am, an' save the crush at the box office.' 'All right,' says I, 'gimme two.' Well, he gev me two an' I gev him a dollar bill. 'Fifty cints more,' says he. 'For phwhat?' says I; 'don't the sign say, admission, fifty cints?' 'Oh, that's all right,' says he, 'but I'm a speculator, an' I charge fifty cints exthra on account o' savin' ye the throuble of shcrabblin' at the box office.' 'Excuse me,' says I, as I poked me elbow into his stomach, 'but I didn't come into Brooklyn on the lasht load o' hay that was cut in Gravesind. Ye can't fool me!' Well, he doubled up in two, like a jackknife, an' gev me a bow in shpite of himself, an' meself an' Mary Ann wint in to the circus.

"First we wint through the tint phwhere they shows off the animals; 'twas there I saw the monkeys that's in that picther over there; faith I nearly had the life sheared out o' me phwhin I saw thim. Wan o' thim—that's the hemale—has a face that is the dead image of a young fellow that used to be swate on me before I married Mulgrew; phwhin I refused to marry him he shipped for Austhralia, an' I niver heard tell of him since, but phwhin I laid eyes on the monkey, I grabbed Mary Ann be the arm, an' says I, 'If that ain't Jerry O'Donovan, I'm a goat; he musht have turned into a hairy man out in Austhralia, an' here they have him on exhibition, an' a hairy gerrul beside him; well I niver thought phwhin I refused him he'd come to this!

"Thin Mary Ann got mad, bekase I said all that so loud that iverybody in the tint heard me an' looked around an' laughed right out loud; Mary Ann says, 'for hiven's sake, maw, kape quiet! don't make such a fool o' yerself; thim's nothin' but a pair o' monkeys.'

"Well, sure enough, phwhin I looked again closer at the cage it was nothin' but two overgrown monkeys, the same as the organ grinders sinds up to the windy for the pinnies, only their faces wor so like mins' and wimmen's that ye couldn't be blamed for makin' a mistake.

"Phwhin we saw all the animals we wint into the big tint, phwhere the show was goin' to take place, an' there was such a

gang there that we had the divil's own time thryin' to find a sate. We had to climb up on a lot o' boords like a ladder, an' phwhin we got up near the top we had to sit down on wan o' the boords that was about six inches wide, an' ye know I'm more than six inches across, Mrs. O'Dooley, an' I can tell ye I wasn't very comfortable, an' besides I had to lave me legs hangin' in the air half the time.

"But phwhin the circus comminced I got so intherested that I forgot all about me sate, an' injoyed iverything that was done the same as if I was a little gerrul tin years ould. They had horse races, an' runnin' races, an' thrapeze jugglers, an' educated ponies an' illephants, an' about forty clowns, an' acrobats, an' tumblers, an' ladies wid dhresses that wor cut low from the top an' high from the bottom, ridin' around the rings on horseback, standin' up an' doin' shtunts through hoops, so that ye'd think they wor goin' to break their necks ivery minute, but they didn't, an' the nearer they kem to doin' it the harder they shmiled, till ye'd think their faces 'ud crack in two.

"They wor so many things there that it 'ud take me a week to tell ye all about thim, but Mary Ann sat there alongside o' me an' she didn't seem to injoy it at all. Phwhin it was all over an' we wor comin' out, I says to Mary Ann, 'Phwhat's the matther wid ye; ye didn't seem to injoy the circus at all?' an' she turned about and she says. 'Maw, I have a headache from the way ye med a laughin' shtock o' yerself phwhin ye saw thim monkeys. Phwhy can't ye learn to behave yerself phwhin we go out?' She niver shpoke another word to me till we got home, an' she wint to bed, an' phwhin I left the house now she was in bed shtill. I'm sorry if I was the cause of her sickness, but I can't help it, Mrs. O'Dooley, indade I can't."

Mrs. O'Dooley saw that Mrs. Mulgrew was likely to branch out on the subject of her daughter, so she excused herself on the plea of having some work to do at home, and left Mrs. Mulgrew to transact her business with the German grocer.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. MULGREW ENDEAVORS TO LEARN THE INTRICACIES OF
LAWN TENNIS.

Right in front of the door of the German grocery kept by Mr. Fritzenheimer is a large ailanthus tree, which throws a very cool shadow over the rows of boxes and barrels and crates of green stuff which are displayed in as tempting a manner as possible by the energetic proprietor.

At certain seasons of the year, just when the weather is hottest, the tree, like all others of its kind, throws a very disagreeable odor along with its very agreeable shade, but as Mr. Fritzenheimer is an enthusiast on Limburger cheese and kindred German delicacies, the aroma of the tree is as sweet to him as were the odors of Araby the Blest to those who were fortunate enough to be in the neighborhood when they were wafted around.

On warm mornings Mr. Fritzenheimer's customers have a great habit of lingering around after making their purchases chatting to one another, as the shade of the tree is a great relief to the women, especially to those who live in one-story houses, because the sun beats down on the roof of a one-story house in a fashion which makes the occupants think that even the shade of the ailanthus tree seems to justify its name of the tree of heaven.

On Thursday morning, when Mrs. Mulgrew reached Fritzenheimer's front door, she sank down on a big soap box under the tree with a sigh of intense relief, and after recovering her breath, gave directions to Mr. Fritzenheimer's white-haired assistant about various articles she needed in the grocery line. While she was thus engaged, Mrs. McSniffigan, the rich contractor's wife, came up the street, and bidding Mrs. Mulgrew a very pleasant good-morning, passed into the store.

While she was inside, she looked out at Mrs. Mulgrew and noticed that she was very much sunburned, and that there was a long scratch down the middle of her nose from which the skin was peeling in a most alarming way. Mrs. McSniffigan is not naturally of a very curious disposition, but she thought as she

had a few moments to spare she would sit down beside Mrs. Mulgrew, and that perhaps that good woman would tell her of her own accord how she came by the sunburning and the disfigured nose. So, when her business with the Dutch grocer was over, she went out and sat down on another soap box, near the saloon-keeper's wife, and after a few pleasantries about the weather, and so on, Mrs. Mulgrew said with a smile :

"Did yez obsarve me beautifully dicorated countenance this mornin', Mrs. McSniffigan?"

"I did," replied Mrs. McSniffigan, "but I was too polite to make any remarks about it, thinkin' mebbe somethin' happened ye that ye wudn't care to have known around Gowanus."

"Oh, dear, no, 'twas nothing that needs to be hushed up like that, thanks be to goodness," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "It happened, as usual, on account o' me own stubbornness an' me habit of interfarin' wid games that I know nothin' about."

"I thought ye had enough o' thim games whin ye kem near puttin' an ind to yersel' thryin' to learn to shkate," said Mrs. McSniffigan. "Whin do ye think ye'll get sinse, anyway?"

"Niver, I'm afeared," replied Mrs. Mulgrew. "Now, how do ye suppose I kem be the beautiful ornamination on me bugle?"

"I dunno," said Mrs. McSniffigan, "but ye look as if ye'd been through a boxin' match an' got the worst of it."

"Oh, no, 'twas nothin' like that," said Mrs. Mulgrew, with a laugh. "I got me nose scratched up an' me complexion spoiled the way ye see it thryin' to learn to play long dinnis."

"An' phwhat the divil is long dinnis?" asked Mrs. McSniffigan, with interest marked in every wrinkle of her face.

"Oh, 'tis a dude's game, that's played wid two soft rubber balls an' a thing like a snowshoe that ye hit them wid an' knock thim back an' forward over a long fish net sthrung bechune two sticks stuck in the ground," said Mrs. Mulgrew; "an' ivery time ye knock the ball over ye holler out 'forty love,' or 'the deuce,' or 'thank you,' or any other foolish thing that comes into yer moind at the toime."

"An' how in the name o' goodness did ye come to thry to learn how to play it?" asked Mrs. McSniffigan.

"Well," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "you know that Mary Ann belongs to a bowlin' club, an' ye recollect how I met wid an accident whin I wint down there wan night as a shaffyone. Now the weather got too hot for the bowlin', so the young folks med

up their moinds that they'd turn thimselves into a long dinnis club for the summer, an' I was obliged to give Mary Ann \$45 to buy a new dhress an' a cap to match, an' fancy colored shtockin's an' shoes wid rubber soles, an' siveral other things that's necessary for playin' the game of long dinnis properly.

"Well, she went up to the park ivery day after dinner, an' the exercise an' the fresh air benefited her so much that I med up me mind to have a thry at it meself.

"Of coorse she thried to talk me out of it, but ye know, Mrs. McSniffigan, when I make up me moind to a thing, all the talk in the world wudn't change me a bit; so yistherda' afthernooun I wint out to the park wid Mary Ann an' sat down on a binch undher a three to cool off an' watch herself and another gerrul an' two long-legged dudes in short pants playin' the game.

"Purty soon, just afther Mary Ann hit the ball a swipe, I heard wan o' the dudes say to her, 'forty, love,' and I called Mary Ann over to me right away, an' sez I: 'When did that young whipper snapper get so frindly wid ye that he calls ye pet names like that?' 'Why, he didn't call me no pet names,' sez she, very sassy like. 'Don't thry to hoodwink your mother, Mary Ann,' sez I, 'for I heard him this minute call ye "love," an' that's a name no young man has a right to call any young gurrul unless he's ingaged to her, an' hiven forbid that ye should be ingaged to marry such a thrauneen of a man as that spindle-shanked dude.'

"Well, whin they heard that they all burst out into a roar of a laugh ye cud hear a mile away, an' thin Mary Ann explained that it was part of the game. 'I don't care if it is,' sez I, 'ye'll have to cut it out, or divil another step will I let ye come to the park to play long dinnis, for I have a notion that it isn't a very proper game.'

"They wint on playin' anyway, an' I got quite intherested in it, an' it looked so aisy that I axed wan o' the dudes to lind me his snowshoe—I believe they call it a racket—so that I cud have a chance to see phwhat the game was like.

"I stood forninst the fish net, an' wan o' the dudes gev the ball a little tap over my way; I braced me feet an' took the racket in me two hands an' fetched the ball a lick that landed it into the middle of next week. I looked around, an' sez I, 'How is that for long dinnis playin'? There isn't wan o' yez that cud knock the ball half as far as that,' an' I took a fit of laughin' whin I saw wan o' the other dudes chasin' half way across the park to get the ball. Thin they towld me that wasn't the way to

play ; I musht give the ball a gentle tap, an' put it inside the chalk lines on the other side of the fish net.

“ Well, I thried it again ; this time the long-legged dude sint the ball over, an' I med a play for it an' missed it ; ‘ fifteen, love,’ sez the dude, lookin’ at me wid a smile. I thought he was tryin’ to mash me, so I wint over to him, an’ before he knew it I fetched him a lick wid the racket alongside of his straggly side whiskers, an’ sez I, ‘ I thought I forbid that kind of language in this game ! It’s bad enough for yez to be talkin’ to young gerruls like that, but I want ye to undherstand I’m a dacent married woman, an’ I won’t stand it.’

“ Thin they all got around, an’ explained it over again to me that he was only keepin’ the score, an’ that love meant nothin’ in the game, so I agreed to let thim count that way, an’ we started to play once more.

“ I stood a long ways from the net this time, an’ whin the ball kem my way, it bounced on the ground over near the net. I med a run for it, but me wind gev out, or me fut slipped, or somethin’, an’ instid of hittin’ the ball I hit the ground a beautiful lick, an’ smashed the racket into smithereens, an’ wint slidin’ like a baseball player on me stomach, until me nose landed up agin the post that holds up the net, an’ all the long dinnis players began to scream, thinkin’ I was fatally killed, but I took a dhrink from a can o’ wather that they had there (thim long dinnis dudes niver thinks of havin’ such a thing as a flask about thim), an’ in a few minutes I was as well as ever, barrin’ the peelin’ of me nose, an’ that’ll be all right in a few days.

“ Mary Ann says I’ll have to pay siven dollars for the racket I smashed belongin’ to the dude, so ye see me long dinnis experience was quite expinsive, but I know enough now to lave the game hereafther to thim that’s fit to play it—giddy young gerruls and long-legged dudes.”

Mrs. Mulgrew stood up from the soap box, as she was quite rested by this time, and she and Mrs. McSniffigan started off in the direction of their respective homes, leaving the cool shade of the ailanthus tree in full possession of Mr. Fritzenheimer and his white-haired clerk, who were busy picking over boxes of raspberries, putting the big ones on top, and the small ones at the bottom—a trick which is practiced by grocers in other parts of the city as well as in Gowanus.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. MULGREW MAKES PREPARATIONS TO GO TO THE COUNTRY
FOR HER HEALTH.

As Mrs. McBrannigan was sweeping the dust from in front of her door on one of the fine days last week, Mrs. Mulgrew approached her, all dressed up in her best Sunday "duds," and, as the two women never could pass each other without having a little chat, Mrs. Mulgrew shouted at Mrs. McBrannigan to stop raising such a dust, as she had something to say to her.

Mrs. McBrannigan paused in her work and looked up to see who was addressing her in so familiar a manner, but when she recognized Mrs. Mulgrew she smiled and said: "Well, it does bate all, the foine toimes ye do be afther havin', Mrs. Mulgrew. I see you are all dhressed up again to-day, an' where might ye be goin' this foine mornin', if it ain't a saycret bechune yerself an' the lamppost?"

"I'm goin' down town," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, with a sort of Sunday accent in her voice which always displeased Mrs. McBrannigan, but which afforded Mrs. Mulgrew intense satisfaction. "I'm goin' down-town to buy me summer outfit and a few fol de rols for Mary Ann."

"Why, 'tis the middle av July," said Mrs. McBrannigan, in surprise, "an' the summer is half over, an' phwhat do ye want wid an outfit here in Gowanus, where there's nothing but goats an' ducks to see what yez have on your back?"

"Oh, faith it isn't in Gowanus I'm goin' to show off me foine clothes, Mrs. McBrannigan," answered the saloon-keeper's wife hotly, "but away off in the country, where meself an' Mary Ann are goin' to rushticate for the benefit av our health, d'ye moind?"

Mrs. McBrannigan in surprise dropped the broom she had been sweeping with, and gazed in dumb amazement at the stout, healthy, red-faced woman in front of her, and then burst into a loud laugh. "Well, well! What'll ye be afther doin' next, I wondher?" she said finally, with a grin. "An' what is it ails ye, darlin'? Is it the consumption ye have, I dunno?" and

Mrs. McBrannigan picked up the broom and gave Mrs. Mulgrew a playful poke in the place where her ribs would have been if she hadn't been so fearfully fat, and laughed again at her good joke.

Mrs. Mulgrew's face grew redder than ever at this, and she replied, very stiffly :

"No, Mrs. McBrannigan, 'tis no consumption I have, but I'd loike to have ye know that stout folks can have complaints jusht as well as little dhried up, weaselly people. My docthor tells me that I have fatty degeneration av the heart, an' that I must go away to the mountains an' inhale the fresh air, an' I'll feel betther in no toime."

"Well, I don't know what fatty what did ye call it o' the heart, may be," said Mrs. McBrannigan, reflectively, "but it's the first toime I iver heard tell of a Gowanus person bein' attacked in that part o' the system. An' how did it affect ye, Mrs. Mulgrew?"

"It's the horriblemest thing I iver felt," answered the invalid, in a tired tone, "an' whatever else ye may get, Mrs. McBrannigan, I'd advise ye niver to get fatty degeneration of the heart, for the pain av it is worse than the rheumatism."

"Faith, there's not the slightest danger that I'll do anything o' the sort," replied Mrs. McBrannigan, "bekase in the first place I can't afford to buy the kind of food that would give me the disase, and in the next place, even if I did get it, I wouldn't know how to tell people what it was I had. So I think I'll give it the go by; it's too high toned for me."

"Well, you're right about the lasht part of it, Mrs. McBrannigan," said Mrs. Mulgrew, "for 'tis an annoyin' thing to have to be tellin' people about havin' such a long double, thribble name, I had to get Mary Ann to say it over an' over again for me about a hundred an' fifty toimes before I cud get hould av it, an' I don't think I have it quite right even now; that degeneration' part of it always kind o' sticks in me throat."

"Begorra, ye have it near enough to suit me, Mrs. Mulgrew," said Mrs. McBrannigan, quickly, "bekase I ain't wan o' thim dirty particular sort o' people that want iverything jusht so. But ye forgot to tell me where yez are goin' on yer thrip."

"Oh, I left all that to Mary Ann," replied Mrs. Mulgrew. "She's gone down to buy the tickets. But I think it's somewhere in the Catskill mountains we'll be afther goin', an' they say the air is moighty foine and shtrong up there. The docthor

says 'tis to Ireland I ought to go, but me huzhband says he couldn't bear to let me go so far away, an' he wouldn't go wid me bekase he says he likes this place so much that he wouldn't be happy out of it. He says Ireland is too far from Gowanus to suit him. I'm goin' downtown, as I told ye before, to buy meself a proper outfit for the counthry; I don't know what in the dickens I'll need, but Mary Ann seems to know jusht what I want, so I'll lave it all to her, unless she wants me to buy out two or three stores, an' if she does I'll put me fut down, and when I put me fut down, Mrs. McBrannigan, I mane business, an' don't yez forgit it."

"I belave ye, Mrs. Mulgrew," answered Mrs. McBrannigan, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "for yer fut is big enough to mane anything."

"You needn't get so personal, me good woman," said Mrs. Mulgrew, good-humoredly. "But do ye know I've been laffin' since lasht night at a good joke Mary Ann towld me about thim Catskill mountains. I musht tell it to you before I go; 'tis the funniest thing I iver heard in all me born days."

Mrs. Mulgrew's immense figure shook with merriment as she recalled the joke, and Mrs. McBrannigan waited patiently to hear what the jest might be.

"She says a girl towld her that was in the mountains lasht year," resumed Mrs. Mulgrew, between chuckles. "You see, it goes like this: Up there the cats kill mountains, but down here they kill rats. Ha! ha! ha!" And Mrs. Mulgrew almost exploded with another burst of merriment.

"Well, maybe it's very funny, but I haven't time to laugh," said Mrs. McBrannigan. "I'll think it over afther dinner, an' I'll let yez know whether I see where the laugh comes in or no. But I hope yourself an' Mary Ann 'll have a nice time shoppin', an' that ye'll enjoy yerselves in the Catskills mountains, an' that yerself 'll come home to Gowanus lookin' as rosy as iver, an' that ye'll get rid o' that throublesome disase wid the throublesomer name."

"Thank ye, kindly, for yer good wishes, Mrs. McBrannigan," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "I think 'twill binifit me greatly; but I raley musht be off downtown to meet Mary Ann on Fulton street, to buy me outfit, for I musht put on style, ye know; in thim counthry hotels people are extremely stylish, Mrs. McBrannigan. Well, I'll be off. Good-bye; I'll see you before I go, to show ye me outfit; run over some avenin', won't ye?"

“Shure, I will,” answered Mrs. McBrannigan, and as she watched the portly figure of Mrs. Mulgrew move down the street, she wished that she and Maud might be going on the same errand.

“Mebbe we might, some day,” she said, reflectively; “if the ould man iver gets that pinsion we’ll buy an outfit that’ll knock the spots out of anything she’ll get, an’ go back and spind six months in the ould dart;” and, as the recollection of her happy childhood days came back to her, Mrs. McBrannigan wiped a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron and went into the house to prepare the dinner.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. MULGREW'S OUTFIT AND HER TRIP TO THE CATSKILLS.

The evening after the conversation between Mrs. Mulgrew and Mrs. McBrannigan, Mrs. McBrannigan went over to see Mrs. Mulgrew, to have a look at the outfit for the Catskill mountain trip and to have a chat about her shopping experiences.

"Good-avenin' to ye," said Mrs. McBrannigan, as she opened the door of Mrs. Mulgrew's apartments, which were over the saloon, and peered about in the semi-darkness. "God save all here!"

"Amen!" said Mrs. Mulgrew, who was lighting the lamp. "An' how is yerself?"

"Purty well, I thank ye, only for the heat," replied Mrs. McBrannigan. "Did yez notice how warm it was?"

"Oh, don't be talkin'," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "I'm that sick av this weather that I cud jusht dhrop dead; the only thing that kapes me aloive is the iday av me thrip to the Catskill mountains."

"Oh, yis," said Mrs. McBrannigan, interestedly. "Did yez buy the outfit ye wor spakin' av yistherda' mornin'?"

"Well, indade I did," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "an' faith 'tis the last outfit I'll ever buy, if I live to be a hundherd an' fifty years ould. Oh, but I had the divil's own time shoppin', Mrs. McBrannigan; 'tis a wondher I'm alive to tell av it. Sit down an' have a glass o' mixed ale; it'll cool ye while I'm tellin' ye me troubles."

Mrs. McBrannigan took the mixed ale and assumed an air of respectful attention, while Mrs. Mulgrew proceeded to unfold her tale of woe.

"You see," she began, "all the throuble I have in the world, except the rheumatism an' the degingeratin' av me heart, is brung on me be that daughther o' mine, Mary Ann. She's that stuck up an' that stylish that she wouldn't like to give me a chance to open me mouth at all, at all, but she's mighty willin' to have me open me pocket-book at every hand's turn. Well, I met her down-town, an' we wint into wan o' the big stores, an' sez I, 'Phwhat'll we buy first, Mary Ann?' An' sez she, 'I think ye

betther have a blazer suit, maw ; they're extramely in vogue jusht now.'

"Faith, it's a blazer suit I have on now, Mary Ann,' sez I, 'for I'm as hot as a roasted pig swimmin' in gravy.' Well, Mrs. McBrannigan, whin the gerrul that was waitin' on us heard me say that she gev a scream you cud hear a block away. 'Phwhat's ailin' that omadhaun, Mary Ann?' sez I; 'has she got the high sterics? Give her a poke in the back an' see if she'll get back her wind.' But Mary Ann niver noticed what I said, but sez she, to the laugher, quite hoyty toyty like, 'Show us some blue blazer suits, please, to fit maw.' Well, the airs av that gerrul jusht paralyze me, Mrs. McBrannigan; I don't have much to say whin she begins, so I waited to see what a blue blazer suit might be like, an' the gerrul wint to fetch it.

Whin she put wan on herself she looked rale swate, for she was a moighty purty young woman. Mary Ann tells me that they kape purty gerruls wid fine shapes jusht on purpose to show off the goods, an' 'tis a splindid plan, for it jusht gives ye an iday av the way you're goin to look whin yez have a dhress av the same kind on yerself. Well, I liked the looks av the blue blazer suit so much that I sez: 'I guess I'll have wan o' thim.' She took me measure an' thried on the jacket, an' whin I looked at the glass I scarcely knew meself, I looked so slim and stylish. Why, I felt me fatty degingeration lavin' me immajetly; I niver felt so foine in me loife.

"Mary Ann ordhered a blazer suit for herself, too, av coorse, but hers cost twice as much as mine, although there wasn't half as much shtuff in it; she said it was on account av it bein' imported that it cost so much, but it looked so nice that I didn't mind the price.

"Well, afther that we wint to the shoe department, an' sez Mary Ann, 'Ye'll have to have a pair av rusty shoes for walkin' in the mountains wid, maw.' 'Divil a rusty shoe will I wear,' sez I, 'bekase me corns an' bunions is that bad that I can scarcely walk even in me bare feet,' but nothing would do Mary Ann but I must have rusty shoes, so's to be 'in it,' d'ye moind, she said. Well, I got thim for peace sake, an' thin we wint to the counter where the shirts were sold for wearin' wid the blazer suits. 'I don't want no shirt, Mary Ann,' sez I, gettin mad. 'What do yez take me for a long dinnis player?' But Mary Ann gev the ordhers for the shirts as high toned as ye plaze, jusht as if I was only a wooden Indian that was talkin', instid av bein' her own

mother. Well, Mrs. McBrannigan, there wasn't a counther in that store that we didn't stop at an' buy something. We bought a lot av cologne, an' a hose for squirtin' it over yerself, to make you smell nice, an' we bought shtockins av all colors, striped an' spotted, an' thrimmed off in a way that ud set ye crazy. Thim was all for Mary Ann, av coorse. She bought black wans for me, bekase she said no civilized people wore Balbriggans any more, an' she wanted me to look like a human bein' for wanst, she said.

"Well, to make a long story short, we got home at six o'clock, sick an' tired out, an' me pocket-book was sicker lookin' than ayther av us; an' there's the whole outfit for ye, Mrs. McBrannigan,' lyin' on the bed. Ain't it beautiful?"

Mrs. McBrannigan examined the blue blazer suit, and the dainty hosiery, and smelled the cologne, and commented on everything until she was tired. Then, as it was getting late, she wished Mrs. Mulgrew a pleasant trip, and went home to describe to Maud the wonders and beauties of a real genuine "Catskill mountain outfit," while Mrs. Mulgrew divided her time between finishing her glass of mixed ale and packing her trunk.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. MULGREW'S LETTER TO MRS. McBRANNIGAN FROM THE CATSKILLS.

As Mrs. McBrannigan was sweeping the sidewalk in front of her house on Friday morning, the postman stopped and handed her a letter.

Mrs. McBrannigan smiled and thanked the letter-carrier, and after looking the envelope over quizzically and surmising whence it had come, she placed it carefully away in the bosom of her dress and went on with her sweeping of the sidewalk.

"Troth, 'tis a poor thing not to be able to read," she mused, as she plied the broom industriously; "I'll have to wait till Maud comes home before I know the first thing about this letther."

When Maud came in, Mrs. McBrannigan produced the letter and, laying it on the table, said: "Here's a letther the postman gev me, Maud. Is it for yerself it is?"

"Why, no, mother;" said Maud: "it's for you, and I think it must be from Mrs. Mulgrew." And Maud hastily opened the precious envelope and read the contents, to her mother's great delight.

The letter, which speaks for itself, ran as follows:

HAINES' FALLS, }
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, August 8. }

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN—I take my pin in hand to rite yez these fue lines, hopin' they will find yez in the besht av helth an' sperits, as this laves us, Mary Ann an' meself, at present.

We got here after the divil's own ride in the steam cars; begorra 'twas so hot you cud cut the heat wid a knife cumin' up. I thought we'd niver get here, an' I was on the pint av gettin' off several times, but Mary Ann bid me stay on till we got here, an' here we are.

The place is called Haines Falls, an' indade 'tis a bee-yutiful place, it is intoirely.

There's a watherfall here, but it's the funniest thing I iver saw in all me life; it's a Yankee invinshin if there iver was wan.

This is the way they work it ; they wait until a whole lot av people pay twinty-five cents each to go in ; thin they turn on a tap, an' the wather runs down over the rocks like mad ; 'tis a grand sight ; but it's so different from the splash-dash falls in Ballymacfad that it med me homesick to look at it.

The hotel we're shtopping at is first class, an' the times we've had since we kem here wud fill a book. They have ivery improvement ; elasthic bells in ivery room ; all ye have to do is to push a little button an' a naygur comes an' brings you dhrinks or anything yez want. The first day I was here I pushed the button, an' whin the naygur kem up, I sez : "bring me a glass o' mixed ale ;" well, the black monkey began to laff, an' Mary Ann turned red, and sez she, "Bring up two bottles of ale, plaze ; ould ale an' new ale." "All right," sez the moke. Phwhin he was gone, she sez to me, "yez ought to know betther nor to ask for mixed ale in a hotel, maw ; they niver haves it." "Well," sez I, "I'm sorry they're not as civilized up here as they are in Gowanus, but I musht have me mixed ale, any way. The naygur brung up the bottles, an' I mixed the ale meself, an' shure 'twas foine. I do be always gettin' into hot wather on account av not knowin' the ways av the place, moind. Mary Ann says she's disgushted wid me, but shure I niver moind what she says, as long as I have a good toime an' me fatty degingeration av the heart is bein' cured. The besht toimes I have is at the table ; the waither gerrul comes along an' rattles off a sthring about the different kinds av food they have, but I niver pay no attinshun to her, but whin she stops for breath I say. "That'll do ; that'll do ; bring me some of each kind ;" and the row av empty dishes I lave afther me is a caution ; Mary Ann says I'll ate the boardin'-house keeper out av house an' home, but I guess there's no fear av it, for the rest av the gang is a lot of skinny ould maids, an' they're afeard to eat much, bekase they might get fat be mistake, an' that 'ud niver do.

The man that runs the place is an ould Yank, wid whiskers on him for all the world like a Gowanus billy goat ; they have a bar attached to the hotel, and I'm purty sure the ould goatee is the besht customer av it. I'm towld he gets away wid twinty-foive full glasses av whishkey ivery day, an' niver thinks of even a sup o' wather afther wan o' thim. His nose is the color av the sun at half past six o'clock in the avenin' whin it's dhrroppin down beyant the hills, an' whin it's pitch dark yuccan see him comin' a block away. Wan night the air reminded me so much of Gowanus,

whin the wind is blowin' up from the canal, that I asked wan o' the min phwhat the cause av the disturbance was, an' he said: "Oh, that's nothin'. The ould man is jusht after atin' a small measure av raw red onions, an' the onions an' the whishkey are the rason phwhy the air is so perfumery like, d'ye see?"

Whin I was payin' me boord, I sez to him, sez I, "The next time you want to disturb the hotel wid wan av yer onion dhrunks, jusht let me know, an' I'll go back to Gowanus for a little fresh air." The ould billy goat only laffed in me face an' I felt meself gettin' dizzy like, jusht from his breath. It was that sthrong that it cud knock down a Myrtle avenue Jew.

I suppose ye'll wondher at this letther bein' printed like; well, I'll tell yez how it is. Along wid the elasthic bells an' the pianny an' the gas gondoliers in the parlor, they haves a typewriter in the office, an' as yez don't know phwhat it is, I'll tell yez. A typewriter is a purty blue-eyed gerrul that plays on a funny machine wid her little hands an' prints letters for people that forgot to bring their own pin an' ink wid thim. It saves ye an awful lot av throuble, an' all she charges is a dollar an' a half an hour for doin' it. I towld her to be very careful to shpell jusht the way I shpoke, so that ye cud undherstand the letther, an' as my hour is near up, I'll close, wid love to Maud from me-self an' Mary Ann. Your old friend,

MARY MULGREW.

When Maud had finished reading the letter Mrs. McBrannigan gave a sigh, and as she dished the corned beef and cabbage for dinner, she wondered to herself whether she would ever see the Catskills, and thought for the one millionth time of how different things might have been had she married the other man instead of McBrannigan.

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. MULGREW GOES FROM THE CATSKILLS TO SARATOGA.

"You're getting very high toned, all of a sudden," said the postman, with a smile, as he handed Mrs. McBrannigan a letter on last Thursday morning.

"An' phwhat makes ye say that?" asked Mrs. McBrannigan, looking at him in surprise.

"Why, you're getting letters from such high-toned places; last week you got one from the Catskills, and this week from Saratoga; you haven't been stackin' up against any of the 400 lately, have you?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. McBrannigan, with a hearty laugh, "unless ye count Mrs. Mulgrew in amongst the big bugs."

"Well, if the big bugs went according to size," said the letter-carrier, "Mrs. Mulgrew would surely be a leader. So it's from her the letters are coming?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. McBrannigan, "she wint off, herself an' Mary Ann, to the Catskills lasht week, an' I suppose she got tired of it, an' moved bag and baggage off to Saratoga."

"Well, I hope she has some good news for you," said the postman, smiling again. "Good-morning."

"Good-mornin'," answered Mrs. McBrannigan, as she took the letter and went back to the kitchen to wait for Maud to come down-stairs.

When Maud came down, at 8 o'clock, her mother handed her the letter, and as Maud is just as much interested in Mrs. Mulgrew's adventures as her mother, she opened it at once and read as follows:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., }
 Wednesday, August 14. }

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN:

Since my lasht letther to ye, over a week ago, I have had the divil's own time. I was injoyin' meself very well in the Catskills, until wan day I got a bad pain in me chist.

It kep' gettin' worse an' worse ivery day, especially afther meals; so I got Mary Ann to sind for the docthor.

Whin he kem he axed me sival questions, an' whin I towld him how I felt, he says, says he, "Madam, ye have a bad attack o' dyspepsy, from atin' food that ye ain't used to."

"Well, I thought that was it, docthor," says I, "for I niver ate such stuff at home as they give me here; I ate nothin' but the primest at home in Gowanus," says I, "but I like the place so much, an' the people, that I put up wid the atin' widout kickin'; but now, as long as I have the dyspepsy, I guess I'll have to lave the place an' get a change of air an' food."

"That's jusht phwhat I was goin' to puscibe for ye," says the docthor, wid a grin. "Did yez think of goin' to Saratoga this summer?"

"I belave me daughther has Saratoga marked on the thrip," says I. "Do you think 'tis a good place for me to go?"

"The besht in the wurruld," says the docthor; "you go there and dhrink plinty o' the wather an' yer dyspepsy'll disappear like a feather before a gale o' wind."

"An' phwhy will the dhrinkin' of wather do away wid me dyspepsy?" says I.

"Well," says he, "you'll undherstand that thoroughly phwhin ye begin dhrinkin' the wather; the wather in Saratoga is pumped up from the bowels of the earth, and it has a nashty taste till ye get used to it, but 'pon me word, 'tis the finest thing in the wurruld for your complaint, an' you'll niver regret the day ye took my advice and wint to Saratoga."

Well, I towld Mary Ann phwhat the docthor said, an' she agreed to start to-day; so lasht night she packed the thrunks, an' this mornin', after breakfasht, we ped our bill an' said good-bye to ivery wan an' started for Saratoga.

We got aboard the thrain afther ridin' a good phwhile in a stage, an' rode along through the mountains on a car that seemed jusht ready to jump off the thrack ivery minute.

We landed safe an' sound near the big hotel, an' thin we got into the funniest thrain o' cars I iver saw in me life.

The seats were slantin' backwards, an' phwhin I sat down I felt as if I was goin' to go over on me head. I axed the conducthor if it was a sleepin' car, an' he laughed so much that I kem very near hittin' him on the head wid me parasole.

I soon found out that 'twas nothing more or less than a toboggan slide, runnin' down the side o' the mountain, an' phwin the car commenced slidin' down I got so shcared that I hollered to the conducthor to sthop an' let me out, so's I cud walk down, but

they couldn't shtop it, it was goin' so fasht, an' there I had to sit, wid me heart in me mouth, holdin' on for dear life, until the car ran into a three or somethin' at the bottom o' the hill an' stopped, so that we cud get out.

There was nobody killed; I don't know how they all escaped, for it was the divil's own way o' thravelin' the way we ran down that hill.

Well, we got into another thrain thin an' rode for another phwhile on a jouncey railroad, until we kem to a place phwhere ivery wan got out an' piled into a stage.

The stage took us to another station, an' afther an hour an' a half wait in a hot box of a dipot the thrain kem along that was to take us up to Saratoga.

We got on board, an' phwhin the brakeman shouted "Albany" we had to get out an' change again, an' I began to wondher if we'd iver get to Saratoga at all at all.

We got into another car an' had a very pleasant ride for over an hour, an' finally we got to Saratoga.

Well, phwhin we landed on the platform, there was a gang o' min, wid whips in their hands, pintin' their fingers at us an' yellin' like a lot o' wild Indians.

Two o' thim got howld o' me—a white man an' a naygur—and began dhraggin' me over to some stages. Wan was pullin' me wan way an' the other another way, till they nearly tore me Aton jacket off me back, so I gev the white man a crack in the jaw that sint him half way across the sthreet, an' let the naygur help me into his stage, for he towld me he would take me free of charge to the besht hotel in Saratoga.

So we dhrove off, Mary Ann an' meself, wid the naygur, an' in a few minutes he landed us at a fine hotel wid a beautiful pizazza, an' naygurs be the dozhen, ready to do phwhativer ye'd ax thim.

We were shown to a room, an' afther washin' an' fixin' up a little we kem down an' had supper.

There's as much difference bechune this hotel an' the place we wor at in the Catskills as bechune day an' night. The supper was grand, an' I'm beginnin' to feel betther already. Afther supper I sot on the pizazza watchin' the people passin' by, an' I remimbered that I ought to write to ye; so I called one o' the naygurs an' towld him to bring me pin, ink and paper, and phwhin he fetched thim I axed a good-natured lookin' ould woman to do the writin' fur me, an' she says she

thried to make the letthers and the spellin as plain as possible, so's ye'd have no throuble readin' it.

She gev me a lot of advice about dhrinkin' the wathers, an' I'm goin' to start in to-morrow mornin' to get rid o' me dyspepsy.

I'll let ye know how I makes out in me next letther, an' I'll also spake of siveral things I haven't room for now. So meanphwhile I am, yours foriver,

MARY MULGREW.

P. S.—Mary Ann joins me in love to yerself an' the ould man an' Maud an' Jack.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. MULGREW WRITES ANOTHER LETTER FROM SARATOGA.

Mrs. McBrannigan was standing at her front gate last Thursday evening at about 5.30 o'clock, shading her eyes from the warm rays of the sun, who seemed to be exerting himself in a more than usually obnoxious way.

It was very warm, and Mrs. Brannigan's object in standing at her gate was to try and get a breath of fresh air, an object which is not always attainable in Gowanus, especially when the breeze is blowing from the direction of what was once a babbling brook, but what is now known as the Gowanus canal.

While she was standing there her neighbor, Mrs. O'Dooley, came down from the corner grocery. Of course, she paused to "pass the time o' day" with Mrs. McBrannigan and after the usual remarks about the heat and the state of each other's health, Mrs. O'Dooley asked pleasantly:

"Have yez heard e'er a word from Mrs. Mulgrew since she wint away on her summer vacation, Mrs. McBrannigan?"

"Troth I have," replied Mrs. McBrannigan. "I've had two long letthers from her, wan from the Catskills mountains, an' wan from Saratogy Springs; the lasht wan was very short, but she was only jusht afther arrivin' there, an' she said she felt tired an' that she'd write again this week. I'm expectin' a letther ivery day, an' I wouldn't be a bit surprized if it kem to-night."

"An' phwhat did she have to say for herself?" asked Mrs. O'Dooley, curiously.

"Oh, lots an' lots o' things," replied Mrs. McBrannigan. "Have ye a few minutes to spare? If ye have, come in, an' I'll get Maud to rade the two letthers for ye."

"Well, I ought to be gettin' home to be cookin' supper for the ould man an' Tommy, but I guess I'll stale a few minutes, an' if the ould man makes a kick, I can kape him in good humor by tellin' him the newses from Mrs. Mulgrew's letthers."

"A very good idaya, surely," said Mrs. McBrannigan, with a laugh, as she led the way into the little front room, where Maud

was sitting reading a novel which she had borrowed the day before from Ethel McSniffigan, who had recommended it as being "just too lovely for anything."

Maud was in the middle of an exciting chapter, and she was somewhat put out when her mother asked her to get Mrs. Mulgrew's letters and read them over for Mrs. O'Dooley, but, being a dutiful daughter, she laid the novel aside for a few minutes and was soon busy reading the letter Mrs. Mulgrew had written from Haines Falls three weeks before.

When she had finished it, after many interruptions by Mrs. O'Dooley, who had to have some of the words explained for her, she started to read the other letter, which amused Mrs. O'Dooley and her mother so much that Maud was obliged to pause several times until their boisterous mirth had subsided somewhat, so that she could proceed.

Just as she was finishing it, the familiar whistle of the postman sounded outside the door. Mrs. McBrannigan rushed out, and received from the smiling letter-carrier an envelope, the exact counterpart of the one which had enclosed the letter which Maud was then engaged in reading.

She ran back into the room with a 6 x 9 smile illuminating her features, and, waving the missive above her head, shouted: "Three cheers for Mrs. Mulgrew, that don't forget her ould frinds phwhin she's off havin' a good time! Here's another letther from her, an' ye may as well stay an' listen to it as you're here, Mrs. O'Dooley; here, Maud, open that, an' let us hear phwhat the good lady has been doin' up in Saratogy since lasht week."

Maud opened the letter in a jiffy, and then, assuming Mrs. Mulgrew's voice as nearly as she could (which piece of mimicry nearly put Mrs. O'Dooley into spasms), read as follows:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., }
August 21. }

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN—I was obliged, as ye know, to cut off me lasht letther very short bekase I had jusht arrived here an' was feelin' very tired, but now I'm feelin' as young an' fresh as a 2 year old, an' phwin I tell ye the cause of it all, ye'll scarcely belave it, I know.

It's nothin' more or less than wather.

I can hear yez laughin' at the iday o' me dhrinkin' wather, but

'tis the honesht truth. I haven't touched a glass o' mixed ale in a week.

But I musht explain that the wather here is intirely different to the wather yez have to dhrink in Brooklyn.

Ye can't dhraw it from a tap, the same as ye do at home—the dhrinkin' wather, I mane; but ye have to walk a couple o' blocks to a shpring, phwhere they do have little boys dippin' it out be the glass from a fish-pond in the middle o' the flure.

I'll niver forget the first morning' I dhrank the wather.

I got up bright an' early, long before Mary Ann was awake, an' dressed meself, an' started off down the sthreet that they call Broadway, till I kem to the first corner, an' I axed a policeman to show me the way to Hawthorn Spring, that bein' the wan the nice ould lady that wrote me lasht letther for me had recom-minded me to use.

Well, the policeman brought me down the sthreet a few steps an' left me in front of a big glass windy, wid as purty a lookin' gerrul sittin' behind it as I iver laid eyes on.

“I want to buy a few glasses o' yer wather,” says I. “How much is it a glass?”

“Oh,” says she, smilin' as polite as ye plaze, “'tis foive cints to go in, an' yez can sit down at yer aise, an' dhrink as many glasses as ye like; the boys'll bring it to ye aither hot or cowl.”

“How many glasses do you think would I need to dhrink to cure me o' the dyspepsy?” says I.

“Oh, I dunno,” says she, sizin' me up wid her purty, laughin' eyes; “some dhrinks more an' some less, but the wather won't do ye a bit o' harrum, no matther how much ye dhrink of it; dhrink yer fill an' get the worth o' yer money.”

I thanked her for the advice, an' passed in an' sat down.

Then I called wan o' the boys an' towld him to bring me a few glasses o' the wather. He brought me wan glass, an' says he, “Phwhin ye have that dhrank up I'll bring ye more; wan glass at a time is all we give.”

Begorra, phwin I took the first sup o' the wather I began to think I wouldn't need any more, for the horrid taste it had gev me a pain in the upper lip.

Ye remimber the foine shmell the hawthorn bushes used to have in Ireland, an' how swate the haws were? Well, the Hawthorn wather was no more like thim than chalk is like cheese. I don't undherstand phwhy they thry to fool people be givin' things a name that has no resimblance to the things at all.

I spoke to a little ould man that was sittin' at the other side o' the table from me about it, an' he burst out into a laugh. "I see this is yer first visit to the shpring," says he. "It is," says I, "an' I'm thinkin' 'twill be me lasht, bekase I don't like the wather at all at all."

Well, he began to explain to me about it; how the wather was mixed up away down in the middle o' the earth wid all kinds o' good medicine, an' that's what med it taste so salty an' quare like, an' he praised the virtues o' the wather so much that I shwallowed down the whole glassful widout shtoppin' for breath.

Thin I called for more, an' be the time I had four glasses taken, I began to like the tashte of it, an' I kep on callin' the boy to fill me glass, until I had put down siven or eight tumblerfuls. I would have kep on dhrinkin' but the little ould man towld me he thought I had enough for the first thrip, so I gev the wather boy tin cints for his throuble, an' afther bowin' to the pretty little gerrul behind the deshk, I wint back to the hotel.

Well, I needn't remark that me dyspepsy disappeared intirely in a very short time, an' it hasn't been back since.

I tell ye, Mrs. McBrannigan, I've shwallied pusscripshuns, an' little liver pills, and New Rochelle salts, but I musht say that the Saratoga wather bates thim all.

I'm shtoppin' at a fine hotel on Broadway, the chief sthreet of the town of Saratoga; they have gas, an' runnin' wather, an' elashtic bells in every room, an' naygurs all over the place.

The only throuble we had at the start was wid the meals; we had to wait the devil's own phwhile for our vittals, afther givin' our orthers, an' ivery wan else at the table was done atin' before we wor half through.

I axed the nice little woman phwhy this was, an' says she, "Did ye see the head waither?" "I saw him as we kem in," says I, "for he showed us to our seats." "Well," says she, "I'd advise ye to see him as you go out, an' if ye do it right, yez'll have no more trouble." Well, for wanst in me life I caught on, as the boys in Gowanus say, an' as I was goin out I slipped three silver dollars into his black fisht, an' iver since they have such bowin' an' schrapin' wid me that I feel as if I was the quane of Africa, an' the meals are brought in as fasht as we can tell them phwhat we want.

We like this place so much that I think we'll stay a phwhile longer. There is a good many things here that I haven't towld

ye about, an' if I have time, I may write ye another letther before I lave here.

Letther writin' is very expinsive here; I'm havin' this done be a female typewriter gerrul that charges a dollar an' a half an' hour for her work, an' she says if I want any more done she'll have to charge me a dollar sivent-y-foive, on account o' me bein' particular about the shpellin' o' me words, bekase I wants yez to feel phwhin yez are radin' the letther as if I was talkin' to ye meself.

I musht close now, wid love to yerself an' all the neighbors, not forgettin' Mrs. O'Dooley.

Your friend, always,

MARY MULGREW.

Just as Maud finished reading the letter the 6 o'clock whistle blew and Mrs. O'Dooley, gathering up her groceries in a hurry, bade Mrs. McBrannigan a hasty good-evening, explaining that there would be the "divil to pay" if she didn't have her husband's supper ready on time.

When she had gone, Mrs. McBrannigan got Maud to read the letter over again and laughed even more heartily than she did when she heard it for the first time, declaring that it did her more good to hear of Mrs. Mulgrew's adventures than the trip would have done had she taken it herself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. MULGREW GOES FROM SARATOGA TO ASBURY PARK.

Mrs. McBrannigan was quite disappointed when the postman passed her house on Thursday evening without leaving her a letter; she was up early on Friday morning, however, watching for him, and when she saw him passing on the other side of the street without even looking at her, her surprise and indignation knew no bounds.

As soon as breakfast was over she put on her bonnet and shawl and went down to the station from which the Gowanus letters are distributed, and had an interview with the Chesterfieldian superintendent, demanding to know the reason why her regular weekly letter from Mrs. Mulgrew had not been delivered.

The genial captain assured her that no letter had been received at the office directed to her, or she would have received it in the ordinary course of business; he told her also that, owing to the heavy rains in different parts of the country, the mails had been delayed considerably, and that that was probably the reason why she had not received Mrs. Mulgrew's letter at the usual time.

Mrs. McBrannigan was forced to be content with this explanation, though she had half a notion that some post-office clerk had stolen the precious missive and was at that moment reveling in a perusal of its interesting pages.

She went home, and although she was kept busy with her household duties all day, she could not keep her mind off the expected letter, and when at 5.30 in the evening, she heard the welcome whistle of the postman, she gave a jump and ran to the door, opening it so quickly that she almost scared the life out of the gray-coated representative of Uncle Sam.

He handed her a letter with a different envelope from the last one she had received, but in spite of that Mrs. McBrannigan knew it was from Mrs. Mulgrew, and she thanked the postman profusely for bringing it to her, even though it was a little late.

She placed the letter on the table near Maud's plate and looked at it and turned it over fifty times before Maud came in, and be-

fore Maud had a chance to see whether her hair was in order after taking off her hat, her mother handed her the letter and asked her to hurry up and read it.

Maud told her mother she ought to be better able to restrain her curiosity, and then, after a few preliminary hems and haws, she opened and read the letter, which ran as follows :

ASBURY PARK, N. J., }
Thursday, August 28. }

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN—I suppose yez'll be surprized to find that I am no longer in Saratoga, but there's always an ind to all good things, an' my sthay in Saratoga was cut short be the same throuble that forced me to lave the Catskill mountains. That is, not exactly the same throuble, but the same reason. A few days ago, whin I was feelin' tip top, no dyspepsy or nothing, able to ate anything that was put forninst me an' at peace wid the whole world, it commined to rain. As soon as it began to rain I began to have pains in all me bones; I was laid on the broad o' me back for two whole days, an' phwhin I cud stand the pain no longer I towld Mary Ann to sind for a docthor right off.

Phwhin he kem in he examined me, an' phwhin I towld him how I felt, he says, says he, "Madam, 'tis the rheumatism ye have, an' purty bad too. I'd advise ye to lave Saratoga as soon as ye can, an' go to some seaside place where ye can injoy the salt say breezes an' take a dip in the ocean ivery day."

He also advised me to take a supply of good phwhiskey along an' take a little of it before goin' into the wather, an' a little afther comin' out, so's I wouldn't catch cowl.

I ped him \$5 for the advice, and towld Mary Ann to pack up iverything, bekase we'd have to be lavin' in the mornin' for Asbury Park. She was a little put out at first, bekase there was a young chap up there that was beginnin' to be very attintive to her, and she didn't like to lave him so suddent like; but I put me fut down, and insisted that I wasn't going to stay there wid me bones full o' rheumatism, just for the sake of a whipper shnapper of a dude that happened to take a fancy to her, so she didn't make any more fuss over it, but packed the thrunks as mild as ye plaze, an' we left there the very next day.

We got to Asbury Park last Friday avenin' an' settled ourselves in a hotel near the beach, so that I wouldn't have far to walk to take me bath.

The hotel is very nice; it is run be an old lady with phwhite



MRS. MULGREW AND MARY ANN AT ASBURY PARK.

hair, assisted be a young la la of a clerk, that's great for makin' eyes at the young gerruls. He caught on to Mary Ann the very first night we arrived here, an' towld her he was an' acthor man durin' the winther, an' was jusht workin' as a hotel clerk durin' the summer for amusement an' exercise, an' bekase he liked to study the different caricatures that shtopped at the hotel.

Phwhin it comes to handlin' a crowd, he's phwhat the boys over in Gowanus calls a jim dandy. Lasht Sathurday night a big gang o' people kem down from New York to spind Sunday here, an' the way that young man hustled around an' packed the people away was a caution. He changed iverybody around like they do in a game o' checkers, an' managed to put three hundherd an' twinty-five people in a hotel that's only supposed to hold two hundherd an' thirty. He thried to palaver me into given' up me room that has two fine double beds, wan for meself an' wan for Mary Ann, an' thried to persuade me into takin' a skimpy hall bedroom wid wan bed, that wouldn't be half big enough to howld meself, let alone Mary Ann; but I gev him a piece o' me mind, an' towld him I wouldn't budge if he brought in a derrick an' a pair o' horses, so he wint off and played football wid a German professor that's stoppin' here. He took away his room from him, an' put four college boys into it, an' made the professor slape on a cot out on wan o' the pizzazzas.

They do have hops at all the big hotels here ivery Sathurday night; dancing hops, I mane, the same as I towld ye we had in Haines Falls, an' ivery wan seems to enjoy thimselves very much.

The great dhrawback, av coorse, is the scarcity of young min. There's thousands of lovely young gurruls here beautifully dhressed, but there's only wan partner to about ivery eight or tin o' them, an' the most o' thim is nothin' but young college boys, spindin' their vacation an' their parents' money; havin' a good time.

There's a young widow woman at one o' the hotels here that shook things up a little bit wan day lasht week. She went out on the boord sidewalk promenadin' wid a very fancy light blue silk bathin' suit on, an' made as big a sinsation as Barnum's circus wud.

Some o' the hotels here would remind ye of an ould ladies' home, there's so many old gizabos sitting around on the pizzazzas; 'tis a great wondher to me that they don't all blow away whin there's a sthrong wind, they're so thin and miserable lookin'.

The good-lookin' hotel clerk is writin' this for me, and as he is not used to hard work, I won't impose on him any longer, but will reserve the rest o' the news about the bathin' an' so on, till me next lettther.

Yours, foriver,

MARY MULGREW.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. MULGREW WRITES AGAIN FROM BRADLEY'S BALLIWICK.

All of the letters written by Mrs. Mulgrew to her neighbor, Mrs. McBrannigan, so far, have arrived either on Thursday or Friday. Therefore Mrs. McBrannigan received quite a shock when she heard the postman's whistle at the front door while she was in the midst of her ironing on Wednesday afternoon.

She was at work on a white skirt of Maud's, and was taking extra pains with it, as Maud was to wear it that evening on a trip with Jack to Ulmer Park, a picnicking place on the shore of Gravesend bay, near the picturesque suburb, Bensonhurst by the Sea, sewers, etc., where the flowers in the front grass plots keep on growing by night as well as day, mistaking the glare of the numerous gas lamps for the light of the sun.

When Mrs. McBrannigan heard the letter-carrier's whistle, she released her hold on the iron, leaving it in the middle of Maud's lovely white skirt, and running to the door received from the smart-looking official two letters, which she carried back in triumph to the kitchen.

Her exultation was short lived, however, for the odor of burning cloth assailed her nostrils, and with a hop, skip and jump she landed over against the table and lifted the hot iron from the skirt with her bare hand, but was immediately compelled to drop it on the floor, where it narrowly escaped putting an end to the existence of a young kitten, which was the only survivor of a large and more or less interesting family with which the old cat had surprised the McBrannigans a few days before.

Mrs. McBrannigan surveyed the large brown spot on the snowy muslin, and reproached herself bitterly for her carelessness, after the manner of a certain class of Irish people who never seem to be happier than when they are engaged in the pastime of abusing themselves to themselves.

"Bad cess to me curiosity, anyway, 'tis a wondher an ould woman like me wouldn't have betther sinse than do a thing like that; begorra, I think I'm gettin' soft in me upper story. The idaya of lavin' the iron down on the beautiful white skirt be mis.

take, in me hurry to run to the dure for an ould letther! They say curiosty killed a cat wanst. Well it didn't do it that time, but it kem mighty near puttin' an ind to the poor kittin," said Mrs. McBrannigan, as she stooped over the frightened little animal, and lifted the iron—this time with the assistance of a holder—and placed it on the stove.

She then proceeded to examine the burn on the skirt, and finding that it was not as bad as she at first supposed, took another iron from the stove and continued smoothing out the tucks and embroidery with which the article was ornamented, consoling herself with the thought that the mark was on the upper part of the skirt, where it wouldn't be likely to show unless it happened to rain, and that Maud might be compelled to tuck up her outside skirt to save it from the wet, and as it was a very fine evening, there didn't seem to be the least reason for fearing that any of the neighbors, or any one else except herself and Maud, would know of the damage done through her curiosity and carlessness.

When Maud came down-stairs before supper, her mother explained how the accident had happened, and instead of being put out, as Mrs. McBrannigan expected she would be, Maud only smiled as her mother handed her the two letters.

When she saw the handwriting on the top letter, Maud blushed slightly and thrust the letter into her pocket for perusal later on; and when Mrs. McBrannigan saw this, she smiled to herself, but like a good, discreet mother said nothing about it, knowing it was probably a message from Jack, and consequently, of no importance to her.

Maud immediately broke the seal of the other letter, which was postmarked Asbury Park, and read as follows:

ASBURY PARK, N. J., }
Sept. 2. }

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN—I have been having a most delightfully illegant time down here for the past two weeks, an' I only wish ye cud be here to see me sportin' around.

Ivery woman here, young, ould an' middle-aged, has a pair o' phwhite shoes for walkin' on the boord walk, an' lasht week I med up me mind that I'd have to have a pair to be in the shwim. I don't mane to wear in the wather, ye know, but to be in shtyle wid the resht o' thim.

Mary Ann objected, of coorse to me havin' thim, but I don't

mind her sass any more at all. I find I have bettther fun be follyin' me own wishes in everything, so I got into the throlley car at the corner, an' rode up to the village to look for a shoe store, to buy meself a pair o' phwhite shoes.

Well, I had the hardest time thryin' to buy thim shoes; none o' the stores had a size to fit me, an' I was jusht beginnin' to think I'd have to do without thim, when I kem across a little store kep' be a shmaller-sized sawed-off sheeny.

He thried to squeeze me fut into a shoe a couple of sizes too small, but it was no go, an' finally he was obliged to tell me that there wasn't a shoe to fit me in the whole of Asbury Park, but if I wud only wait for a day or so he would sind for a pair to New York for me.

I says "All right," an' the next day the shoes arrived, and I put thim on, an' I haven't took thim off iver sinse except phwin I'm goin' in bathin', or to bed, of coorse.

I've had the greatest fun in bathin' I iver had in me life. Ye remimber the docthor in Saratoga recommined me to take along a supply of good phwhiskey, an' to take a little before goin' into the wather, an' a little afther comin' out; well, I'm follyin' his instrhuctions splendidly, although it is very bothersome dhressin' an' undhressin' so often; ye see in ordher to profit thoroughly be the docthor's advice, I take six or siven baths ivery day.

Me medicine ran out wan day lasht week, unknownst to me, an I had to sind to the ould man for a few bottles o' the besht ould rye. Ye can't get any of it for love or money; I borried a dhrink from an ould Yankee lady stoppin' here, the night mine gev out, but it was such poor stuff that it med me sick. It was wake as a cat. Shure I suppose the poor old dhried up crayther isn't used to anything more powerful, an' phwhin' I paid her back the dhrink I borried from her I made sure to wather it well, so it wudn't harm her, an' even thin she complained to me that it was the sthrongest stuff she iver put into her stomach.

I had to stop takin' me baths for two days on account of not havin' any phwhiskey to take before an' afther, but I made up the the last few days by takin' an extra allowance.

A party of us wint down to Ocean Grove wan day lasht week to see the camp meetin'. Begorra, 'twas the greatest sight I iver laid my eyes on. Thousands of people listinin' to wan old man preachin' away, swingin' his arms around and shoutin' to thim all to come up an' git saved.

An' ould duck wid a long pair o' whiskers kem up to me an' says

he, "Sister, don't ye want to get saved?" "I'm no sister of you or any one like ye," says I, "an' I don't want to get saved aither; I'll be damned first. If hivin is going' to be filled wid billy goats like you," says I, "I want to go somewhere else."

I kem near breakin' up the meetin' wid me speech. I musht have spoken purty loud, for all the people forgot about gittin' saved an' gathered around to listen to phwhat I was sayin.'

Phwin I saw that, I left the place, bekase I didn't want to disturb thim; but before I left the billy goat asked the gang to pray for the errin' sister, meanin' me, I suppose; but whin they prayed they did nothin' but stoop their heads. Divil a wan o' thim knelt down, for fear of spoilin' their Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes; I suppose so, I'm in doubts whether the prayin' was of much account.

There is a lively young Irish-American gerrul from Yonkers stoppin' here, an' 'tis she that's writin' this for me, but she says she has a date wid a Philadelphia dude to sit on the bench an' hould hands undher an umbrella this afternoon, so I'll have to shtop. As usual and always,

Yours foriver,

MARY MULGREW.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. MULGREW MOVES FROM ASBURY PARK TO FAR ROCKAWAY.

Mr. McBrannigan was sitting out in the back yard, smoking his pipe and enjoying the fresh September breezes which were being wafted through his County Antrim whiskers, on last Thursday evening after supper, while his wife was busily engaged in tidying up the kitchen and thinking of the fine time her neighbor, Mrs. Mulgrew, was having down at Asbury Park, or "Ash-barrel Park," as Mr. McBrannigan persisted in calling it.

Maud was up-stairs fixing up a little in anticipation of a visit from Jack, and faint echoes of "I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind," the latest thing in the popular song line, and snatches of the "Washington Post," the newest thing in dance music, came through the shutters of Maud's boudoir, which is in the rear of the house, directly above the spot where her father was sitting.

When Mrs. McBrannigan had finished her household duties she came out and sat on the kitchen steps, and, after saying nothing for a long time, she finally remarked :

"Isn't it a great wondher intirely that I haven't recaved any word from Mrs. Mulgrew this week. Here it is Thursda' avenin', an' no letther from her yet. She musht be havin' such a good time down at the sayshore that she's forgotton all about her ould frinds. Dear me ! if we only owned a saloon, mebbe we could be spindin the summer at Saratoga, an' the Catskill mountains, an' Asbury Park, an' all thim places, jusht as well as Mrs. Mulgrew an' Mary Ann."

Mr. McBrannigan took his pipe from his mouth, spat over on the flower bed, and, afther looking at his wife for several seconds, said slowly :

"Faith, 'tis betther for ye, a good dale, to stay phwhere ye are ; not to be makin' a laffin' shtock o' yerself goin' phwhere ye have nō business ; I'd be long sorry to see ye paradin' on a boord walk wid a pair o' phwhite shoes on yer feet, an' a twisht in yer dacent, honesht face like a baboon's smile, thryin' to look like the other jackasses that mebbe aren't half as good as ye are yerself. No, indade, Mrs. McBrannigan, ye are betther off home, here in

Gowanus, phwhere you're not ashamed to look ivery wan ye meet square in the eye. That's my opinion o' the whole business ; ye can take it or lave it, jusht as ye plaze."

Mr. McBrannigan replaced his pipe between his teeth and pulled hard and quickly, sending great clouds of smoke into the air to add emphasis to his speech.

Mrs. McBrannigan, being of a peaceable nature, did not make any reply to her husband, for fear of bringing on an argument, but she argued the matter over in her own mind, and came to her original conclusion, which was to the effect that it would be a mighty pleasant thing to shake the dust of Gowanus from her feet for a few weeks and enjoy the refreshing breezes of the seashore or the mountains, untainted as they are with the very unexhilarating odors of the Gowanus canal.

While she was thinking, her husband gave a sudden jump and began searching through all his pockets. She watched him with a good deal of interest, until finally he produced from his inside coat pocket a crumpled letter, which he handed to her with an apologetic smile.

"Ye musht excuse me for forgettin' this," he said ; "I was standin' at the gate lasht avenin' as the postman passed, an' he handed it to me, tellin' me to be sure an' give it to ye, as he didn't want ye to be goin' down reportin' him to Captain Conlin, the postmaster, for failin' to deliver it. I put it in me pocket and niver thought of it till just now."

"Bad cess to ye for an old omadhaum, anyway," said Mrs. McBrannigan, snatching the letter from her husband's hand, "havin' me sittin' here abusin' me frind Mrs. Mulgrew, for not writin' to me, and havin' the letther in yer pocket all the time ; yer enough to thry the patience of a saint, so ye are."

Mr. McBrannigan only laughed at this outbreak on the part of his wife ; he knew she didn't mean anything by it and he continued smoking his pipe, with a contented smile on his face, which seemed in imminent danger of running over and getting lost among the County Antrim whiskers.

Just then there was a knock at the front door, and Mrs. McBrannigan, swallowing her wrath and putting on her society smile, went to open it.

In a few minutes she returned followed by Jack O'Flynn, who reached over and shook hands with Mr. McBrannigan in a very hearty manner, remarking at the same time upon the delightfulness of the weather, and so on.

While this was going on, Mrs. McBrannigan was busy tearing open her letter, and when Mr. McBrannigan and Mr. O'Flynn had finished their discussion of the weather, she turned to Jack and said, persuasively :

"Now, Jack, Maud is busy titivatin' herself, an' she won't be down for ten minutes, an' whin she does come down she'll be in such a hurry to go out that she won't have the time to rade this letther, an' tis jusht dyin' wid curiosity I am to know phwhat Mrs. Mulgrew has to say for herself this time. Now, wud ye have the goodness to look this letther over an' tell me phwhat's in it? Maud can rade it over agin for me to-morrow, an' I'll enjoy it all the more thin, because she has a way of takin' off Mrs. Mulgrew's voice to perfection, but I want to know how she's behavin' herself, an' phwhat she's been doin' for the pasht week?"

Mrs. McBrannigan handed the letter to Jack, who, in a firm, clear voice, read as follows (though he was thoroughly unconscious of the fact that Maud was looking down at him from her window above, and was drinking in every word with as much avidity as her mother and father in the yard below) :

FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I., September 10.

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN—Here I am, safe an' sound, within a few miles of home, an' as happy as a clam at high tide.

I suppose ye have heerd tell of Far Rockaway; 'tis a summer place, somethin' on the style of Asbury Park, only not near so high toned.

Some people calls it the Irish Saratoga, an' to tell the truth 'tis a good nickname, for there's the finest collection of Irish people here I iver met, an' if it wasn't for the sprinklin' of Jews here it would be a regular Irish paradise.

Mary Ann doesn't like it a bit; she say's it's too common, but it suits me thoroughly, an' I don't mind phwhat she says at all.

It was mostly on Mary Ann's account that I left Asbury Park. I was afeard she was gettin' demoralized intirely from goin' wid thim dudes that's so plintiful down there.

Wan day, about a week ago, phwile I was on the beach in me bathin' suit, talkin' to Mary Ann, a dude kem along that she knew, an' he sat down on the sand beside her an' comminced talkin' to her, an' afther a little phwile they comminced playin' an' throwin' sand down wan another's backs, an' carryin' on in a way that didn't plaze me a bit.

I turned round an' I began to notice the shtyle o' the young dude, an' all of a sudden I saw he had a red garter fastened around wan of his arums.

I recognized it at wanst as wan of Mary Ann's that she wears wid her red dhress an' red shtockin's an' slippers at the hops, an' sez I, "Young man, phwhere did ye get that garter that yez are wearin' so brave on yer arum?"

He turned about eighteen different shades of red, ivery wan redder than the garter itself, an' began to stutther out somethin' about havin' found it, an' so on, but that didn't go down wid me. "Yer a liar!" sez I, an' I made a grab, an' before ye cud say Jack Robinson, I had the garter in me hand, safe an' sound.

"Now, be off wid yerself," sez I, "an' go into the wather an' wash yerself, for I'm thinking' ye need it. I have somethin' to say to me daughter here that's not for ye to hear."

Well, he wint off, an' thin I began to question Mary Ann; she was as mad as a hatter at the way I thrated her young man. "Maw," sez she, "you don't undherstand Asbury Park fads; that's the latest style. I gev the young man wan o' my garters to wear on his arum, bekase he's my stiddy company for this week, do ye see? I gev it to him of me own free will, niver fear; ivery gerrul down here that has a fellow does the very same thing; ye can see thim all over the beach." Well, sure enough, whin I looked around, ivery young man in the neighborhood had on a garter or a piece o' ribbon tied to his arum, an' I saw that I was a little hasty in doin' as I did. I was quite relieved whin I found how he kem by the garter, but I don't approve o' thim kind o' goin's on, so I towld Mary Ann that the besht thing we cud do was to emigrate to Far Rockaway, phwhere they don't have such Yankeeified thricks; so a couple o' days later we left Asbury Park an' late the same evenin' we landed here.

The hotel is very nice here, but they have the same thrick of thryin' to stuff four or five people in a room that was only meant for wan, as they had in Asbury Park.

I took two rooms, wan for meself an' wan for Mary Ann; they were a little crowded here on Sathurda' night, an', of coorse, we bein' sthrangers, they thried to impose on us by puttin' some o' the fly-be-nights in our rooms; but they met their match phwin they shtacked up against me I tell ye. Widout as much as "by yer lave," they put some people into our rooms durin' the afthernoon, an' phwhin I wint up-stairs afther supper I found a lot o' sthrange clothes hangin' in my closet.

I didn't say a word, but jusht landed the clothes all out on top of a thrunk in the hallway and locked the dure.

I wint to bed about eleven o'clock, an' about half pasht twelve I heard some wan poundin' on the dure for admittance, but I niver pretinded to hear it, and afther near bushtin' the dure in, they wint away an' imposed on some poor fool that didn't know as much as I do about the thricks o' these landlords, who have a way o' gettin' iverything they can out o' ye, an' givin' as little as possible in exchange.

I do have some fine chats wid some o' the old ladies here, an' wan o' thim that's very nice to me is writin' this to you for me. She's gettin' very tired now, an' besides it's time for me to be goin' across the little ferry to the bathin' beach to have me bath, so wid love to yerself an' all the neighbors, I remain,

the same ould two an' sixpence,

MARY MULGREW.

Just as Jack was finishing the letter, Maud appeared in the doorway dressed for the street, so bidding the old folks good night she and Jack went out for a walk, leaving Mr. and Mrs. McBrannigan to discuss the news contained in the letter, to their heart's content.

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. MULGREW RETURNS TO GOWANUS FROM HER SUMMER
VACATION.

"Well, Maud, did ye see or hear anything new or interestin' on yer thravels to-day?" asked Mrs. McBrannigan, as her pretty, rosy-cheeked daughter bounced into the house late on Wednesday afternoon, carrying several parcels containing household necessities which she had purchased at the neighboring stores.

"Yes, indeed I did," said Maud, as she removed her sailor hat and arranged the tangles of her curly brown hair in something like order; "I saw and heard something that will give you a very pleasant surprise."

"Anybody dead, or married, or any new arrivals?" queried Mrs. McBrannigan, looking at Maud anxiously.

"No; you're away off your trolley, as the song goes," answered Maud, with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "Guess again."

"I'm a poor hand at guessin', ye know," said Mrs. McBrannigan; "an' if yer news isn't any o' the things I spoke of, thin I'll have to give it up."

"Well," said Maud, "I won't tease you any longer about it, but as I was going up the street I saw an express wagon leaving two trunks at Mulgrew's, and I met Ethel McSniffigan in the grocery store, and she told me she saw Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann going into the house about two o'clock, so I guess they must have arrived home from the country at last."

"Glory be to goodness, but 'tis time for thim to get back," said Mrs. McBrannigan, quickly. "Afther supper, whin Jack comes, I'll lave yez to mind the house, phwhile I take a run over to see Mrs. Mulgrew, to find out how she's feelin' afther her summer's sport."

"All right," said Maud. "I guess we'll manage to get along without you for a while. Jack is very fond of you, I know, but I guess he won't object to being left alone with me for an hour or two; the change 'll do him good, I think, because he might get tired of you if he saw too much of you."

"Stop yer foolin' an' come an' set the table for the supper,"

said Mrs. McBrannigan, and Maud, like an obedient girl, bustled about and soon had everything in readiness for the evening meal.

After supper Mr. McBrannigan went out, and Maud went upstairs to dress herself, so as to look as pretty as possible when Jack arrived on his semi-weekly call.

She was just putting the finishing touches to her toilet when a knock on the door warned her of Jack's arrival. She took one last glance at herself in the looking-glass and hurried down-stairs to open the door.

Of course it was Jack. He walked in and sat down in the front room, and he and Maud were soon engaged in a pleasant conversation, which was interrupted shortly afterward by the appearance of Maud's mother, who announced her intention of going out to pay a visit to Mrs. Mulgrew.

She threw her old plaid shawl around her shoulders, and, telling Jack not to be lonesome, started out on her way to Mulgrew's.

She met Mary Ann at the door of the Mulgrew mansion, and in response to Mrs. McBrannigan's question she said her mother was up-stairs, and that Mrs. McBrannigan could go right up and she would find her in the front room as large as life.

Mrs. McBrannigan did as she was directed, and in a few moments she was shaking hands with her old friend, who was busy taking the clothes out of the two large trunks, hanging the dresses in closets and throwing the soiled clothes to one side on the floor.

"Oh, musha, Mrs. McBrannigan, 'tis glad I am to lay eyes on yer face once more; an' how is ivery tether length o' ye?" said Mrs. Mulgrew, effusively. "Ye musht excuse me appearance, for I'm over me head an' ears in work, thryin' to sort out our clothes; I'll have to hire a washwoman for a week to get all these things claned; jusht look at that pile o' dirty garments that ain't hardly soiled wan bit; but bekase Mary Ann is so exthravagant in the line of fresh undherwear I'll have to have thim all done up, although they don't need it all."

"Thrue for ye, she is exthravagant," said Mrs. McBrannigan, picking up a few of the articles on the floor; "thim phwhite shkirts an' things is as clane as the dhriven shnow; I'm afeard yer makin' a spoiled child out o' Mary Ann."

"Oh, well, mebbe I am," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "but she's the only wan I have, and it does me good to see her put on shtyle. She makes up for me own dhr drawbacks in that way, ye know."

"Well, ivery wan knows their own business besht," said Mrs. McBrannigan, "but I know I couldn't afford to let Maud put on so much shtyle, bekase I'd have to spind all me time washin' clothes, an' to say the laste, 'tis not the funniest thing in the world to be bindin' over the face of a washtub from mornin' till night, Mrs. Mulgrew."

"Faith, I know that, well," said Mrs. Mulgrew in a tone of humility; "many a hard day's work I put in at the same occupation before I married Mulgrew; but now that we're purty well off, I don't begrudge Mary Ann her injoyments an' her shtyle, an' besides, her exthravagance in clothes helps to keep the wolf from the dure of ould Mrs. O'Halligan, my washwoman; so ye see 'tis a bad wind that blows nobody good, Mrs. McBrannigan."

"That's so, that's so," said Mrs. McBrannigan, "an' yez had an illegant time phwhile ye wor away, I'm sure, Mrs. Mulgrew."

"Oh, the finest time I iver had," replied Mrs. Mulgrew; "I wouldn't be home yet, only they closed up the hotel phwhere I was shtoppin' in Far Rockaway, an' we had to lave, phwhether or no; but I'm so used to thravelin' about now, that I'll find it very hard to settle down quietly in Gowanus for the winther."

"An' how is yer health now?" asked Mrs. McBrannigan.

"Tip top," said Mrs. Mulgrew; "I feel like a two-year-old; in fact, I feel so well that I have a good mind to go to Chicago to see the World's Fair; Mary Ann has been coaxin' me to go, an' if I kape on feeling good, I may start out West the first part o' the next month to see the sights. I met so many people this summer that wor there that I felt ashamed o' meself for not knowin' anything about it; but plaze goodness, I'll go there an' see all that's to be seen, or know the rayzon phwhy. But ye haven't towld me any o' the news o' the neighborhood, Mrs. McBrannigan; is there anything goin' on at all at all?"

"Well, the only thing that's happened lately, is the accident to poor Mrs. O'Dooley's huzhband," said Mrs. McBrannigan, who then proceeded to give a detailed account of how Mr. O'Dooley came to be laid up, which account was emphasized by many shakings of the head and hints as to the possibility of poor O'Dooley's having to cross the boundary of the land from which there is no return, at which Mrs. Mulgrew was much affected.

"I'm very sorry to hear about Mrs. O'Dooley's throuble," she said, when Mrs. McBrannigan had finished; "if she loses the ould man she'll have nothing to fall back on but her two hands an'

little Tommy an' the goat, an' I'm thinkin' the boy an' the goat 'll be more like dhrawbacks than helps whin the pinch comes ; but we musht take things as they come, an' make the besht of iverything."

Here Mrs. Mulgrew relieved her feelings by diving into the other trunk and producing additional evidences of Mary Ann's extravagance, and Mrs. McBrannigan, seeing that she was very busy, excused herself on the ground of having promised to run in to see Mrs. O'Dooley, to inquire concerning her husband's condition ; so, with many expressions of her pleasure at seeing Mrs. Mulgrew safe at home again, Mrs. McBrannigan left her traveled neighbor to her task of sorting out her wash, and wended her way down to Mrs. O'Dooley's.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MRS. MULGREW COMES TO GRIEF TRYING TO LEARN HOW TO
RIDE THE BICYCLE.

Mrs. Mulgrew has not been seen on the streets of Gowanus for several days, and, as this is something very much out of the ordinary run of affairs, it has excited considerable comment among the Gowanusians of all classes and conditions.

Even when her "fatty degeneration of the heart" was bothering her she would manage to struggle out, if only to sit on the doorstep, to nod to the passers by and strike up a little "seannachas" with one of her neighbors, who might have a little time to spare, and this new freak of hers, of staying in the house, filled the neighbors with amazement.

Mrs. McBrannigan met Mrs. O'Dooley one day early this week, and, in the course of conversation, the phenomenon of Mrs. Mulgrew's absence from the street was mentioned.

"I'm afeard the ginger atin' disase has taken a bad grip on her," said Mrs. O'Dooley, "for, as long as I've been livin' in Gowanus, I've niver missed a mornin' that I didn't get a salute from Mrs. Mulgrew, barrin' the toime she wint to the Catskill mountains for her health; faith, she has a wondherful backbone intoirely, an' it must be that some accidint happened her that's put her on the broad of her back; for, if she was able to put her fut undher her at all at all, she'd not shtop in the house this beautiful, foine weather."

"Thru for ye, Mrs. O'Dooley, said Mrs. McBrannigan, shaking her head sympathetically. "I've known Mrs. Mulgrew these twinty years, an' I'm so accustomed to havin' a little chat wid her almost ivery day, that I feel kind o' lost from not seein' her for so many days."

Just then the doctor's carriage drove up to Mulgrew's door; it was a very stylish rig, with a team of high-stepping horses and a colored coachman in livery holding the reins.

"She must be very bad intoirely," said Mrs. O'Dooley, as she took in the details of the high-toned physician's equipage, "bekase that's the docther she had last spring, whin she was sufferin'."

so much wid the ginger in her heart, an' I b'lave he charges six or seven dollars a visit, for he's very shwell an' lives in a big house over on the hill. Mrs. Mulgrew towld me wan toime that he niver comes to Gowanus at all, except whin she sinds for him specially, an' he only come to see her bekase she used to dale wid him whin he was a poor young shlob of a docthor, just startin' out, with phwhishkers on the bottoms of his pants legs as long as the wans on his chin."

"Faith, if he comes to see her very often at six or seven dollars a visit, it won't be long before she'll manage to get rid of the big pile o' money she won down at the races in the shpring," said Mrs. McBrannigan. "Begorra, 'tis mighty thankful I am that none o' me family iver got any o' thim high-toned disases that nobody but seven-dollar docthors can undherstand; we niver had anything in our house that couldn't be cured wid a spoonful o' casthor oil or five cints worth o' New Rochelle salts, an' I hope we'll kape on in the same way, plaze goodness, till our time comes to go to Flatbush for good."

Mrs. O'Dooley nodded her head solemnly, and so they continued to converse about doctors and diseases until the physician emerged from Mrs. Mulgrew's door and entered his carriage.

The spanking team dashed impatiently down the street, as though anxious to leave the neighborhood and get back to their swell, elegant haunts as soon as possible; as the two women watched it disappear, Mrs. O'Dooley made a suggestion.

"Suppose we go up an' inquire afther Mrs. Mulgrew; 'tis only a step, an' mebbe we cud be of some use to her, for that daughter of hers, Mary Ann, is a hoyty toyty piece, an' can't be much good around a sick-room."

"That's so," said Mrs. McBrannigan; "we may as well be neighborly; Mrs. Mulgrew wouldn't be as long as this about comin' to see us if we wor sick, an' 'tis only right that we should go."

So Mrs. McBrannigan and Mrs. O'Dooley started up the street, and before long were tapping on the door leading into Mrs. Mulgrew's front parlor.

They were startled at hearing Mrs. Mulgrew's voice from the inside, shouting "Come in!" with a vigor which did not indicate any great degree of weakness.

They went in; Mrs. Mulgrew was propped up in a chair by the window; one of her feet was resting on a chair, done up in bandages; her left arm was in a sling and her face was covered



MRS. MULGREW ON THE BICYCLE.

with strips of court plaster in a way which gave her a most comical appearance; in fact, she looked so strange that the visitors forgot their politeness and laughed outright.

Mrs. Mulgrew made an attempt to smile, but it was a dead failure; her mouth seemed to slip around toward her ear, and, as this distorted her face more than ever and caused her considerable pain, she gave it up as a bad job.

"Faith, I'm glad to see ye injoyin' yersilves at my expinse," she said finally, "bekase I deserve to be laughed at, for a bigger fool than I am niver stood on two feet."

Mrs. O'Dooley and Mrs. McBrannigan stopped laughing at once; they put on long faces and gazed at Mrs. Mulgrew in astonishment. At length Mrs. O'Dooley ventured to remark in a sympathetic voice, which natives of Connaught know so well how to assume:

"We saw the docthors convayneance at the dure an' we knew there must be somethin' up, so mesilf an' Mrs. McBrannigan med up our moinds to call in an' see phwhat was the matther. Savin' yer prisince ye look as if ye wor afther goin' through a threshin' machine."

"Och, a threshin' machine ud be heaven compared wid the exparience I've been through," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "I'm almost ashamed to tell ye that I'm laid up in lavender like this, from nothing more or less than tryin' to learn how to ride a bicycle."

Mrs. McBrannigan and Mrs. O'Dooley exchanged significant glances, and they had hard work trying to keep their faces straight while Mrs. Mulgrew went on with the details of her exploit.

"Ye see," she continued, "Mary Ann has been takin' lessons in bicycle-ridin' ever since the skatin' sayson closed, an' she's been in such good health an' has such an' appetite that I med up me mind I'd thry it, too."

"Av coorse Mary Ann objected, an' even went so far as to call me an ould fool, but I thought it was more of her airs, an' I put me fut down an' insisted on havin' a thrial of it; so she bought me wan o' them new patent bicycle shkirts down-town an' wan avenin' last week we started out for the place phwhere they do the tachin', near the park."

"Well, first off, the bicycle man towld me I was too large to think o' ridin' a bicycle, but I gev him a piece o' me mind and towld him I wasn't too large to think of anything I cud afford to pay for, an' phwhin he saw I was in earnest he called two big

buck naygurs, an' they brought out a bicycle an' we all wint over to the sidewalk, outside the park fence.

"They put me sittin' up on it afther a good dale o' trouble an' got me feet on the threadles an' wid wan naygur on each side o' me, we started off on a run; I wasn't a bit afeared, bekase I knew no matther which way I fell I would have a naygur undher me. Well, we didn't go very fur when we ran into a stone or somethin', an' the bicycle keeled over an' down I came, pop, on top o' the poor black divil. I managed to get up afther a while, all right, but the naygur had to go back to the shop for repairs.

"He sint another wan, bigger an' blacker than himself, to take his place, an' they soon had me started off again; we wint along fine this time; I began to work me feet, an' the first thing I knew I was going so fasht that the naygurs cudn't kape up wid me at all; they let go o' me completely, an' off I wint on me own hook, pushin' away like the divil wid me two feet, an' feelin' like a two-year-ould colt. All of a sudden I remimbered that they forgot to show me how to shtop the thing widout fallin' off an' killin' meself, an' I didn't know phwhat to do; I kep' on pushin' the threadles like mad, and scooted pasht horse cars an' policemen an' iverything, an' before I found out where I was I bumped over a mudgutther and was on the cobblestones. Och! mila murther! but it was tough; ivery bone in me body began to jump, an' I began to yell fire! an' murther! an' police! an' iverything else I cud think of. I jusht missed knockin' over a throlley car, but I kep' on yellin', an' me heart kep' time wid me feet, goin' like Ould Nick himsilf.

"Thin I saw a whole row o' bicycles comin' across the plaza wid men an' women on thim. I hollered at thim to clear the thrack, but they didn't pay any attention, so I med up me moind me toime had come; so I shut me eyes an' said a little prayer, an' the next thing I knew I didn't know nothin'. I belave they brought me home in a coach, an' I understand they're goin' to hould me responsible for the smashin' of a dozen bicycles, the breakin' up of a bran new bicycle club an' the docthor's bills for all the mimbers that forgot to get out o' me way.

"As for meself, I have no bones broke, but I'm sore in ivery bit o' me body. The docthor says I'll be all right in a week or so, if I don't get spinal maginnis; and I hope I don't, bekase I have no fancy for thim Oyetalian disases at all, but whether I get it or no, I'm done wid bicycle ridin' foriver."

At this point Mrs. Mulgrew rapped on the floor with a stick three times, and in a few minutes her husband came up in answer to the summons with a quart measure full of mixed ale, and Mrs. McBrannigan and Mrs. O'Dooley drank to Mrs. Mulgrew's health, both expressing the hope that she would escape the threatened attack of that dreaded distemper, "spinal maginnis."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MULGREWS MAKE PREPARATIONS TO START FOR THE
WORLD'S FAIR.

One morning last week as Slob McTerrigan was sauntering along, engaged in his usual occupation of looking for something to do, and hoping he wouldn't find it, he met Mr. Mulgrew.

The saloon-keeper stopped and said, "Good-morning, Slob, are ye workin'?"

"Are ye workin'?" is a common form of expression in Gowanus, and always accompanies a salutation, even if the inquirer knows well that the person he is addressing has not missed a day's work in twenty years.

Slob's answer to Mr. Mulgrew's question was a simple "naw," accompanied by a disgusted curl of the upper lip, which portion of Slob's physiognomy, as well as his cheeks, chin and neck, were sadly in need of a shave.

"Well, if you're not, Slob, I have somethin' soft for ye," said Mr. Mulgrew with a beaming smile, which was somewhat obscured by the great puff of cigar smoke which issued from the opening under Mr. Mulgrew's nose, and which served him as a mouth.

"Wot is de soft ting, a sponge?" asked Slob, who was used to Mr. Mulgrew's jokes, and, knowing the saloon-keeper had been down to the Adams Street Opera House during the last engagement of "Percy and Harold," he thought he would forestall any jest that Mr. Mulgrew might have on his mind and show him that he was a "slob" in name only.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Mulgrew, as the aforesaid beaming smile disappeared from his face and lost itself among the underbrush of his County Antrim whiskers, "I'm not springin' any gags on ye to-day; I'm dead serious, d'ye mind, an' if ye want a good job for a couple o' weeks, follow me."

"Gee whiz! wot have I struck?" said Slob to himself, as he turned on his heel and hurried after Mr. Mulgrew, who had started on a jog trot for his place of business.

Slob caught up to him as he was entering the saloon, and

when they got inside he fidgeted about nervously, and wished he had made a few inquiries about the nature of the position he was to fill before he followed Mr. Mulgrew so obediently. In fact, he began to think he would be a good deal happier if he hadn't come at all.

The first thing Slob noticed was that a new bartender had been installed behind the old bar; he had a decidedly "downtown" look about him, having on a clean white necktie and collar, a white shirt, jacket and apron, and formed a decided contrast to his employer, who was standing beside him giving him some instructions.

Slob's reflections were interrupted by Mr. Mulgrew, who called him over and introduced him to the new man, who nodded to him in a familiar way which made Slob feel quite at home at once.

"Now, Shlob," began Mr. Mulgrew, "I'll explain the nature o' the soft shnap I was tellin' ye about down the sthreet. Ye see the ould woman has been at me iver since she kem back from the counthry to take a little vacation meself. She says 'tis too bad to have me doin' all the hard work, an' herself an' Mary Ann havin' all the fun; an' she mintioned so many things to me that she heerd tell of bein' at the World's Fair in Chicago, that me curiosity riz up, an' although ye know I'm not fond o' thravelin', I med up me mind that I'd take in the fair, purvidin' herself an' Mary Ann ud come along wid me. Of coorse they agreed, an' now all I have to do is to buy a few clothes, lave the saloon in good ship-shape workin' ordher, an' start off for the Wesht to in-joy meself to me heart's contint for a couple o' weeks or more, as the case may be, or accordin' to the way I'm plazed wid phwhat I see at the fair."

"It's a pooty expensive trip, I guess, ain't it?" ventured Slob, just to show that he was not overawed by the announcement Mr. Mulgrew had just made.

"It is for jays an' yaps that don't mind their p's an' q's," replied Mr. Mulgrew, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice; "but I haven't been readin' the paper for the pasht few months for nothing, an' don't ye forgit it; I wrote to a frind o' mine to in-gage me a couple o' rooms near the fair grounds at a reasonable price, an' I got a letther from him yistherda, as prompt as ye plaze, givin' me the number o' the house an' the price I was to pay, an' inclosin' a little book full o' tips on how to avoid bein'

robbed at the fair, an' how to see iverything to the very besht advantage."

"Well," said Slob, as Mr. Mulgrew paused, "wot has all dis talk got to do wit me an' de soft ting dat ye spoke of about a year ago? Do youse want to treat me to a trip to Chicago, takin' me as yer man servant, de same as de members of de swell elegant set does, huh?"

"Oh, no; oh, no;" said Mr. Mulgrew, quickly; "I wants to imploy you as assistant barkeeper here in the saloon till I come back. Ye see, I have hired this young man here to run the bar. He's a first-class barkeeper, but he has niver tinded bar in Gowanus before, an' he doeshn't know the kind o' shnags he's likely to run agin in a place like this. Now, phwhile I'm away I suppose all the ould cushtomers that are ashamed to show their faces to me bekase they owes me so much money will be turnin' up an' givin' the new barkeeper a jolly about bein' regular pathrons of the establishment an' so on, an' lookin' for more tick. Phwhat I want you to do is to kape yer eye peeled for all such cases, an' phwhin ye see wan o' thim comin' in, give him the wink, an' he'll know phwhat to do, for I've given him his instrhuctions."

To say that Slob was delighted is to put it very mildly, indeed. His face, in spite of its want of cleanliness, cuuld easily be seen to be wreathed in smiles. He was so overcome that he could scarcely speak, but he managed to blurt out something about being "very much obliged," and so on, but his speech of thanks was cut short by Mr. Mulgrew, who started in to give him explicit instructions regarding the conduct of the business while he was absent taking in the sights of the great fair.

After he had laid down the law to his satisfaction, Mr. Mulgrew drew from his inside pocket a printed card, and in a very earnest tone, said: "Now, boys, I'm havin' a lot o' these printed, an' in case some beat comes in, an' ye can't get rid of him, jusht hand him wan o' these, an' tell him thim are the rules o' the place phwhile I'm away."

Slob took the card and read as follows:

MULGREW'S RULES.

1. All dead beats are notified that the large cake of ice which was formerly used for keeping their accounts on, melted during the hot spell last week, and that their accounts cannot be opened again until cold weather.

2. Customers who complain of the hard times, and who can-

not afford to pay 10 cents for a glass of whisky, will be helped from a special bottle of fusel oil and kerosene at 5 cents for each four-finger drink. Water will not be furnished with this brand.

3. Don't try to sthring the new barkeeper with any guff about the sthringency of the money market; he was born and brung up in Redhook Point, and can see a "jolly" a mile away.

4. Don't thry the game of takin' a dhrink an' thin suddenly seein' a car goin' by the door that ye have to catch, at the same time forgettin to pay; the new barkeeper holds the record as a mallet thrower, and can make an impression on your scalp with the bung starter before you reach the door that you'll be likely to remember long afther you've digested the stolen drink.

5. Don't get funny and ask the barkeeper if he has any champagne on ice, and if he says yes, tell him you'll take some of the ice; you'll be likely to get it—where Maggie wore the beads.

6. Don't annoy the barkeeper by asking for mixed dhrinks (except mixed ale) when he's busy; Micks should avoid mixed dhrinks anyway, on principle.

7. Order will be kept by Slob McTerrigan, who will settle all hot disputes by turnin' on the hose leadin' from the cold water tap.

Respectfully,

P. MULGREW.

When Slob had finished reading the card, he handed it back to Mr. Mulgrew, who told him to run right home and shave himself and wash his face and report for duty that afternoon. Slob lost no time and was soon back in the saloon being initiated in the mysteries of mixed drinks and the proper handling of a bartender's club in case of an emergency by the new barkeeper, whom Slob found to be a "perfect chenlman" in every way.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MULGREWS START FOR CHICAGO TO SEE THE GREAT FAIR.

At 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning a carriage drew up in front of Mulgrew's door. The driver got down from his seat and arranged the blankets on the horses, so as to keep the chilly Gowanus air from affecting their health. Then he went into the barroom to get something in the shape of an interior "liquid blanket" for himself, as he knew if he had to go a long distance it would be a long time between drinks. While he was enjoying his refreshment, and while the horses were waiting patiently outside, Mrs. O'Dooley happened to come up the street from her house on her way to the grocery store.

Just before she came to Mrs. McBrannigan's gate, she noticed the carriage waiting outside of Mulgrew's, and, being of a naturally curious nature, she thought she would go into Mrs. McBrannigan's, to see whether that good woman might know the reason why the equipage was waiting there. Mrs. McBrannigan saw her coming, and had the door open long before Mrs. O'Dooley had time to reach it, and after asking particularly about the condition of her husband, she offered Mrs. O'Dooley a chair.

"I haven't time to shtop a moment, thank ye, Mrs. McBrannigan. I'm on me way to the grocery shtore, an' I musht hurry back to give the ould man his medicine," said Mrs. O'Dooley. "I jusht stopped in to see if ye knew who was dead in the neighborhood."

"I didn't hear tell of any wan bein' dead," said Mrs. McBrannigan, becoming interested at once, "who was mintionin' such bad news in such good weather, Mrs. O'Dooley?"

"Nobody was mintionin' it to me," answered Mrs. O'Dooley, "but shure I have eyes to see; there's a funeral coach standin' forninst Mulgrew's door for the lasht tin minutes, an' phwhat wud a funeral coach be doin' in front of a body's house unless they be goin' to a funeral?"

Mrs. O'Dooley placed her arms akimbo as she asked this question and looked Mrs. McBrannigan square in the eye, as though she felt it could not be answered very readily.

Mrs. McBrannigan laughed for a few moments, but as she noticed Mrs. O'Dooley growing slightly warm around the space just below her chin, she suppressed her merriment and said with a smile:

Why, Mrs. O'Dooley, can't folks use funeral coaches for anything else but goin' to funerals? Didn't ye iver hear tell of people hirin' a coach to go an' get married in?"

"Glory be to goodness, I niver thought of that!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dooley, quickly; an' shure Mary Ann Mulgrew ain't goin' to run off an' get married at this hour in the mornin', is she?"

"I didn't say she was," said Mrs. McBrannigan, "an' moreover, I was goin' to ax ye if people couldn't hire carriages for other raysons as well as funerals an' marriages; that is, I mane, phwhin they have more money than they know phwhat to do wid?"

"Thru for ye," said Mrs. O'Dooley, with a shake of her head; "an' phwhat is our neighbor wid the fatty degeneration o' the heart goin' to do now?"

"She's goin' to the World's Fair in Chicago," said Mrs. McBrannigan, an' phwhat's more, she's goin' to take the ould man wid her this time; faith 'tis time she thought o' givin' him some o' the fun instid of injoyin' it all herself an' Mary Ann."

"That's so," said Mrs. O'Dooley, "an' phwhin does she start?"

"At 9 o'clock, she towld me lasht avenin' phwhin I was over to see her," said Mrs. McBrannigan; "an' by the way I promised to run over an' see her agin, before she left this mornin'. Wud ye like to come wid me, or have ye to really hurry home to the ould man?"

"Well," said Mrs. O'Dooley, looking at the clock, "the time for him to take his medicine is pasht now, an' it won't come round again for half an hour, so I guess I'll run over wid ye jusht to have a few words wid Mrs. Mulgrew before she goes away."

Mrs. McBrannigan and Mrs. O'Dooley started out together and in a few moments were at the door of the Mulgrew domicile, around which a number of the gamins of the neighborhood had collected to see what was the cause of the carriage being on hand, and wondering whether they would have a chance to hold a "skimitin," which is a form of amusement still common in Gowanus on the occasion of a wedding.

Mrs. McBrannigan and Mrs. O'Dooley went up-stairs and found Mrs. Mulgrew, Mary Ann and the old man in a regular fever of excitement.

"I tell ye I won't wear a collar an' necktie!" was what they heard Mr. Mulgrew shout at his wife and daughter as they came in the door.

"Well now ye musht!" said his wife in an equally positive tone. "It's all well enough for ye to go round Gowanus here widout any ornamentation, but phwhin ye go thravelin' amongst dacent people, ye'll have to be someways civilized, that's all there is about it!"

Mr. Mulgrew was struggling to get into a very stiffly starched shirt, just then, and he didn't have a chance to reply to his wife for a minute or two, but when he did emerge from the adhesive folds of the garments, he was more ready for an argument than before, for the refractory shirt had made his blood fairly boil, his face showed the emotions which were stirring his soul and his wife made up her mind that it would be better not to press the point any further just then.

Moreover, the entrance of Mrs. McBrannigan and Mrs. O'Dooley acted as a stopper to the threatened row, and while they were saying good-morning to her mother, Mary Ann led her father into the other room, and by dint of much coaxing got him to allow her to button a low collar and a small black bow on the neck of the shirt.

Mary Ann would have preferred to have adorned her father with a standing collar having turn-over points and a lavender tie with large pink spots, but the old man was obdurate, so she was forced to be content with the more modest style, though she cherished strong hopes that when she reached Chicago her father would awaken to a realization of his short-comings, and see the necessity of putting on more style of his own accord.

With some object of her own in view, Mary Ann, without consulting her mother, had gone down to the store where her father had hired the dress suit for the Emerald ball, and had hired it herself, and smuggled it, along with the dress shirt, tie, etc., which he had not worn since the memorable ball, into the bottom of the trunk which they were to take with them.

Mary Ann then came into the large front room where her mother was conversing with her neighbors, and giving a last look to see that everything was all right, shut down the lid of the trunk.

That is, she tried to shut it down, but the trunk, behaving just as every other trunk does under similar circumstances, refused to shut so that it could be locked.

Mr. Mulgrew tried to shut it, and only desisted from his attempts when he was in danger of apoplexy from his exertions ; then he went down to the saloon and sent Slob McTerrigan up to see what he could do with it.

Slob made several attempts to close the lid, but was just as unsuccessful as Mr. Mulgrew had been, much to that man's satisfaction.

Mrs. Mulgrew, who had been busy all this time telling Mrs. O'Dooley and Mrs. McBrannigan about the fine time she expected to have at the fair, noticed the struggle Slob was having with the trunk, and, coming over, brushed Slob to one side, and without saying a word, sat down on the lid of the trunk, which gave a sort of discouraged squeak and settled into place.

Mary Ann locked the trunk and Slob, taking it on his back, carried it down to the sidewalk, and with the assistance of the coach driver, placed it up alongside the driver's seat.

Then, everything being ready, the whole party filed down the stairs to the street, Mrs. O'Dooley and Mrs. McBrannigan giving Mrs. Mulgrew lots of good advice about not overtaxing herself running around the fair grounds for fear of bringing on another attack of her heart complaint, and so on, all of which advice Mrs. Mulgrew promised faithfully to follow out if possible.

Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann got into the coach, and the driver removed the blankets from the horses and got up on his seat ready to start at a moment's notice, when Mr. Mulgrew came running out of the side door of the saloon with three or four bottles in his hands.

"See here !" he exclaimed, "didn't I tell yez to remind me not to forget these bottles, an' here we wor almost afther goin' widout thim ; now we'll have to open the thrunk an' put thim in right now, or I don't go, that's all."

Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann protested ; they told Mr. Mulgrew he could buy all the stuff he wanted in Chicago, but he was obdurate ; so in order not to miss the train, Mrs. Mulgrew told the driver to lift the trunk down on the sidewalk.

He did so, and then Mary Ann was obliged to produce the key and open the trunk, the lid of which sprang upward with a movement like the lid of a jumping-jack box, fetching several of

the more inquisitive youngsters smart raps on their pudgy little noses before they had time to dodge.

Then Mr. Mulgrew placed his bottles in the middle of the trunk, and after considerable re-arranging of various unmentionable articles, which called forth many remarks from the tough kids, an attempt was made to close the lid once more.

The same difficulty was encountered as before, so Mrs. Mulgrew was obliged to struggle out of the coach and perform the same service as she had already done up-stairs, and as Mary Ann turned the key in the lock she breathed a sigh of relief.

Then the trunk was replaced on the top of the coach alongside the driver, Mr. and Mrs. Mulgrew and Mary Ann got inside, the driver whipped up his horses, and amid the cheers and yells of the assembled gamins, and the waving of their aprons by Mrs. O'Dooley and Mrs. McBrannigan, the Mulgrew family began their journey to the World's Fair.

The carriage rattled down the street at a lively pace, which interfered greatly with Mrs. Mulgrew's comfort, but as they had no time to spare in order to catch the train, her feelings could not be considered, and the more she protested the more sharply did Mr. Mulgrew order the driver to "Hurry up!"

They arrived at the Grand Central depot just barely in time; Mr. Mulgrew, having to attend to the checking of the trunk, came very near being left; the door was closed so quickly on him that it had to be opened again to release his coat tails which had been caught in the slam. Their adventures, which were numerous, I shall not attempt to relate, but will leave that important duty to Mrs. Mulgrew, from whom Mrs. McBrannigan received a letter on Friday morning.

The letter came in the mail at 11 o'clock, but Mrs. McBrannigan was obliged to possess her soul in patience until 12:30, at which time Maud arrived from down-town, where she had been shopping.

Maud tore the envelope open and, between bursts of laughter, read as follows:

EAGLE BUREAU, AUDITORIUM BUILDING, }
CHICAGO, Wednesday, October 11. }

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN—Well, well, well, here we are at lasht in the great city of Chicago, an' for the lasht few days we've been havin' the biggest time we iver had in our whole lives.

Ye cud roll the Catskill mountains, wid all their beautiful scenery, an' Saratoga, wid all its lovely shprings an' pretty ger-ruls, an' Asbury Park, wid all its bathin' suits and bible backs, an' Far Rockaway, wid all its F. I. Fs, into wan, an' it wudn't make a speck on the size and beautifullness of the lovely World's Fair.

We had a great time comin' here. The ould man kep' very quiet until we got about as far as Yonkers; thin he turned around to me, an' sez he: "Mary, do ye think we'll be there soon?" "I'm afeard not," sez I, "for I'm towld 'tis a long ways to Chicago." I didn't want to frighten him be tellin' him that we'd have to ride all day an' all night, for fear he'd want to turn back, an' he settled down for another few minutes.

Thin he tuk a notion to call the naygur an' ask him how far we wor from Chicago, an' whin he axed him I thought the darky's face ud split in two, he gev such a grin. An phwhin he towld Mulgrew how far it was, I thought he do a Dutch fit right on the spot.

Afther a phwhile he got up an' wint huntin' for the shmokin'-car, an' we didn't see a sign of him till the thrain got to Niagara Falls, phwhere ivery wan got out to sthretch their legs an' have a look at the scenery.

I axed him phwhat he was doin' all day in the shmokin'-car, an' he towld me he met a lot of min from the same part of Ireland, an' that they spint the day playin' cards. He said he won a hundred an' forty-five dollars, playin' forty-five, at five dollars a game, an' he said if his luck held out he expected to win enough to pay our expinses for the whole thrip.

I won't waste your time tellin' ye about Niagara Falls. 'Tis wondherful to see the wather dhroppin' over the edge of a big high bank widout any shtop to it at all, an' makin' a noise that even a deaf man ought to be able to hear.

We got along all right enough until bedtime; the shelves wor made up, an' the ould man kem in to go to bed. He was a little undher the weather; he said it was from sittin' on the sunny side o' the car, but I knew it was sittin' on the shady side o' the naygur that has the sellin' o' the drinks.

I didn't mind that, though, for he towld me that he had to thrate the card players till they wor all blind dhrunk, bekase he won over \$200 from them, an' the phwhiskey kep thim from feelin' sore over the loss o' the money.

I got very thirsty a little phwile afther we wint to bed, an' I

got up to go an' look for a dhrink o' wather; the ould man wasn't asleep, so I says to him: "Parthrick, lave your fut shtick-in' out bechune the curtains, so's I'll know phwhere to come to phwhin I come back from the wather tank." "All right," says he, an' off I started. On me way back, afther gettin' the dhrink o' wather, I found that the car was full o' jokers. They heard phwhat I said to the ould man, an' they thought they'd fool me, for ivery blessed curtain in the whole car had a fut shtickin' out.

They wor the quarest lookin' lot o' feet ye iver saw. Some had shtockin's on an' some hadn't, but I walked along until I kem to a good-sized fut that had both shoe an' shtockin' on, an' then I knew I was all right. The ould man may not be very civilized, but it comes in mighty handy sometimes that he ain't.

We wor up bright an' early in the mornin', bekase the jouncin' o' the car pervinted me from havin' any sleep much, an' afther havin' breakfasht in the next car jusht as nice as if ye wor at a hotel, we wint back to the palace car an' took our seats, phwhile Mulgrew wint in to have another smoke and another thry at the game o' forty-five.

He kem back jusht before we got to Chicago in the greatest good humor. He said he won another fifty dollars, an' that the resht o' the crowd had made up their minds that they'd go back to New York on the next thrain widout seein' the fair at all.

We arrived at Chicago early in the afthernoon, an' the ould man hired a carriage an' towld the dhriver to take us to the *Eagle* office, so's he cud find out how to go to the hotel phwhere he had engaged the rooms a week ago through the kindness o' the *Eagle* man.

We wint into the office an' sat down in lovely big rockin' chairs, meself and Mary Ann, phwhile the ould man was talking to the boss. Afther he settled everything all right, he brought him over an' inthrojuiced him to us. His name is Mither Rockwood, an' a nicer, pleasanter spoken man I niver met. Saye he, "'Tis glad I am to make yer acquaintance, Mrs. Mulgrew, for I've read about you so often that I almosht feel as if we wor old frinds." I med a low curtsey, an' in doin' it kem near knockin' over a young Brooklyn dude, that was makin' inquiries for a room wid a double bed near the fair grounds for about fifty cents a day.

We said good-afthernoon to Mr. Rockwood, an' got into our carriage again, an' in a few minutes we arrived at our hotel. We wor shown to our rooms immagetly, an' wor delighted with thim.

"In the avenin' we started for the fair, an' the ould man, in ordher to do the thing up in shtyle, hired a carriage to carry us to the place, but phwhin the dhriver charged him \$6 for the short ride, he med up his mind that the illevated road would be good enough for us afther that.

"Well, we wint in to the fair grounds an' the buildin's, an' the lights an' the crowds an' the noise all had such an effect on me that I near fainted.

"They comminced settin' off fireworks soon afther we arrived, an' they wor so illegant that we niver thought of lookin' at any o' the fair, an' the fireworks kep up so long that as soon as they were over the first thing we knew a lot o' chaps wid little swords hung on their belts an' dhressed like sojers began to put us out, an phwhin we inquired the rayson phwhy, they said it was closin' up time, an' if we wanted to see any more o' the fair we'd have to come the next day.

We had the divil's own time gettin' back to the hotel, but we arrived there at lasht, an' settled down for a good night's sleep.

We wor up at siven o'clock the next mornin', an' at the same time ivery mornin' since, on the throt all day an' a good part o' the night as well, lookin' at sights the like o' phwhich I niver saw before an' niver will again.

Mary Ann met a young gerrul from Brooklyn that she knew, here, the day before yistherday; she kem on the *Eagle* excursion wid about two hundhred o' the foinest people in the city o' Brooklyn; Mary Ann read over the lisht, an' although they wor some familiar names on it, I didn't know any o' the people. I'm sorry, bekase there's nothin' I'd injoy betther than a good chat about the wonderful fair wid some o' the good neighbors from Gowanus.

Mary Ann an' the young gerrul from Brooklyn wint off on their own hook to the fair this mornin', an' Mulgrew took it into his head to go off be himself, too. He towld me I ought to take a good resht for meself to-day, but as soon as he went out I put on me things an' kem over here to the *Eagle* office, an' towld the typewriter that I wanted to write a letther home to Gowanus.

She's as purty as a picture, and she's been as patient as a pet lamb wid me an' me odd ways o' wanting the words spelt so's ye'll undherstand the letther well, an' if it ain't very well done, phwhy ye'll have to excuse her, bekase Chicago is such a long ways from Gowanus that she ain't to blame for gettin' a thrifle mixed.

Moreover, Misther Rockwood towld me that any time I felt like writin' a letther, I was at perfect liberty to do so, an' the typewriter was at my service, so I will write again about our adventures at the fair, before we go home to Gowanus, unless some-thin' turns up to prevint me.

Give my regards to Mrs. O'Dooley an' all the neighbors, an' believe me, the same ould 2 an' sixpence,

MARY MULGREW.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MRS. MULGREW'S SECOND LETTER FROM THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST.

There are whistles and whistles. When the small boy whistles "Two Little Girls in Blue" we feel like reaching for a gun or a club; but when the postman whistles his cheery blast we rush to the door with joy in our heart and a smile on our face for the hard-working, gray-coated laddie whose business it is to bring messages of joy and sorrow to rich and poor alike, and whose coming is always as welcome as the flowers of May.

Maud McBrannigan is quite an accomplished whistler. When she proceeds to purse up her pretty red lips and sends through the opening between them the strains of some popular melody the effect is superb, whether viewed from a musical or an artistic standpoint.

Maud's mother, however, being one of the old school, does not approve of whistling girls, and every time she hears Maud indulging in the pastime, she quotes a familiar proverb which has something to do with a hen which should have been a rooster, and so on, at which Maud generally laughs and shakes her curls, changing the air into a lively Irish jig, which usually puts Mrs. McBrannigan into such a good humor that she forgets all about crowing hens and whistling girls, and the sad fate which is supposed to be in store for them.

On Wednesday evening Maud was whistling the "Washington Post" and practicing the new two-step dance which has just reached Gowanus, having started from Philadelphia some months ago.

As she was pirouetting gracefully around the kitchen, the shrill, tremolo whistle of the letter-carrier sounded at the door, and Maud, stopping suddenly in the middle of a bar, rushed out, and on receiving a letter postmarked Chicago, gave the postman a very warm "thank you," and ran back to the kitchen.

Without any delay she tore open the envelope and read as follows:

EAGLE BUREAU, AUDITORIUM BUILDING, }
CHICAGO, Monday, October 16. }

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN—Here I am again, sittin' jusht as comfortable as ye plaze in the *Eagle* office, wid the purty little typewriter beside me, ready and willin' to print anything I want to say to ye.

I was so plazed wid her ladylike manners phwhin I was writin' the lasht letther to ye that I tuk her out an' thrated her to ice-crame, an' yistherda' phwhin I was at the fair grounds I bought her a snooveneer spoon.

I ped four dollars for it, but the swate smile she gev me phwhin I presented it to her this mornin' was worth the price, an' more, too.

I forgot to tell ye a funny thing that happened the night we arrived in Chicago; it wasn't so very funny for us, but I know 'twill make you laugh till the tears come into yer eyes.

Phwhin we wor goin' to bed the first night, the ould man wanted to take a dhrink, so we opened the thrunk. As soon as the lid was raised we felt a terrible shmell o' phwhishky, an' lo an' behold ye, phwhin we tuk some o' the clothes out an' kem to the place phwhere the bottles wor, we found the whole lot o' thim broke, an' ivery blissed dhrop o' the shtuff spilled all over the duds.

Mary Ann an' meself wor near crazy bekase our things wor spoiled, an' Mulgrew kem near havin' a fit, bekase his supply of phwhishky that he bought specially for nightcaps was done for. We had to take iverything out an' give thim to the chambermaid to wash an' air.

Ivery day since the day I wrote my last letther, Mulgrew has shneaked off be himself to the fair, lavin' Mary Ann an' meself to paddle our own canoe. He towld me he met some frinds from Brooklyn, an' that they wor doin' the fair together in their own way.

I've been wondherin' iver since phwhat their way was; I looked high an' low through the different buildin's ivery day but saw no signs o' the ould man.

Yistherda' mornin' I was sthrollin' down through wan o' the sthreets phwhin I kem across phwhat they calls the Midway somethin' or other; 'tis a French name that's hard, to say an' it musht be hard to shpell, so I'll not trouble the typewriter to write it, for ye wouldn't undherstand it anyway.

The Midway is a long sthreet, like the Bowery in Coney Island, wid different kinds o' shows on each side; there's haythens there from ivery counthry undher the sun almosht, doin' shtunts for the amusemint o' the crowd.

Ivery counthry is intitled to wan village, but av coorse the Irish wor not contint wid wan; they musht have two or none, so for peace sake they let thim have two spaces; an' the Yankees go into thim an' pay thribble prices for Irish lace handkerchiefs that niver saw a sight o' the ould dart, an' large amounts for bog oak pipes an' ornaments an' things that ye can buy in the ould counthry for a song.

In wan o' the Irish villages they have phwhat they calls a bit o' the real Blarney stone, an' they charge tin cints to kiss it. "Would ye like to kiss the blarney shtone, ma'am?" says an ould gizabo wid a face on him like a pint o' mixed ale all dhrank up.

"Get out wid ye an' yer ould Blarney shtone," says I; "I kissed the rale Blarney shtone before I left Ireland, in the side o' Blarney Cashtle, phwhere ye have to climb up to the roof an' hang over the edge, phwhile somebody houlds ye be the legs, an' yer in danger o' losin' yer life phwhile yer sthrivin' to kiss the shtone. Excuse me from any such an imitation of a Blarney shtone," says I; an' phwhin he saw I wasn't a Yankee he pushed me wan side an' began spillin' out a lot o' talk to a gang o' gawks that wor shtandin' around there wid their mouths open ready to take anything he might say as the gospel truth, jusht bekase he was Irish.

We walked up the sthreet a piece, till we kem to a place phwhere a man was standin' up on a barrel shoutin' about a wondherful dance that was goin' on inside; says he, "This is the dance that ye read about in the papers, condimned be all the clargy, an' all it coshts is twinty-five cints."

"Well," says I to Mary Ann, "let us go in an' see the haythen performance; we haven't come here all the ways from Gowanus to look at the outside of iverything; we musht see the whole business, good, bad an' indifferent."

So we ped our money an' we wint in an' the man inside showed us down to the front seats, an' phwhin I looked around, who was sittin' right behind me but Mulgrew an' his Brooklyn frinds.

I said nothin' at all to him, bekase I wanted to see phwhat it was that was takin' him off wid the other min ivery day to the Midway. In a few minutes a woman kem out wid a face on her

that ud shtop the circulation of a newspaper, the music sthruck up, an' she comminced to wobble around the stage in a most undacent, disgushtin' fashion; I cudn't see phwhere the dance kem in, for her feet niver left the flure wanst; divil a jig step or a highland fling or a caper of any kind, but jusht bendin' her body an' wobblin' her stomach, as if she had the gripes or some-thin'.

'Come on out o' this!' says I to Mary Ann; 'this is no place for dacent people like uz;' and I gev wan look at Mulgrew that nearly withered him off the sate, an' his frinds began to laugh as if it was a good joke.

I gev him a good sound talkin' to phwhin he kem in that night, an' now we all go to the fair together ivery day, an' although we wint to the Midway siveral times, we gev the stomach dancer the go by ivery time.

The lasht time I was in the *Eagle* office, Misther Rockwood axed me wud we like to go to a reciption that was to be given to the folks that kem on the *Eagle* excursion; I said we'd be plazed to go, only the ould man hadn't his full dress wid him; but Mary Ann phwhispered to me that she had hired it jusht for this purpose, an' shlipped it into the bottom of the thrunk, so I towld Misther Rockwood that we'd go wid the greatest of pleasure, so he gev me three tickets.

We had a great circus, thryin' to get the ould man to consint to wearin' the full dhress, especially bekase the shmell o' the phwhishky was stickin' to it like a brother.

Says he, "Phwhishky is all well enough in its place, but it's place is not on the outside of a coat, but on the inside of the stomach; but Mary Ann got out her cologne sprinkler, wid the rubber ball on the ind, that ye squeeze, an' it squirts the swate smell all around, an' she squirted about a pint o' the besht cologne on the suit an' on her father, till the coat was like a boukay of flowers, an' Mulgrew shmelled like a new man.

Thin he put on the suit, an' we put on the besht we had wid us; we didn't bring our Imerald ball dresses, for fear they'd be too stylish, an' we started for the ball.

It was a great night for Brooklyn, I tell ye; they had Innes's big brass band playin' the mosht beautiful music, an' iverybody that wanted to could dance to their heart's contint. There was some o' the purtiest young gerruls there I iver laid eyes on; be-gorra, ye cudn't help feelin' proud of Brooklyn, it med such a fine showin' that night.

The ould man was very unaisy in his dhress suit all the avenin'; an' he was mighty glad to get out of it phwhin we kem back to the hotel; but he behaved beautifully, an' meself an' Mary Ann wor quite plazed wid him.

Mary Ann sinds out snooveneer postage cards to all her frinds ivery day. She sint wan to Maud this mornin', an' I suppose she'll get it about the same time as you get this.

The clock is afther strikin' 12, an' the little typewriter looks tired, so I'll poshtpone tellin' ye' the resht o' the news till the next letther.

Yours forever,

MARY MULGREW.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MRS. MULGREW'S THIRD EPISTLE FROM THE WINDY CITY.

Mrs. McBrannigan and Maud went down-town on Thursday morning to do some shopping; when they returned they found that the postman had been there, for when they opened the door, there lay an envelope with the familiar Chicago postmark.

Mrs. McBrannigan sat down at once and declared that she wouldn't attempt to prepare the dinner until Maud had read the letter, as she was very anxious to find out how Mrs. Mulgrew was getting on at the great Chicago Fair.

Maud, being fully as curious as her mother, opened the letter and read it.

These were the contents of the interesting epistle:

EAGLE BUREAU, AUDITORIUM BUILDING, }
CHICAGO, Ill., October 24. }

DEAR MRS. McBRANNIGAN—Another week has passed by since I wrote to you lasht, but it doesn't seem so long, bekase the time jusht skips by ye here, so that you hardly know phwhat time o' day it is until the sogers begin shoutin' that 'tis time to be goin' home at night.

The ould man is laid up this mornin'. He took a dhrink o' the Chicago wather be mistake yistherday, an' it med him sick.

If there's wan thing in the world that's worse than another, 'tis the Chicago wather—it ain't even fit to wash yer face in; it's so bad that they don't offer it to dacent people to dhrink, but instid o' that they do have little shtands wid blue boxes on top phwhere ye dhrop a pinny in, an' out comes a glass o' cold, clean wather, as nice as ye plaze.

Av coorse I don't throuble the wather boxes much, bekase there's plinty o' good beer an' mixed ale on tap all over the grounds; but the wather man does a good business in spite of it, bekase the fair is full of a gang o' dhried-up Yanks, that look as if they or their ancesthors niver touched a dhrop of anything good in their lives.

There's wan place in the flower buildin' (it has some other

long name that I can't remember) phwhere I saw a Yankee jay farmer wid a set o' billy goat phwhishkers, dhrinkin' a little bit of a glass o' bad wine that he ped tin cints for, an' be the way he was shoutin' ye'd think he had a tin-dollar Gowanus jag on, wid a set o' the shnakes into the bargain.

These jayhawkers 'll be the death o' me yet. I meet thim ivery day, carrying bashkets an' boxes full o' sandwiches an' shtuff, and the outlandish appearance o' thim 'ud make ye die laughin', so it wud.

I had great throuble wid me feet firsht off, phwhin I kem here. Afther gettin' home to me hotel at night they felt like two lumps o' red hot coal, an' I used to have to soak thim in hot wather for half an hour, an' scrape the corns an' bunions off wid the ould man's razor.

Av coorse this didn't do the razor any good, an' the first time Mulgrew thried to shave himself he raised the divil, an' phwhin I explained phwhat happened the edge o' the razor he was worse than iver, an' shwore that he wudn't let me walk another shtep on the grounds; so iver since I've thraveled around in a thing like a big baby carriage, wid a man dhressed like a poshtman pushin' it from behind.

There's hundherds o' thim on the grounds, an' all kinds o' people uses thim, but mostly feeble ould Yankee min and women. The pushers ain't used to shovin' fat people like me around, an' it takes two o' thim to move the chair whin I sit in it.

I broke three o' thim before I found wan that was sthrong enough to hould me. They charge me double price for it, bekase it was intended to carry two people.

All the same I'm havin' a fine time. I can't explain the things I've seen since I kem here. Some wan said that there's siven wondhers in the world, but he didn't know phwhat he was talkin' about. I cud take me dyin' oath that I've seen about siven million o' thim wid me own two eyes, an' I don't wear specs nayther.

There's wan buildin' alone that covers forty-two acres. It took me a whole day to go through it, an' I don't belave I saw more than half the things. They have articles from ivery country in the world, but ye'd think Ireland could produce nothing but phwhisky, for divil a thing else, barrin' a few bits o' lace in the Irish village, did I see in the whole fair wid Ireland's label on it.

There is wan very purty Irish display, though, an' 'twould do yer heart good to look at it; 'tis nothing more or less than an Irish harp med of rale Irish shamrocks, planted in the ground be

a young woman o' the name of Eileen Donlin, an', more power to her elbow, she's a Brooklyn gerrul, too.

We had a grand celebration here lasht Sathurday; it was a special day set apart for New York City, an', I tell ye, they made things hum; there was parades, an' spachemakin', an' fireworks, an' balloons, an' the devil knows phwhat all.

I everybody from the neighborhood of New York wore a phwhite badge; I got wan an' wore it jusht to show thim shkinny divils from the Wesht that I was none o' their breed.

I took a ride in a gondola lasht avenin', an' I tell ye it was illegant.

Meself an' Mary Ann had the whole boat to ourselves, an' two big dagoes rowed us around amongst the buildin's, phwhile the music played an' the fountains splashed, an' everything went as merry as it does on a fair day in Ireland, only on a bigger an' more expinsive plan.

We will likely stay here for another week, an' if we do I'll write again, an' if I don't I can tell ye phwhat I want to say phwhin I get back. I cud kape on talkin' for a year widout shtoppin, about the wondherful sights o' this place.

I musht shtop now; the darlin' little typewriter looks weary. She says there's so many Brooklyn dudes runnin' in an' out o' the office ivery day, axin' her questions, that she has to take a slape ivery afternoon to resht herself, they make her so tired.

So good-bye; remimber me to all the neighbors, an' belave me, always yours,

MARY MULGREW.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MRS. MULGREW RETURNS HOME FROM HER TRIP TO THE
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Mrs. McBrannigan watched anxiously every day last week for the letter carrier, but the emissary from Captain Conlin's office did not stop, even to inform her that he had no letter for her, and when Friday evening arrived and no news had come from Mrs. Mulgrew, Mrs. McBrannigan made up her mind that her neighbor had become so fascinated with the great Exposition that she had forgotten to write her usual weekly letter.

She had just finished washing up the tea things, and was preparing to take a walk down the street as far as Mrs. O'Dooley's to inquire after Mr. O'Dooley, who was reported to be "very bad intirely," which is the Gowanus way of saying that he had little or no hope of recovery from his sickness, when she heard a loud rap at the front door.

She hastened to open it and almost dropped dead from astonishment when she saw the familiar form and features of Mrs. Mulgrew herself.

"Well, glory be to goodness, Mrs. Mulgrew! an' is this yer-self? Is id from the shky ye dhropped, woman alive? Shure I thought ye wor in Chicago!" exclaimed Mrs. McBrannigan.

"Divil a fear o' me dhroppin' from the shky," said Mrs. Mulgrew, quickly, "but I dhropped home from the World's Fair three or four days ago, an' I was so tired that I didn't have the courage to show me nose outside the dure till this avenin' to visit any wan. An' how is ivery tether linth o' ye? An' how are all the neighbors?"

"Oh, I'm first rate, meself," answered Mrs. McBrannigan, "an' so's the ould man an' Maud an' Jack, an' so is iverybody in Gowanus, as far as I know, barrin' poor O'Dooley, that got a bad fall through a buildin' some weeks ago; I saw Mrs. O'Dooley this mornin' an' she was tellin' me that she's afeard he won't pull through; they had a conglomeration of three or four docthors yistherda' an' they all agreed that he had no show at all at all, so Mrs. O'Dooley discharged them all, an' sint for the priest at wanst.

"That's too bad intirely," said Mrs. Mulgrew; "I'm very sorry for Mrs. O'Dooley, for a betther, pleasanter neighbor I niver knew, an' 'twill come very hard on her to lose the ould man comin' on the winther an' times are so hard, too."

"Oh, she won't be so badly off," said Mrs. McBrannigan, "for be a foine piece o' luck her huzhband insured his life jusht before he met wid the accident an' she's been dhrawing money ivery week since from the insurance company, an' if he dies she's to get siveral hundhred dollars."

"Oh, that makes quite a difference," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "I thought she was poor as a Protestant church mouse, but all the same 'tis bad enough, for she'll be losin' the society of her man, an' that manes a good dale to a woman that's been married for twinty or twinty-foive years, Mrs. McBrannigan."

"I suppose it does," said Mrs. McBrannigan, with a sigh; "but let us talk of somethin' more cheerful. I enjoyed readin' yer letthers from the Chicago fair very much indade, an' I've been wishin' for ye to come back so that ye cud gimme a betther account, for, although letthers are all well enough in their way, still 'tis much betther to have the shtory from a person's own mouth; 'tis far more satisfactory."

"Thru for ye, Mrs. McBrannigan," assented Mrs. Mulgrew; "there was so many things that happened that I wanted to tell ye about that I couldn't put in the letthers, that I wasn't aisy till I started for home; Mary Ann put down iverything in a big blank book ivery day, an' she'll be able to tell ye more abot the wondherful sights we saw than I cud; but I can remimber iverything in the way of fun we had, from the time we started till we got back."

Mrs. Mulgrew seated herself in the large rocking-chair and started in to give Mrs. McBrannigan a partial account of some of the adventures she had been through during her trip.

"Afther we got through seein' the wondherful things in all the other buildin's we started out wan mornin' to explore the picther gallery. The ould man had been over there all alone, siveral times, afther I gave him the layin' out for spindin' all his time at the Turkish stomach-wobblin' dance, an' he riccominded the paintings very highly; he said he wint through there wid a guide that he ped two dollars to for pointin' out the besht picthers an' explainin' the meanin' o' thim to him."

"Of course meself an' Mary Ann wanted to see them too, so, as I said before, we started out bright an' early wan mornin' an'

took the illevated electhric railroad around to the place where the buildin' is that they have the picthers in, an' in we wint.

"We met the man at the dure that took Mulgrew around, an' we med a bargain wid him to take us around an' show us the picthers an' tell us all about thim for three dollars.

"Well, we started in; he brought us into a big room an' stopped forninst a great big phwhite marble statue, an' says he, 'This is considered wan o' the finest works of art in the whole wide world; it took tin years to carve it, an' the value of it is sixty thousand dollars.' I looked up at the statue an' I gev a jump; there it was standin' as natheral as life, an' divil a stitch o' clothes on it of any shape or shtyle. I stood in front of Mary Ann so's she couldn't see it, an' I gev the guide a piece o' me mind. 'I'm a dacent woman, young man,' says I, 'an' I have me daughther wid me, an' we didn't come in here to be insulted; the man that carved that statue had a right to spind another six months on it an' carve some clothes for it, an' not have dacent, modesht people shocked out of their siven sinses wid things of this kind. I thought the Turkish woman down in the Midway was purty bad, wid her wobblin' dance, but she had some dacency, for she had part of her body covered wid clothes.'

"Then Mary Ann broke in, an' says she, 'But ye musht remember, maw, this is art, an' it represents people of a long time ago, an' ye musht make allowance for that.' 'Well,' says I, 'if that's the case, this musht be a statue of Adam before Eve discovered the female fashion of wearin' clothes.' Thin I looked around an' saw about a hundhred other statues, both males an' females, an' sorra wan o' thim had as much coverin' on thim as ye cud use for dhressin' a pinny doll.

"'Come on out o' this,' says I to Mary Ann; 'if this is phwhat they call art, I'll have none of it.' 'Well, the guide argued wid me that there wor some very fine picthers in the other rooms, an' I agreed to go in wid him. Phwhin we got into the first room, the very first thing I laid eyes on was a picther of a young gerrul shwimmin' around in a pool o' wather widout even a pair o' bathin' tights on. Phwin I saw that I med up me mind I'd go no further. 'I'm done wid this!' says I. 'We'll go back an' look at the flowers an' the punkins an' the machinery; no more art for me.' Wid that the guide gev a laugh like a horse, an' says he, 'I'm very sorry, ma'am, that ye have no appreciation of art, but yer huzhband has. He's been here ivery

day this week, lookin' at the objects on exhibition, an' he seemed to enjoy it very much indade.'

"Says I, thin, 'My huzhband an' me is two different breeds. He comes from a low county in Ireland, an' his tastes is the same; but, as for me, I was born on the top of a hill in Galway, an' I'll shtick to me high-toned ideas till I die!' Thin I took Mary Ann be the arm an' walked her out into the fresh air, an' we took the cars an' wint back to the Midway to have some fun.

"We ped twenty-five cints to go in to see a beauty show. There was forty women of different sizes an' sthyles, wid signs hung up forninst thim tellin' phwhere they kem from. We walked around 'till we kem to the wan labeled Ireland, an' I shtopped an' shpoke to her. Says I, 'Phwhat part of Ireland are you from?' She looked at me an' shook her head. 'Begorra,' says I to Mary Ann, 'she musht be deaf an' dumb. I niver saw an Irish woman yet that cudn't give some kind of an answer phwhin a person shpoke to her! Thin a woman in the next cage, that was labeled Russia, spoke to me in a regular Yankeeified accint, an' says she, 'Excuse me, ma'am, but I'll tell ye phwat's the matter; the Japanese gerrul is sick to-day an' the boss took the Irish gerrul an' med her dhress herself up in the Japanee's clothes, an, he hired this German gerrul to riprisint Ireland in the meantime; if ye want to have a talk wid the Irish gerrul, jusht walk along till ye come to phwhere it says Japan, an' spake to her in a phwhishper, bekase the boss doesn't want it known that he's been changin' things around like this, for fear 'twould hurt his business.

"So I wint up an' sphoke to the Irish Japanee, an' found her a very pleasant sphoken young woman, but, as far as beauty was concerned, the homeliest bulldog that iver stood on four legs cud give her cards an' spades an' beat her.

"Thin we wint out and sthrolled over to the Dahomey Village, phwhere the rale ginuine naygurs from Africa are, an' I musht say that a dirtier lot o' people I niver saw in all me life. They wor all gathered around the middle o' the place lookin' at a man killin' a chicken for wan o' their haythen sacrifices; he cut the neck o' the poor chicken wid a knife, so that the blood spilled all over the ground; then he cracked the joints o' the wings an' legs before the bird was dead, an' threw it on the ground; thin another big buck took a bottle o' lager beer an' shprinkled some of it over the chicken's blood, at the same time mutterin' prayers o' some kind in the naygur language. I shouted at him not to

be wastin' the good beer like that, an' the first thing I knew two o' the savages had a hould o' me be the arms an' before I cud say Jack Robinson they landed me outside the gate, an' phwhin I complained about it to wan o' the sogers that's all over the grounds, he said it served me right for interfarin' wid their religion."

At this point of her narrative Mrs. Mulgrew gave a look at the clock, and seeing that it was a quarter past seven, jumped up and said to Mrs. McBrannigan:

"Ye'll have to exskuse me from goin' on wid the resht o' me shtory, bekase I promised Mary Ann I'd be back at siven o'clock to go to the theater wid her; she wants to go to see a Frinch play that's goin' on at the Park Theater."

"An' shure ye don't undherstand Frinch, Mrs. Mulgrew," said Mrs. McBrannigan, with some surprise.

"Av coorse I don't," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "but ye don't need to undherstand any language to undherstand this play, for they don't spake a word the whole avenin'; the play is all shown be signs, an' Mary Ann says we ought to go an' see it, so I'm goin' jusht to plaze her. I'll be over some avenin' early in the week to tell ye all about it. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mrs. Mulgrew," said Mrs. McBrannigan, and closing the door she went into the front room and slipped on her shawl to pay her nightly visit to Mrs. O'Dooley, whose better half is lying so near the boundary of that undiscovered country from which no traveler returns.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN INTERESTING STRANGER MAKES HIS APPEARANCE IN
GOWANUS.

"Hullo, Jigsy!"

"Hullo, Slob; happy New Year."

"Same to yerself; where yer bound for?"

"Over to Mul's, to do de brace act."

"What! going to try de 'happy New Year' game?"

"Yep."

"Say, yer better not; unless yer wantter hear somet'n drop."

"Why? Has de old man got a bug?"

"Has he? Why, he has a hull menagerie, wid a circus full o' fleas trown in; he's as sour as a load o' penny pickles, an' I wouldn't brace him for me New Year's for \$8; I tink we better wait till he gets a few balls into him, an' den he'll feel more good-natured an' we kin give him a jolly, see?"

"Yep; but wot was it dat put him on his ear?"

"Well, last night, wen I was in de saloon talkin' to Mulgrew, a dead fly mug come in, dressed up like a sport, an' he commenced givin' Mul a game o' talk dat near took him off his feet, see? He was sayin' a good deal about de Woild's Fair at Chicago, an' Mul says, 'Don't tell me nuttin' about de Woild's Fair, becuz I was dere, an' I seen everyting in de place.' 'Did yer see de fifty-foot corkscrew?' says de dead fly mug, winkin' at me. 'I did not,' says Mul; 'where was it?' 'In de Manufacturin' buildin',' says his muglets de sport, wid a smile. 'An' wot use ud a fifty-foot corkscrew be?' says Mulgrew, tinkin' he had de fly mug where de hair was short. 'Why, didn't ye hear about it?' says de mug; 'it was bought be de Queen of England, an dey're goin' to use it pullin' de Cork out of Ireland, see? so dat de water kin rush in an' swamp de hull place, an' England 'll never have any more trouble bodderin' herself about Home Rule an' all dat kind o' nonsense, see?'

"Well, wen Mulgrew heard dat I tought he'd drop in a faint, sure; he turned red, white an' blue; first he was goin' to get

mad, but wen he seen how de laugh was on him, he set up de drinks for de crowd.

“Den de dead fly mug took a pack o’ cards out of his pocket and began to do some tricks wit dem dat he said he learned from a fakir in de Turkish Village at de Woild’s Fair. I tell yer he did some lulu stunts, an’ Mulgrew’s potato trap hung wide open, he was so kerflummixed lookin’ at him. Well, wen de fly mug had did several tricks he asked Mulgrew to make a bet wid him dat he couldn’t find a card after Mul had took it from de pack an’ looked at it an’ put it back again.

“Mulgrew tought dat was a dead cinch, so he put up a fiver, an’ de card juggler done de same, an den he shuffled de pasteboards as slick as any one I ever see, an’ got Mul to draw one; wen Mul looked at it for about a half an hour, so’s to make sure of wot it wus, he put it back, an’ de mug shuffled de cards again, an’ in less dan tree shakes of a billy goat’s tail he held up de very card Mul had picked out, an’, of course, scooped in de five bones. He balled off de mob, dough, an’ den said it was about time for him to be skippin’, an’ he lit out.”

“An wus his Mulgrewlets mad?”

“Wus he mad? Well, I should sneeze! de maddest hatter dat ever woiked in a hat factory wusn’t in it wid him, an de woist of it is, he ain’t over ’t yet; wot made him so riley wus de fact dat he had gone all trough Chicago an de Woild’s Fair widout gittin’ skinned, an’ here wus a mug come in an’ skinned him out o’ five cases right over his own bar. Gee! I never heard him swear like he did las’ night; he coised till he wus black in de face.”

The above conversation took place on a street corner in Gowanus on New Year’s morning between “Slob” McTerrigan and “Jigsy” McDuff.

In order to explain the first part of the chat, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I would say that it is the custom in Gowanus for the proprietors of the various places where liquid refreshment is dispensed, to give their regular customers a present of a bottle on New Year’s day, the size of which and the quality of its contents depending upon the amount of patronage the customer has bestowed upon the store during the year.

It was to obtain this evidence of Mr. Mulgrew’s appreciation of his custom that Jigsy McDuff was on his way to the Mulgrew hostelry, when he was stopped by his friend Slob McTerrigan,

who, being aware of Mr. Mulgrew's fit of crankiness, warned Jigsy that he had "better bide a wee."

While Jigsy and Slob were conversing Slob noticed a man coming up the street, and, interrupting Jigsy in the performance of one of his most intricate steps, said, very suddenly:

"Well, if dat ain't de sunofagun dat done Mulgrew out o' de fiver, I'm a goat, dat's all."

Jigsy stopped jigging and gave vent to a long, low whistle at the fine clothes of the "sunofagun," who approached them with an easy, swinging gait which showed that he was feeling at perfect ease, even among seemingly incongruous surroundings.

"It seems to me I've seen dat feller's mug somewheres before," said Jigsy, as he knit his brows and began to think.

"Oh, no; I guess yer off yer trolley dis time," said Slob; "he's a Spaniard. Yer never seen one of his kind around dese diggins before. I wonder wot kind of a flimflam game his nibs is up to dis mornin'. I should tink he'd be satisfied wit makin' a fiver outer Mulgrew las' night, widout wantin' to pull his leg for any more coin dis mornin'. Mulgrew is onto him now, an' if he tries any more of his funny business he's likely to git hoited, dat's all."

The dark-skinned stranger, who was attired in a well-fitting Prince Albert suit, over which he wore a light-colored ulster of Irish frieze, which was thrown open so as to show the fancy plaid silk lining, crossed the street just as Slob was finishing his sentence, and, coming toward the two young men, bade Slob a pleasant good-morning.

Slob, who felt highly flattered to think that the stranger whom he had classed as a "dead fly mug" should have remembered him, nodded stiffly and replied, as cheerfully as his naturally tough nature would allow, "Good-mornin'."

Then Slob spit a large mouthful of tobacco juice over into the gutter, which was about fifteen feet away, just to show that even the fact of his hobnobbing with such distinguished persons as "dead fly mugs" did not rob him of his natural ease of manner.

"Dis is me friend Jigsy McDuff, Mr. ——er, I didn't ketch yer name las' night," said Slob, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Jigsy, who was eyeing the stranger with the eyes of one who knows he has seen the person he is looking at and knows him as well as he does his own name, but cannot for the moment place him.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said the stranger, smiling under his

big bushy moustache. Everybody knows me as Flip—Jack Flip; I'm pleased to meet your friend Mr. McDuff.

"Tanks," said Jigsy, as he resumed his dancing where he had left off when Slob interrupted him, at the same time keeping his eye on Flip in the same uneasy way as before.

"How is our Irish friend across the way, since last night?" asked the stranger, giving Slob a poke in the ribs to put him in good humor.

"He's as mad as a bear wit a sore ear," said Slob; "he's goin' round dis mornin' growlin' as if he'd lost his best friend. I used to tink he was a dead game sport, but I see different now. Anyway, he don't like to be bamboozled before de gang, see? becuz it makes him look so foolish, an' when a man gits lookin' foolish in Gowanus, he's a dead loss, an' doncher forgit it, see?"

"I was thinking of going over to try him on one or two other little games of mine," said the suave stranger, "just to give him a chance to get his money back, you know. I don't want him to rest under the impression that he's been robbed, you know."

"I don't tink yer cud drag him into any more guessin' games wid a team o' horses," said Slob; "from de way he talked last night, I don't tink it ud be safe for ye to go near de place at all."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Flip. "Come over, you and your friend McDuff, and we'll have a drink or two with the old man. I'll tell him a couple of Turkish stories that I heard in the Midway Plaisance, and I'll guarantee to have him laughing inside of five minutes."

Slob and Jigsy needed no second invitation, and in a few moments the trio was seated at a table in Mulgrew's back room.

Mr. Mulgrew came slouching in with a look on his face which meant that the stranger was not at all welcome, but when the stranger gave an order for three glasses of the very best brandy, the corners of Mr. Mulgrew's mouth began to loosen, and when, after bringing them in, he was asked to partake of some of the beverage himself, a faint suspicion of a smile appeared upon his face.

While he was out in the front part of the store getting the bottle and glasses, the slick stranger began the recital of a story of a very Midwayish flavor, to which Slob and Jigsy listened with intense interest.

While Mr. Mulgrew was placing the brandy bottle and the glasses on the table, he caught the drift of the story, and dropping unconsciously into a chair, listened as attentively as the

others, and when the salacious climax was reached, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

The slick young man followed up his advantage by telling another tale of a similar character, only a little more so, and again Mr. Mulgrew gave way to unrestrained expression of his enjoyment.

"Ha! ha! ha! that shtory was worth the five ye done me out of last night!" he exclaimed, when he could recover himself; "'tis the funniest thing I iver heard."

The stranger told half a dozen more stories, some of them being (supposedly) adventures of a personal character which the narrator had gone through during his stay in Chicago, and his hearers were kept in a constant state of hilarity.

While they were laughing at one of the stories, the back door leading from the hallway which communicated with the living apartments of the Mulgrews was opened a few inches, and Mrs. Mulgrew's face appeared.

She beckoned her husband over and consulted with him about what they would have for their New Year's dinner; when she had finished, she glanced around the room, and when she caught the stranger's eye he turned pale as a ghost and then as red as a beet; the others looked on in astonishment.

"Arrah, thin, Dushty O'Dowd, how is ivery tether lenth o' ye? 'Tis moighty glad I am to see ye back again from the World's Fair!" was the salutation with which she greeted the dark-skinned stranger.

Mr. Mulgrew dropped the glasses he was holding, to the floor and gazed at the stranger in astonishment, as he went over and shook Mrs. Mulgrew by the hand, and Slob and Jigsy looked at each other as much as to say, "Well, after dis we give up, see?"

The dark-skinned stranger, with the slick ways, and the entertaining stories, and the fine clothes and the big moustache was none other than their old neighbor and fellow Gowanusian Dusty O'Dowd.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. DUSTY O'DOWD GIVES A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF HIS
WANDERINGS.

When Mr. Mulgrew and Slob and Jigsy recovered from the first shock of surprise which had staggered them when they realized how they had been taken in by Dusty O'Dowd, they burst into a loud laugh, as though they were enjoying the best joke of their lives. Mrs. Mulgrew looked from one to the other in astonishment. She of course had not heard of the "flimflamming" of the night before, and consequently could not account for the peculiar actions of her husband and Messrs. McTerrigan and McDuff.

"Arrah, thin, phwhat's the matter wid yez?" she asked, in surprise. "Is it crazy ye all are? makin' such a fuss bekase I shook hands wid Dushty O'Dowd, that I met in Chicago all dhressed up in Turkey clothes? Faith, I'm mighty glad he escaped from the bloody brown blackguards wid his life, even if his skin is turned the same color as their own an' his face an' voice is changed so that his own mother wouldn't recognize him."

Mr. Dusty O'Dowd made a low Turkish salaam toward Mrs. Mulgrew when she made this speech, which tickled the other men so much that they burst into another loud guffaw.

"That's right, that's right, ye gang of ignioramuses," shouted Mrs. Mulgrew; "'tis aisy seeing' yez are not used to ginteel manners, or ye wouldn't be laughin' at Mister O'Dowd's illegant fashion of bowin' phwhin he's complimented; begorra, I think if some o' yez Gowanus tarriers wor put through a thrashin' machine like the wans we saw at the World's Fair in Chicago, yez ud come out at the other ind as tough as phwhin ye wint in; niver mind; me-self an' Misther O'Dowd undherstands the etiquettery of foreign counthries, even if we have spint most of our lives in Gowanus, amongst goats an' tarriers like yez; phwhin we got a chance to thravel we med the most of it, an' we can't help feelin' sorry for people that doesn't know any betther than to laugh in the faces o' their betthers phwhin they're thryin' to show thim how to be-

have like ladies an' gintlemin. Isn't it the thruth I'm tellin', Misther O'Dowd.

Dusty made another low bow, even more elaborate than before, which set the three "tarriers" off again on another laugh, and when Mrs. Mulgrew saw that her sarcastic speech had had no effect, she bowed to Dusty with the air of a queen, and slammed the door, leaving herself on the outside of course; but before she shut it she managed to throw a look of such intense scorn in the direction of Slob and Jigsy that these two worthies almost fell from their chairs with fright.

When Mrs. Mulgrew had gone, the eyes of Mr. Mulgrew, Slob and Jigsy were immediately turned upon Dusty, who returned their stare with interest, and puffed clouds of smoke ceilingward from one of Mulgrew's big, fat, five-cent cigars, with the air of a man who was quite used to being stared at, and took it as his due.

Finally, when the silence threatened to become embarrassing, Dusty, with a peculiar movement of his jaw, shifted the cigar from the middle to the corner of his mouth, at the same time ejecting a mouthful of saliva with unerring aim into the recesses of a large cuspidor, which stood in the corner, about fifteen feet from where he sat; then, after the manner of people of great importance, he coughed once or twice to call attention to the fact that he was about to speak.

The audience of three leaned forward, after the manner of heelers when a ward boss opens his mouth to give utterance to an opinion on some matter of local or national interest, and waited.

Then Dusty O'Dowd, going back to the familiar lingo which was his language before he had enjoyed the advantages of a six months' sojourn in the Midway Plaisance, addressed his hearers as follows:

"Well, fellers, I suppose youse are wonderin' how de devil I managed to pull de wool over yer eyes las' night an' do de flim-flam act on Mulgrew widout havin' one o' youse tumble to me little racket; well, it's just like dis, see? Since I been away, you might as well say I been all around de woild an' back again, dat's all.

"Now, a mug cant' go around de woild widout gittin' some o' de dots knocked off his topknot; an' dat goes, see? In the foyst place I kin speak twelve languages. Of course, I can't read dem nor write dem, but I kin hold up my end of de conversation wid any mug, no matter what part o' de woild he comes from, except

de place where de Polocker sheenies come from in Russia. Oh, gee whiz! I come near losin' tree or four o' me front teet' tryin' to loin how to pernounce dem sheeny polock woids, an' I had to give it up as a bad job.

"Wy, I'm so used to talkin' foreign languages dat I didn't know whedder I'd ever be able to come back to the good, old-fashioned style o' talkin' dat I was used to before I went away; but youse kin see dat I kin talk de language o' Gowanus just as well as well as if I never learned how to parley voo, or sprykensy Deitch; am I right?"

Mr. Mulgrew, Jigsy and Slob were so engrossed that they were unable to make any audible reply to Dusty's question. They nodded their heads vigorously, however, and Dusty, after taking several puffs from his cigar, by way of inspiration, resumed:

"Well, de last time I was in Gowanus before dis, was las' spring. I dropped in here to see Mulgrew, an' I wus so well dressed dat he didn't reckonise me. I wus woikin' de race tracks over in Joisey den, as a tout, an' wus makin' plenty o' de long green, but business got pooty bad after a while, an' I made up my mind dat de best ting I could do was to make tracks for Chicago an' take in de Woild's Fair.

"Well, I was pooty low down in de way of small change wen I started for de West, I kin tell you. I didn't hire no private palace car, not on yer life. I jist laid around de railroad yards in Joisey City till I seen a good freight train startin' out one night. I crept in tru de door of one o' de cars dat wasn't locked, an' laid down an' went to sleep.

"Wen I woke up I found dat I was locked in, an' I commenced to git a little scared for fear I might starve to death before de car ud get to where it was goin'; but wen I looked around an' seen what de car was filled wit', I stopped worryin' right den and dere.

"I guess de car was shipped from some wholesale grocery store in New York; dere was boxes an' boxes of all kinds o' stuff such as dey never tink o' sellin' in Gowanus groceries, an' two or tree barrels of ale in de corner.

"I wus feelin' kinder hungry just den, so I breaks open one o' de boxes, an' I finds it full o' canned corned beef, and I busts anudder box dat was marked snow flakes, not knowin' wot it might be, see? An' it toined out to be de daisiest milk crackers I ever chewed on; say, if I didn't have a royal good time I'm a goat, dat's all, see?"

“ Well, when I had me fill o’ de corned beef an’ crackers I wus feeling pooty thoisty, an’ just be de greatest good luck I found dat I had an old gimlet in me pocket, an’ I began to bore into one o’ de staves in one of de barrels of ale.

“ It wus a pooty tough job, I kin tell youse, an’ I was pooty tired by de time de ale commenced squirtin’ out tru’ one of de holes I made, but I put me mug on top o’ de hole an’ swallowed froth an’ all until I wus as happy as a clam.

“ Den I made some little pegs, an’ plugged up de gimlet holes in de barrel, an’ any time I wanted a drink after that all I had to do wus to pull one or two o’ de plugs an’ let her spout.

“ I tell youse it was great. I could a lived dat way for a mont’, but some time after we left Joisey, I don’t know whedder it was tree days or a week; I was full all de time; de train come to a full stop, an’ after a while I heard somebody openin’ de door of de car, an’ wen it was open I heard him say, ‘ I guess one o’ dem ale barrels must ’a’ busted, Jim,’ an’ I looked out from behind a box an’ seen tree or four brakesmen standing dere, an’ a a station agent, and I knowed dat if dey laid dere lamps on me I was a gone goose, so I watched when dey wusn’t lookin’ and I give a runnin’ jump, an’ knocked down one or two o’ dem, an’ den put across lots as fast as I could sneak. I never ran so fast in my life, but I knew it was a case o’ six months if dey collared me, so I put on all de steam I could.

“ Dey hollered at me to stop or I’d be shot, an’ dey fired brick-bats at me, but never touched me. Dey got tired runnin’ long before I did, I kin tell youse. I kep’ on runnin’ an’ runnin’ till I thought I’d drop dead sure, an I might ’a’ been running yet’ if it wasn’t for a stone wall I run up against, dat stopped me short.

“ I laid dere like a dead man, for about tree hours, an’ den I got up an’ commenced explorin’. I walked for an hour, an’ come to a village, an’ found I was sixty miles from Chicago.

“ Well, I slept in a stable that night, an’ de next mornin’ got me bearin’s an’ started to walk to Chicago. Well, say, you talk about a puddin’; if dat wusn’t a dead snap of a walk, I’m anudder.

“ I had to grub fer somet’n’ to eat all de way along, but I made out pooty well. Every place I come to I used to ask how far it was to Chicago, and I was mighty glad after two or three days wen an’ old jay told me I was only fifteen minutes’ walk from de city.

“ Well, sure enough, after walkin’ for a half an’ hour, I seen

a sign dat said 'City Lots for Sale' an' I asked anudder jayhawker if I wus in de city of Chicago, and he says, 'Yes, but dis part o' de city is only just after bein' annexed; de centre part o' de city is a good two days' walk from here.'

"Well, I found he was tellin' de troot, for it was two days an' a half later when I walked down Wabash avenue an' seen de *Eagle* office, wid a lot o' Brooklyn big mugs sittin' round readin' letters an' telegrams an' so on.

"I was just goin' in to ask de manager if dere wus any correspondence for me royal jigsteps, but I remembered dat I hadn't left me address wit any o' me Brooklyn friends, an' of course couldn't expect to git any letters."

When Dusty reached this point in his narration he paused to relight his cigar, which had gone out, and Mr. Mulgrew, taking advantage of the interruption, excused himself, saying something about "this being very dhry talk," and, going out to the bar, fetched in four large schooners of mixed ale, and when he had resumed his seat and his attentive air, Dusty cleared his throat with a good long pull at the schooner and resumed the narration of his adventures.

"Well," continued Dusty, "I waltzed around de streets of Chicago for two or tree days, takin' in de sights o' de great city, but I soon found it didn't pay for a cent. Dere wus about a hundred tousand udder blokes like myself, on de bum, see? an' I made up me mind dat I'd have to hustle or else fly de coop.

"I hocked almost everything but me shoit so's to git grub an' a night's lodgin' an' kep' huntin' around de city for somt'n' to do; but nobody seemed to want me, becuz I didn't understand de way dey had of doin' business; it is so different from de way we do it here in Gowanus; an' besides I never loined a trade, an' so I begun to tink I wus a dead loss, an' dat de best ting I cud do would be to commit suicide."

This startling idea caused Dusty's listeners to almost turn pale; they leaned forward in their seats and looked well at him to make sure that it was a real live man who was talking to them and not a ghost. Dusty noted their interest with pride, and taking another puff on his cigar, went on:

"Yes, fellers, it seems kinder foolish for a mug like me to talk like dat. Youse may say dat youse t'ought I had more sand an' all dat, but wich one o' youse wus ever let loose in a strange city, widout a friend or a cent in yer clothes? It's all O K w'en yer pocket is full o' plunks an' you kin stop at a foist class hotel an'

smoke big cigars wit' red bands around dem an' invite a hull gang o' mugs in to have a drink a dozen times a day; den's de time yer right in it, see? but when yer stomach t'inks yer t'roat's been cut an' begins to warble for some stirabout or clam chowder, or somet'n' to keep it from curlin' up an' bustin'—dat's de time yer feel like droppin' dead for fair, an' dat's jist the way I felt, on de level.

When I begun to tink it over, I found dat I didn't have enough money to buy a revolver to shoot meself, an' I tought it ud be too much of a cruelty to put rough on rats into an empty stomach. I was feelin' too bad in dat section already, so I made up me mind dat de best ting I could do was to go an' drown meself.

“Well, I walked along one o' de principal streets for a long ways, an' finally come to a bridge, an' I says to a mug. ‘Wot's dis, a canal?’ an' he says ‘Naw, dat's de Chicago river.’ Well, I'll take me solemn breakfast, I give one look at de river an' I got one smell of it, an' an' gev up me notion o' suicide right away.

“Say, we tink de Gowanus canal is pooty dead rotten in de perfumery way, but lemme tell yer, it ain't one two six wit de Chicago river; wy, de Gowanus canal, even at dead maggotty low tide, smells like a bottle o' Florida water compared wit de Chicago river, an' dat's straight.

“Dere may be some pleasure in drownin' yerself in good, clean, fresh salt water, but as for swallowin' any o' dat open sewer, I couldn't bring meself to do it, an' I turned on me way out toward de fair grounds in Jackson Park, tinkin' dat maybe somet'n might toin up for me out dere dat would change me luck.

“Well, when I got near de fair grounds, I seen dat it wus like Coney Island on a small scale; dere wus fakirs of all kinds yellin' an' hollerin' for all dey were worth, an' jayhawkers by de million, passin' by, an' buyin' tings to bring home to prove dey was at de Woild's Fair, when dey never shoved their noses inside de gate.

“I wus passin' by a museum, an' I stopped to look at a mug dat wus barkin' outside de door, tryin' to steer de jays into de place; he had a hummer of a voice, or wot wus left of one, an' he was shoutin' as hard as he could.

“While I wus watchin' him I seen him growin' paler an' paler, an' his voice got weaker an' weaker, until all of a sudden he gev a whoop an' dropped dead.

“I helped to carry him inside, an' when de proprietor of de musee seen dat he wus a goner he wus wild. He says, “Only

yistiday I give him a week's wages in advance, an' now, before he has one day of it earned, he goes to woik an' has de gall to drop dead; some men ain't got no more honesty about dem dan a log o' wood; if he'd only waited till de end o' de week before he done dis,' he says, 'I wouldn't 'a' minded it so much; an' I ain't got nobody to take his place, eider; I brung him all de ways from Coney Island, an' he wus de best barker in Chicago. I don't know wot I'm goin' to do at all.'

"Den an idea strikes into me noddlebox an' I takes him aside an' I says to him, 'Look here, old man, I tink I kin fill de dead mug's shoes; I wus born an' brung up about eight miles from West Brighton, an' I know all de ropes dat dey uses on de Bowery for steerin' yams into de dives dere,' I says, 'an' besides I'm almost starvin' for somet'n to eat, an' I got to git somet'n to do or I'll drop dead in me tracks like his muglets dat's after skinnin' you out of six days' wages; I won't ask yer for no wages in advance,' I says; 'all I want is a good square meal to start on, an' I'm good for any amount o' hollerin' pervidin' de good square meals is kep up; is it a go?'

"He sized me up, an' in about half a shake he slapped me on de back an' near broke me in two. 'It is a go,' he says; 'all yer got to do is to speak in dat dialect dat yer usin' now; it's somet'n dat's never been heard in Chicago, an' if you ain't able to gadder a crowd wit it, den I'll go out o' de show business, dat's all.'

"So he takes me to a beanery an' tells me to fill up as soon as possible, an' report for duty right away; well, say, make out I didn't make dat bill o' fare look sick in about fifteen minutes. I wus full of everyting, from soup to cheese, an' I went back to de musee an' reported for duty.

"De boss put me up on a big box in front o' de door an' told me to let her go, an' I did; well, in less dan no time I had such a big gang standin' aroun' listenin' to me dat de rest of de fakirs tought dere wus a fight or a riot or somet'n goin' on, an' when I finished me little speech de hull gang made a break for de ticket office an' de place wus so crowded dat de people could scarcely breathe.

"De way I managed was like dis: I didn't make a loud noise, like de udder fakirs; I jist talked to de yahoos in a low voice wit a confidential twist to it, an' told dem dat we had de greatest show on earth inside, dat it was only for men, an' dat if dere wives ever heard dat dey had been dere, dey'd be lookin' for a divorce de next day. Well, de way dem suckers swallowed de

soft sawder was a caution, and de musee did a bigger business dan any udder place on de block, becuz when the jays went in an' found out how dey had been fooled, an' dat everything in de museum was straight and reg'lar, an' dat dere wusn't a single sneaky ting in the show, instid of goin' for my wool, dey stood around an' recommended udder jayjohns to go in an' see de show, an' den had de laugh on dem when dey come out.

"De boss wus so pleased wit me an' de way I fooled de yams, dat when we closed up at night he come to me an' he give me a five-dollar bill an' he says, 'Yer outersight, see? an' I'll engage you at \$20 a week for de hull summer, pervidin' de business keeps up to de mark dat it's been at to-day, see?'

"Well, I was so dumbstruck dat I didn't know what to say to him, but I reached out for de five, just de same, an' said I was much obliged, or some foolish ting like dat, an' went out an' had a good supper and hired a good comfortable room in a thirty-second class hotel near by, so's to have a good night's sleep to prepare me for de next day's woik."

Here Dusty drew a long breath, and raising his schooner of mixed ale to his lips drained it to the bottom, and giving a deep sigh of satisfaction ordered Mr. Mulgrew to "fill 'em up again," as all hands, following his example, had drained their glasses simultaneously.

When Mr. Mulgrew returned with the ale Dusty settled back in his chair and resumed his story.

"I got up de next mornin' an' had me breakfast an' reported for woik, an' had de same luck as I had de day before; gee whiz! what a daisy time I had looking at dem farmers troopin' in to de musee, an' watchin' de disgusted looks on dere hay-colored mugs wen dey come out; I wus laughin' inside all de time at dem, an' de boss had a smile on his face a yard and a half wide as he seen the ten cent pieces droppin' into the ticket office; I tell youse dey done a magnif business, an' all on account o' me royal jigsteps knowin' how to fool de jays.

"Dis kind o' ting went on for a week, an' at de end o' dat time, I got me \$20 an' felt like a millionaire; I tell youse I wus glad I didn't chuck meself into de Chicago river; mighty glad, becuz I commenced to feel dat it was a good deal better to be a live barker dan a dead, water-soaked bundle o' mud, floatin' around in dat dirty river, waitin' for de police boat to pick me up an' carry me to de morgue, an' after layin' dere for a week to be

chucked into a hole in de ground, witout so much as a wake or a funeral to make me feel dat dyin' wusn't so hard after all.

"One day durin' my second week at de musee, I seen an old feller wit a red cap on his head an' a dark-brown skin an' a cigarette in his mug, standin' in de crowd, payin' great attention to what I wus sayin'. I tought I would give him a jolly, an' I says, 'Hello, Turkey, dis is de place for you; step right inside an' see for yerself.' Well, he bowed an' went in, an' when he come out he wus smilin' like a baboon, and he come over to me an' he says, 'Say, young feller, what time do you go to yer dinner?' An' I says 'at 1 o'clock,' jist for politeness, tinkin' he was going to spring a gag on me. 'Well,' he says, 'if you have no objections I'd like you to have dinner wit me at de corner here; I'll be dere at 1 o'clock. I got a proposal to make to you, an' I tink you'll find it'll be money in yer pocket if you meet me.'

"Well, I wusn't goin' to let a chance like dat go by, so I promised de Turk I'd meet him at de hotel at de corner right on time. I told him to have de dinner ordered, fur I wus only allowed twenty minutes for meals, becuz the musee done a dead slow business while I was away.

"When 1 o'clock come I jumped down off me poich an' hustled around to de hotel, an' sure enough, dere was his jaglets waitin' for me wit de same old smile.

"We went in an' dere was a reg'lar jim lulu dinner on de table fit for the Prince o' Wales. We began to swallow it right away, an' while we were eatin' he gimme a game o' talk dat nearly took away me appetite."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DUSTY TELLS HOW HE WENT TO WORK IN THE MIDWAY
PLAISANCE.

"Yessiree," repeated Dusty, gazing earnestly at his listeners to impress the fact upon their minds that he was telling them some honest truth; "de proposition dat dat Toik laid before me almost took away me appetite.

"He says to me, he says, 'Young man, I been noticin' yer for de last week, doin' yer little stunt in front o' de dime museum up de street, an' I wanter tell yer right here an' now dat yer a Jim hickey.'

"Of course," added Dusty, "he didn't use dem woids exactly in speakin' to me about de hit I made wid him; he was a well-educated Toik, an' spoke English like a boid; but I'm tellin' it to youse dis way so's youse'll have no trouble in understandin' de nature of de conversation we had togedder; see?"

Mr. Mulgrew, Slob and Jigsy nodded assent, and Dusty, seeing that they were not at all offended at his good intention, went on:

"Well, as I wus sayin', de Toik went on to gimme a game o' talk about wot a Jim lulu mug I wus at the barkin' business, an' of course every time he gimme a jolly I'd swallow a pinch o' salt so dat his taffy wouldn't toin me stomach, see? an' wen he had de road well paved for his proposition, he says to me, he says, 'How much a week are youse gittin' from de mug dat runs de musee?'

"'Well,' I says, 'I don't know as it's any o' yer particler business, but I don't mind tellin' yer dat I'm pullin' about thoity a week out o' de job; I tought dere was no harm in puttin' on a few cases, as long as he wus so inquisitive an' so nosey about it.

"'Come, come,' he says, 'wot are yer givin' us? Is dat on de level? Ain't yer pilin' on de agony a little dere, my young friend?'

"Den I made believe to git mad, an' I says: 'If yer don't wanter believe wot I'm tellin' yer, yer know jist wot yer kin do, don't yer? Wot's all dis game o' guff about, any way?' I says.

‘My time is valuable, me forrin friend, an’ if yer want any more information you’ll have to ask yer questions mighty quick, for I only got a few more minutes to eat, an’ den I got to git right back to business, see?’

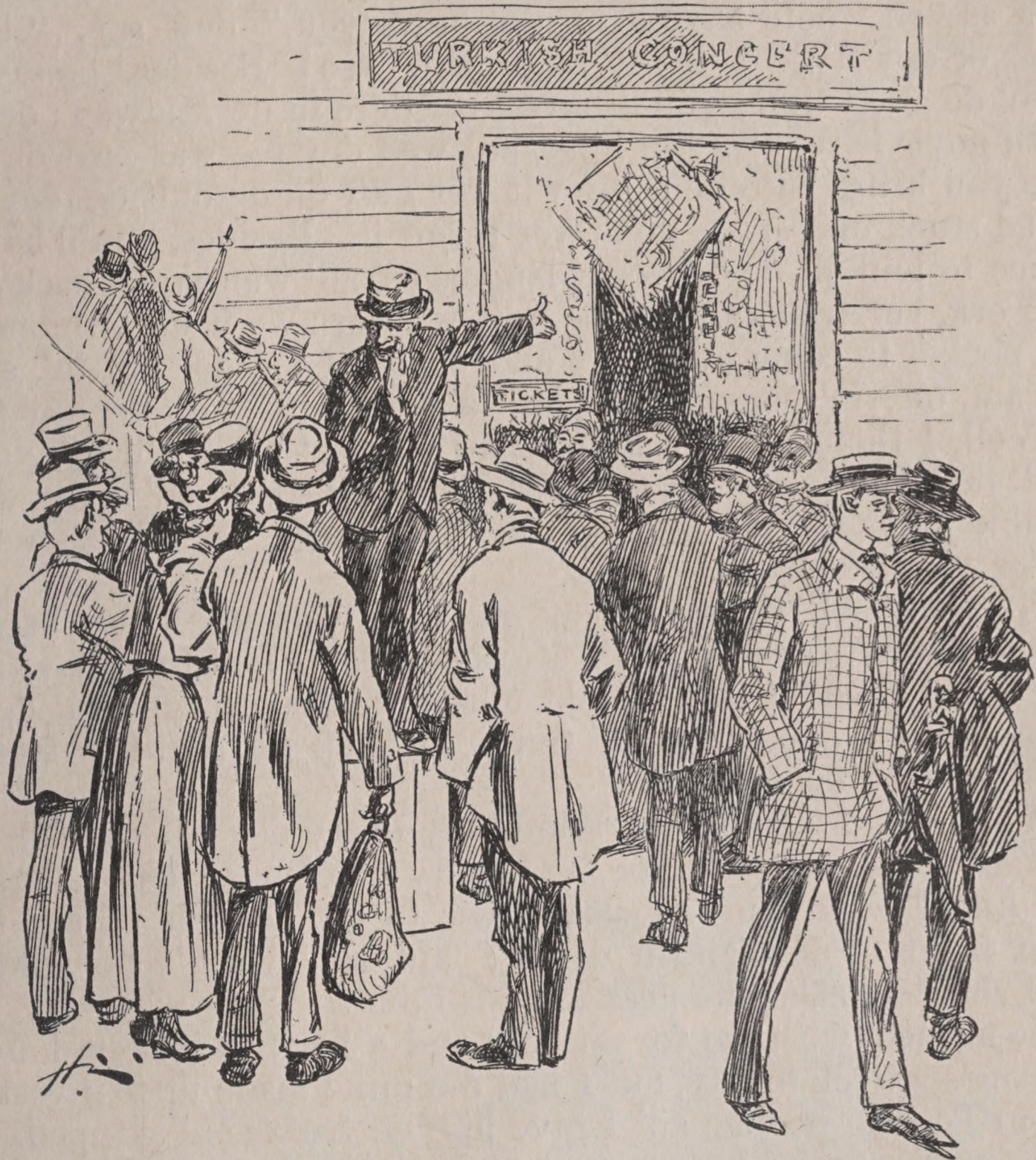
“Well, wen he seen dat I wus gittin’ woiked up, he says: ‘Oh, now, see here; dere ain’t no use gittin’ hot under de collar jist because I said dat. Of course I don’t doubt yer woid,’ he says; ‘but here in Chicago lyin’ is a ketchin’ as de measles, an’ I wus afraid yer might have inhaled some o’ de microbes an’ caught de disease.’

“‘No, siree,’ I says, ‘I ain’t been here long enough to ketch anything but suckers, an’ I ketched enough o’ dem durin’ de past week to keep dat snide musee full to de doors from eight o’clock in de mornin’ till twelve at night, see? Ketchin’ suckers is my specialty. D’ye ketch?’ I says, lookin’ him square in de eye.

“He nodded his head, an’ I says, ‘Well, as long as yer onto dat fact, I suppose it wus in regards to somet’n’ of der same nature dat youse invited me to dine wit yer to-day, wusn’t it?’

“Den he stopped eatin’ right dere, an’ he got as serious as a judge wen he’s askin’ yer to give an account of how yer got yer jag, an’ he says, ‘Yes, I invited you to eat wit me so’s we could discuss a little matter o’ business; now, of course you don’t know who I am, but I’ll tell yer before I go any further. I’m de general manager o’ de hull Toikish business over here in the Midway Plaisance, see? Now, we got some outer-sight women dancers over dere, but de public ain’t on to wot dey can do, and de business ain’t been as good as it ought to be; so I been lookin’ for a barker dat kin talk to de people passin’ by in sich a way dat dey’ll find demselves driftin’ in to see de show wedder dey want to or not. I tink you are jist de poyson I been lookin’ for, an’ I wanter make a proposition here an’ now dat you come over dere and woik for me, an’ I’ll give yer thoity-five plunks a week to start, an’ if de business picks up in de way I hope it will under your direction, I’ll advance yer as de season goes on. I mean to do de square ting by yer, if you do de same by me; is it a go?’

“Well, say, fellers, dat’s de time I come near chokin’; de idea of pullin’ de wool over de old Toik’s eyes, so that he believed I wus rakin’ thoity bones a week out o’ de musee manager, when I wus only gittin’ twenty, give me sich a shock dat I near fell off me seat; but I managed to carry out de bluff, an’ I says to him, ‘Well, I don’t know wedder to take youse up or not. I have a good place where I



DUSTY O'DOWD ON THE MIDWAY.

am, an' I don't like to leave me boss in the loich ; he took me in to fill a dead man's shoes, an' it seems kinder mean to throw him down like dis.'

" ' Ah, come off,' he says ; ' it's easy seein' you ain't been in Chicago long, or you wouldn't have dem silly notions ; dey have an entirely different readin' of de golden rule here,' he says, ' from what dey have in New York ; instid o' sayin' " Do unto udders as you would have dem do unto you," dey say, " Do udders, or dey'll do you wit bote feet," see ? Besides,' he says, ' tink o' de good times you'll have over dere in de Midway ; dem Toikish goyls is regular jim lulas, an' wen dey see wat crowds o' people you bring into de show wit yer guff on de outside, dey'll git dead stuck on yer an' don't yer forgit it. Besides, you'll have a chance to loin all de different languages, an' wen ye go back to New York, yer friends won't be in it wit yer ; wy it ud be money in yer pocket to come over dere and woik for me for nottin', an' here I am, offerin' you a salary dat's a dazzler ; wat do yer say ? "

" Well, I thought for a minute, an I says, ' Well, I'll tell you wot I'll do ; I'll finish out de week at de museum, an' study up some new jollys to give dem over at your place, an' I'll come to woik for yer next week.'

" He says ' All right,' an' as me time wus up I run back, an' I wus feelin' so good all de afternoon dat I lied to de jays as fast as Maud S. could trot, an' de musee wus so crowded dat dey had to lock de doors several times to keep de reubens from crushin' each udder to death.

" Well, it went on in de same way every day till de end o' me second week, an' wen I got me twenty simoleons from de boss, I told him I was goin' to sneak over to de Toikish village to bark in front o' de Toikish dance ; an' say, wusn't he wild ? Well, I should sizzle ! he near lost his mind.

" He argued with me for an hour and a half, and offered me thirty bones a week to stay, but I had me mind made up to investigate dem Toikish people, an' I give him de freeze an' skipped.

" De next mornin' I went over to de place where de Toik told me to go, an' dere he wus, as smilin' an' happy as a woman wit a new bonnet, an' he gimme me instructions an' tole me jist wot I wus to do.

" He says : ' Don't be afraid to give it to dem strong, becuz no matter how much you lay it on, you won't be tellin' half de truth ; dere's no fake about dis show ; an' wen you tell the jays dat dey're goin' to see somet'n spicy, you'll be tellin' dem wot's jist so,

nothin' more or less, an in order dat you may be able to describe de performance, I'll take you up-stairs an' have de goyls give a rehoysal jist for yer private bencfit.

"Well, he took me up-stairs an' called de goyls out an' spoke some woids to dem in Toikish, an' dey looked over at me an' smiled, an' den some old mugs commenced playin' some bum music, an' one o' de goyls began wabblin' around de stage in de funniest game o' dance I ever saw in me life; it was somet'n like dis."

Here Dusty stood up and began a very awkward, though highly realistic imitation of the danse du ventre, at which Slob and Jigsy gazed in open-mouthed surprise, and which made Mr. Mulgrew fairly glow with pleasure.

"That's it; that's it, Dushty," he exclaimed; "oh, dear me, how that brings back the World's Fair to me! I used to go to that Turkish theayther ivery day, to see thim gerruls, until wan day the ould woman kem in an' discovered me, an' afther that I didn't get a chance to go at all at all. My, oh my, phwhat foine dancers they wor, to be be sure!"

Here Dusty concluded his exhibition and sat down, and as a reward for his revival of Mr. Mulgrew's pleasant recollection of the black corner of the White City, the smiling saloon-keeper went out and brought in three cigars, which Dusty distributed, handing one to each of the other gents and keeping the largest and blackest one for himself.

"But," resumed Dusty, when he had started his cigar, "de foyst dancer wusn't a coy cumstance to de second one dat got up when she got trough; she wus a boyd for fair; de old man told me her name wus Farida, an' you may know how choice she wus, when she wus prevented from dancin' in New York, as soon as she began, by de police, an' de New York police kin stand almost anything.

"Well, when she wound up her performance an' gev a look at me, I wus mighty glad I gev up de job at de musee, because I seen she was plum stuck on me an I would 'a' been glad to bark for me board an' beer money, jist for de sake of havin' her trow her peepers over my way like dat once a day.

"When de dance wus over I didn't know whedder I was on me head or me feet, but de old Toik gimme a slap on de back an says, 'Come out; dere's no time to lose; git up on dat box outside an' start yer lecture, an' don't forgit wot I told yer about layin' it on pooty thick. Brace up now an' let her go.'

CHAPTER XL.

DUSTY'S EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES AS A "BARKER" IN
FRONT OF THE DANSE DU VENTRE.

Mr. Mulgrew leaned forward when Dusty told of how the boss Turk had slapped him on the back, telling him to "brace up an' let her go"; his face was a study, expressing, as it did, the superiority he felt over Slob and Jigsy, who had not seen the wonders of the great Chicago fair, and particularly those of the Midway Plaisance, and could not, therefore, enjoy this narration of Dusty's with the high appreciation of the details which he felt himself.

"Well, I went outside," resumed Dusty, "an' I got upon a big soap-box an' commenced to holler a speech somet'n like dis: Step up, gents, an' see de greatest curiosity dat ever was put on de face o' de eart'! A real live cow wit two heads, seven legs an' four tails; a fat woman weighin' 1,299½ pounds; a thin man dat don't weigh anything at all; he lives on wind puddin' an' air sauce; he's so thin dat he kin go tru a rain storm witout gittin' wet; to-day he will git married to de fat woman, an' all it costs youse is a quarter of a dollar to see de hull business. Dere is also on exhibition de original coat worn be de man dat struck Billy Patterson, an' de two-dollar bill dat he struck him for; dere are also many udder curiosities too numerous to mention, including a dressmakin' bill amountin' to only \$6.60, wich was found in de hand of a man dat dropped dead from surprise; you will also see de famous paintin', on exhibition for de foyst time, representin' Christopher Columbus tryin' to discover de pocket in his wife's dress; likewise you will see de man dat never heard de song of 'Two Little Girls in Blue,' an' a collection of de sloppy wedder mugs dat wrote de poetry about 'Beautiful Snow.'

"'You will see among dis great world of wonders a man dat kin thread a needle without blindin' himself, an' a woman dat kin drive a tenpenny nail witout mashin' her thumb into a jelly; you will see a professor of magic who can turn a glass of wine into a glass of water, or turn a glass of beer into a man; you will see de

champeen mean man on exhibition; he is de fellow dat rubbed a crust o' bread on his throat an' fed it to his children as Adam's apple pie; he wears high collars to save de expense of havin' to wash his neck wit soap; he makes his family live in a cellar, because flats nowadays are so high, an' he sleeps in the open air for a week every spring so's to ketch an attack o' de chills, an' while he has dem he makes money shakin' carpets.

“ ‘We also have de champeen smarty of de country, or in fact, of de hull woild; he has been known to git de best of a sheeny in a horse deal, an' he kin swear dat he has winned money in a Coney Island crap game, an' at de Guttenburg race track; I might also mention dat we have here de man dat has never been known to ask anybody, ‘Is it hot enough for you?’ or ‘Is it cold enough for you?’ Of course he's been deaf an' dumb ever since he wus born, but dat's where de joke comes in, see? All dese an' many udder tings I can't tink of, gents, we have on exhibition; gadder up close to me, an' I'll tell youse all about dem!’ ”

Slob, Jigsy and Mr. Mulgrew laid back in their chairs and screeched with laughter, as Dusty rolled this odd speech out in an impressive, museum-orator fashion, and when their merriment had subsided somewhat, Dusty continued:

“ When I come to dat part o' de speech, de jayhawkers crowded all around de box, I guess about two hundred o' dem, an' I addressed dem in a more confidential manner, witout any o' de flourishes at all.

“ I looks every man jack o' dem square in de eye, an' I says, in de same voice dat I used outside at de musee, I says: ‘Looket here, fellers, I wus oney givin' youse a jolly in dat long-winded speech o' mine, see? Dis ain't no museum, boys, wit fat women an' skeleton dudes sittin' around, tryin' to sell youse dere pitchers—not much; dis is de greatest show on earth, bar none; we have up-stairs a collection of de rarest beauties from de courts of Europe, Asia, Africa an' Toikey, dressed in costumes dat cannot be described, but must be seen to be appreciated. Don't forgit to fetch yer microscopes along to examine de costumes, an' besides dese beautiful an' wonderful costumes you will see de most wonderful dancin' dat wus ever done on any stage, or off eider, for dat matter; I never seen anything like it meself, although I live right near Coney Island when I'm home. I seen it dis mornin'. I'm givin' it to youse straight, dat oney for de tremenjus salary dat de boss is givin' me to stand out here an' talk about it, I'd spend all me time up-stairs lookin' at it; wy,

dis is de dance dat wus danced in front of Solomon an' Gomorrer, regularly tree an' four times a day; an' dat's wot made dose old ducks live so long; as long as dey could see, dey kep' lookin' at de dancers, an' it wuz oney when dey got stone blind from old age, an' couldn't see de goyls doin' dere specialty, dat dey got tired of livin'."

" 'I tell youse, men, it's like a new lease o' life to see dis dance. Dere ain't no vulgar high kickin', nor no serpentine foolishness about it, but I'll guarantee dat ef youse don't find it de spiciest ting youse ever seen, I'll give youse back yer money, dat's all. All I want to tell youse is dat if youse expect to see a Sunday-school class in session, or a lot o' trained ponies, don't go up stairs; save yer money an' take a ride in de Ferris wheel, or spend it for Hygeia water, or go in and see de forty beauties across de way; dis ain't no show for sloppy-wedder mugs at all; dis is a show for sports, an' any sport dat has a quarter's worth o' sportin' blood in his body an' misses seein' dis show ought to spend de rest of his life kickin' himself for bein' such a blame fool.' "

Here Dusty puffed vigorously on his cigar, and as he watched the clouds of smoke rising toward the ceiling, he went on:

" Well, youse ought to seen de rush dat ye yams made for de door when I got tru talkin'; dey tore de coats off each udder's backs tryin' to git near de man dat wus sellin' de tickets for de dance, an' when de boss Toik saw dat he come out an' chucked his arms around me neck an' cried like a baby, he was so glad.

" Some o' de Reubens in dat batch stayed in de place all day long, and when de show wus over at night dey looked as if dey had been in a trance for a week, an' we almost had to kick dem out, so's we could lock up de theayter.

" Well, I kep' up me barkin' all dat day, and when we closed up de Toik come to me, an' he says, ' Mister O'Dowd,' he says, ' yer a dead sure winner. I'm a tousand times obliged to yer for de way you done yer little act to-day, an' as for de goyls, dey're almost standin' on dere heads wit' delight on account o' de big business, because de bigger de crowd de more elastic dey kin be, an' de better dey kin dance.'

" Den he called de goyls out, an' dey began to tell me how glad dey wus dat I wus woikin' for de boss, an' I never felt so foolish in me life; I wus afraid dat dey was all goin' to imitate de boss an' chuck dere arms around me neck; dey didn't, but de looks dey gave me almost toined me hair gray.

“I woiked every day at de same game, havin’ a new gang to operate on, an’ I improved de speech so dat I had de jays’ mouts waterin’ before I had got half ways tru it, an’ half de time dey wouldn’t wait for de end, dey wus so dead anxious to see wot wus goin’ on up-stairs, an’ I was just as glad, because I could commence again on a fresh crowd.

“I tell youse, de business we done wus enormous; sometimes I’d have to stop barkin’ for an hour at a time to give de crowd a chance to thin out a little in the theayter, an’ den I’d start her up again, an’ in less dan no time dere wouldn’t be breathin’ room, an’ a line half a mile long waitin to git in.

“I used to have lots o’ fun watchin’ de behavior o’ de different people dat come in to see de dance; it was funny, de effect it had on dem. I seen blokes dat looked as if dey was reg’lar Methydist or Baptist choich deacons when dey wus home, an dey’d anchor in a seat an’ stay, an’ stay, an’ stay, an’ see de dance over an’ over an’ over again; dey’d forgit to eat dere meals even, an’ dey used to kick like steers when we’d remind dem dat we weren’t runnin’ a boardin’-house, an’ dat dey’d have to vacate to make room for de udder gents dat wanted to see de show.

“Wy, I’ve seen dese johnny jays, after bein’ fired out de back door, where de exit wus, come up smilin’ five minutes later at de front door, pay a quarter, an’ start in again to play de same game, an’ it wus only be hustlin’ dem in an’ out like dat dat we managed to make so much money.

“Den dere wus de udder kind o’ people dat wus alwuss apologizin’ to one anudder about bein’ in dere lookin at de show, cloigymen of every choich, dead respectable mugs of all kinds, an’ even women used to troop in, an’ if dey happened to reckonize each udder wen dey got inside dey’d explain it be sayin’ dat, of course, dey didn’t know it was sich a fly game, an’ wusn’t it horrible! an’ dey didn’t see how de authorities permitted sich an exhibition, an’ so on, an’ at de same time keepin’ dere peepers fastened right on de Toikish wrigglers, an’ in a good many cases havin’ opera glasses to help dem to see it better, an’ almost havin’ a fit every time de dancers give any kind of an extry twist. Dem was de mugs dat used to make me sick. I didn’t mind de jayhawkers, because dey didn’t know no better, an’ dey didn’t need to apologize to nobody, but de dead respectable mugs dat apologized for bein’ dere wit’ one side o’ dere mouts, an’ whistled for more wit’ de udder side, dey used to give me sich a pain dat I had a stiff neck de hull time I wus woikin’ dere.”

At this point Dusty's throat got parched again, and he gave Mr. Mulgrew instructions to fill the schooners, and when he had taken a good pull at the foaming beverage he resumed the narration of his interesting adventures.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW DUSTY RAN FOUL OF COMSTOCK, AND HAD TO LEAVE
HIS POSITION.

"Well," resumed Dusty, shaking the ashes from the end of his cigar, with a dexterous movement which is only acquired by long practice, and settling back in his chair with the air of one who knows he has got his audience "dead to rights," "I had de greatest time I ever had in me life, for two hull weeks, barkin' in front o' de Toikish dance hall, but one day, somet'n happened dat busted up de hull game an' spoiled me snap for de rest o' de season."

The audience of three leaned forward again, as they had done many times before, and sat open-mouthed at this startling piece of information.

"It happened like dis," said Dusty. "I wus right in de middle of a speech one mornin' talkin' to a lot o' Western yams, an' I seen one old bloke dat seemed to be terribly interested in every t'ing I wus sayin', an' as he had a mug like a reg'lar farmer, I jist laid meself out on him. I tickled his whiskers an' laid on de taffy about de dance as t'ick as I could make it. Gee whiz! youse ought to seen de way he swallowed de guff an' de way he smiled wen he heard me tellin' de jays about de wonderful dance de venture (which is de French name for de game dat de goyls wus playin'). I tell youse it wus great."

"Wot did dey call it de dance de venture for?" queried Jigsy McDuff, who was growing restive under the long restraint he had been subjected to on account of the interesting nature of Dusty's narrative.

"I'm not sure," answered Dusty, "but I guess it was because dey ventured so near de limits of decency wen dey wus dancin'; dat's de only meanin' I could ever see in de name."

"It don't make a bit o' difference phwhat the meanin' o' the words is, Dushty," said Mr. Mulgrew, as a sort of rebuke for Jigsy's interruption; "go on wid the shtory."

"Well, as I wus sayin'," said Dusty, "I wus layin' it on for all I wus woith dat day, for de benefit o' de gang o' yahoos dat

was listenin' to me, an' especially for de benefit o' de old whiskery mug dat seemed to be enjoyin' it so much.

"When I got to de end o' me talk an' advised dem not to miss seein' de wobbly dance, de old mug was de foyst one on de line to buy his ticket, an' wen I seen him scootin' up-stairs, I says to meself, 'He's good for de hull day, an' dat's a cinch, sure;' an' I went on ropin' in udder jays till de place was packed wid a howlin' mob, an' de chief Toik wus as happy as a clam.

"But I made a great mistake about de old mug; he wasn't inside more dan ten minutes, wen he come out de back way, lookin' pooty mad. I stopped him, an' I says, 'Wot's de matter, uncle, ain't yer feelin' extra well to-day, or wus de atmosphere too warm up-stairs for yer delicate constitution?'

"He never said a woyd to me, but put down de Midway as hard as he could go, an' I made up me mind dat de show was too rich for his blood, an' dat he wus makin' tracks for home as fast as his legs could carry him, so's he could get his toothbrush an' wash de slate-colored taste out of his mout.

"Well, along about 4 o'clock in de afternoon, de boss come to me an' he says, 'Dusty, you'll have to stop yer barkin' for a while.' 'What for?' I says, 'de teayter ain't full, is it?' 'No,' he says, 'but de show has been hoodoed. Do you remember dat mug dat you wus havin' so much fun wid dis mornin'?' I says, 'Yes; but what's has dat got to do wit it?' 'Dat's got everyt'ing to do wit it,' he says, 'an' I'll tell you de reason why; who do you suppose dat innocent-lookin' old duck wus?'

"'Well,' I says, 'I dunno; he looked like a farmer to me, or a backwoods preacher.'

"'Yer off yer trolley, altogedder, dis time, cully;' he says, 'he wusn't no backwoods jayhawker; he wus nobody more or less dan Antony Comstock, of New York, de great moral crank; he come here dis afternoon an' raised de devil about de hull show; he said de dance wus bad enough, but dat your description of it was ten times worse; I tried to bluff him, but it was no go; he said I'd have to stop you from lecturin' out in front, and besides eider to tone down de dance or stop it altogedder; he wanted me to shut up de place right away, but I wouldn't listen to him; so we come to a compromise, an' I agreed to suppress yourself an' Farida, de star dancer; and he said he'd be in in a day or so, to see dat I kep me woyd.'

"Well, you could 'a' knocked me down wit a fedder. I wus so surprised dat I could't speak; to tink o' me bein' taken in by

a sharp like Comstock, in dat plum easy way, made me sick, an' I spent an hour an' a half kickin' meself for not knowin' any better dan to make such a fool o' meself."

" 'Well,' I says to de chief Toik, 'wot am I goin' to do, an' wot's to become o' me juicy salary as a lecturer?'

" 'Well,' he says, 'I'm sorry, Dusty, but I'll have to toin you down for a while, until dis ting blows over. I'll keep everything dead respectable for a while, an' den wen Comstock goes back to New York we'll make up for lost time by havin' de dance fiercer dan ever, an' you kin add any fancy touches to de lecture dat you please; in de mean time you kin look for anudder job, but don't try de lecturin' game, because if you do you'll git pulled, sure; for Antony is dead onto you, see?'

" Well, he paid me wot he owed me an' I left him dat afternoon, an' I started out to find anudder job; de foyst place I struck wus de Sout' Sea Island Village; I seen de manager of it an' asked him if he wanted to hire any one; an' he says, 'Well, if youse are willin' to make up as a native an' take part in de stage performances, I'll take you on; one o' my men is sick, an' I'll give you \$6 a week an' yer board, if you're willin' to go me.'

" I knowed very well dat I couldn't expect to get any sich wages for supin' as I wus gittin' as a lecturer, so I says, 'Well, if you make dat figure seven instid o' six, I'll take you up.'

" Well, we squabbled over it for half an hour, an' he finally agreed to gimme six seventy-five a week, and sent me in to a rehearsal dat was goin' on.

" When I got in I wus sorry I made de bargain; dere wus a hull gang o' brown-skinned pluguglies in dere bare skin almost, dancin' a war dance on de stage an' jabberin' away in a for'n language dat I could't make head or tale of to save me neck.

" One of de men took me into a tent, an' wen I took off me clothes, he got a pot o' brown paint an' gimme a coat of it all over an' left me out in de sun to dry off. I wuz as mad as blazes, but wot could I do? I had to woik at somethin', an' as I alwuss had a wish to be an actor from de time I foyst stole 15 out o' de old woman's pocket-book an' sneaked down to Hyde & Behman's, I called it square, an' wen de paint wus dry I went in an' started to loin how to do de war dance.

" It took me a hull day to loin de dance, an' even den I wusn't poifect; I used to forgit an' git in de way o' de udder fellers, an' many a crack on de shin I got from dere clubs on account of it, an' it was no fun, I kin tell yer.

“ One day I was after havin’ a glass o’ beer or two, an’ wus a little unsteady on me feet, an’ while we wus dancin’ around I happened to bunk into one o’ de savages extra hard, an’ he got riley an’ he up wit his club an’ he hit me one in de neck.

“ Well, of course, I wusn’t goin’ to stand dere like a dummy an’ let him hammer me, so I ups wid me own club an’ fetches it down on top of his old cocoanut; but I might as well be hittin’ a stone. Dem fellers has the hardest heads I ever seen, but I fetched him one or two good ones on de body, an’ he hit back wit all his might, an’ I was afraid I was goin’ to git de woyst of it, wen de hull mob, about twenty o’ dem, piled on like dey do in a football match, an’ yelled an’ screamed an’ howled, an’ de audience clapped, because dey thought it wus in de play, see? But de manager come in, an’ when he seen wot de trouble wus he gimme me six seventy-five an’ told me to take a sneak, as long as I couldn’t behave meself; I tried to tell him how it wus, but he chased me before I could open me trap.

“ I put on me duds an’ went into de fair grounds an’ found a wash-house, an’ started in washin’ dat paint off me face an’ hands; it took me about two hours to git dem clean, an’ even den dey weren’t so extra clean eider. Den I went back to de Midway an’ I went into de Irish village, an’ I put on a brogue as tick as a mattress, an’ asked to see de manager. He come out, an’ I told him I wus de son of one o’ de best jig dancers in Ireland, an’ offered to do a toin for him six times a day for fifteen a week.

“ He said he needed an extra jigger, but he couldn’t hire me unless I’d agreed to dance fifteen times a day for \$10 a week; I gave him an argument about it, an’ finally he come up to twelve bones a week an’ a place to sleep, wit de privilege of eatin’ meself, as he said, an’ I signed a contract wit him right away.

“ I began to woik in de Irish village de next mornin’, an’ I tell youse it was a tough job, dancin’ away an’ yellin’ at de top o’ me voice, tryin’ to raise a laugh from de gang o’ Yanks sittin’ around, an’ makin’ de real Irish people, dat strayed in once in a while, sick, because dey could see right away dat I was a fake.

“ One mornin’ I got kinder gay, an’ commenced to sample some o’ de Irish whisky dey had dere, an’ it tasted so good dat I swallied four glasses of it, an’ it queered me right away. I couldn’t stand up to save me neck, an’ when de boss seen how it wus he gimme me money an’ sent me about me business. I wusn’t very sorry, because I was tired woikin’ so hard all day, an’ I knowed I could git a snap if I only looked long enough.

“De next place I tackled wus de Chinese teayter ; de manager said he wus lookin’ for some one to play de cymbals, an’ I says I can’t do dat, because I don’t know nuttin’ about music ; dat’s all right, says de Chineese, you don’t need to know nuttin’ about music ; jist hit de cymbals togedder once in a while an’ make lots o’ noise ; but you’ll have to have yer face stained yaller an’ wear a pigtail, he says, or you can’t woik in de band.

“Well, I wusn’t kickin’ about a little ting like a pigtail an’ some yaller paint, after all I’d been tru, so I let dem do me up, an’ I looked like a pitcher off a tea chest wen dey got me finished ; den dey gimme a pair o’ brass cymbals an’ told me to fire away.

“I had a gallus time while I wus dere. I loined a hull lot o’ Chineese woids an’ I felt jist like one o’ demselves.

“One evenin’ while I was waitin’ for de show to begin, I seen a bottle stickin’ out o’ de pocket o’ one o’ de Chineeses. I swiped it an’ took a good drink an’ fell in a trance.

“I woke up two days later with a head on me like an ale barrel it wus so big, an’ dey told me dat de stuff I swigged wus medicine for makin’ you sleep, an’ dat I swallowed enough to kill a man, an’ dat only I wus so tough I’d a been a gone goose.

“Dey said dey had to hire anudder man in me place an’ dat I’d have to go, so I put on me reg’lar clothes an’ left de Chinese teayter, an’ went out into de Midway wit a face on me de color of a lemon.”

CHAPTER XLII.

DUSTY RECOUNTS SOME MORE OF HIS STRANGE ADVENTURES.

“Well,” Dusty went on, “youse kin jist imagine me feelin’s, chucked out of a job jist when I wus beginnin’ to understand me business poifectly. I never felt so foolish in me life, ’pon me woyd.

“Dere I wus, wit me face all stained up wit yaller paint an’ me eyebrows all marked up wit black pencils, so’s to make me look like a Chinee, an’ de rest o’ me lookin’ jist like I alwuss looked ; I tell youse it wus tough.

“I didn’t walk more dan five feet before I was follied be a big gang o’ jays, dat began makin’ remarks about me looks, till I felt as sick as a dog, an’ I toined around an’ challenched any tree o’ dem to step out till I cud wipe up de ground wit dem, but I guess I looked so savage in me war paint dat dey were all afraid to tackle me, an’ all dey did wus guy me, until dere wus sich a big crowd gaddered dat I couldn’t move one way or de udder.

“Jist about dis time one o’ de Columbian guards steps up to see wot de row wus about, an’ wen he seen he laughed so dat I wus afraid he’d split in two, but he didn’t ; he called a pal o’ his, an’ one o’ dem got on each side o’ me, an’ in spite o’ me kickin’ dey yanked me off to de Woild’s Fair station-house.

“Wen de sargent seen me he give a yell an’ almost went into a fit of hystrikes, but after a half an hour or so he come to, an’ asked de guard wot de trouble was.

“He says : ‘De prisoner wus raisin’ a crowd an’ disturbin’ de peace.’ ‘Nuttin’ o’ de kind, sargent,’ I says. ‘He’s way off his trolley. I wusn’t doin’ nuttin’ o’ de sort.’

“Den I explained how it wus dat I come to be out dere in de Midway, wit me face done up in dat crazy fashion, an’ he said he’d believe me, because he could see me good honest face shinin’ out tru de yaller paint. See ? Gee, whiz ! wen I heard dat I almost dropped dead.

“‘Well,’ de sargent says, ‘we’ll have to keep you here till it gits dark, because if we let you go now de crowd ’ll gadder round yer, an’ de same trouble ’ll happen again.’

“ Well, I’m satisfied,’ I says, ‘ but if any o’ dem jay-hawkers gives me any back talk I’ll smash him in de jaw, even if I git six months for it. Dis is wot a man gits for tryin’ to make an honest livin,’ I says, jist to make a good bluff wit de sargent, an’ he winked his udder eye, an’ he says, ‘ Right you are, me boy.’

“ Well, dere I had to stay till de night time, an’ when de lights wus lit dey let me go, an’ I muffled up me face, an’ made tracks for the Midway right away.

“ De foyst place I stopped at wus Hagenbeck’s, where de trained animals wus on exhibition. I went into de office an’ I braced the manager for a job ; well, he gimme the same game as I’d been gittin’ all day long ; he laughed right out in me face, an’ only he wus so big and strong, an’ in de business of tamin’ lions an’ tigers, I’d a smashed him in the jaw for bein’ so fresh.

“ When he got tru laughin’ he says : ‘ You must excuse me, young feller. I meant no offense, but yer face struck me as bein’ so comical dat I couldn’t help bustin’ right out ; how did yer come to be sich a sight ?’

“ I explained it all to him, an’ while I wus talkin’ he says, all of a sudden : ‘ If you want to come to woik here I’ll pay you \$12.50 a week, if you’ll do as I say.’

“ ‘ I’m willin’ to woik at anything,’ I says, ‘ except where dere’s danger. I ain’t stuck on de appearance o’ me head jist now,’ I says, ‘ but I wouldn’t put it into de lion’s mout for twice dat salary, an’ don’t you forgit it. See ?’

“ ‘ Oh, no ;’ he says, ‘ we don’t want you to take no risks like dat at all ; but I’ll tell you jist wot we want you for. It’s an easy job, an’ all you’ll have to do is to let yer face stay as it is an’ follow my instructions.’

“ ‘ All right,’ I says ; ‘ let her go. I’m wit yer.’

“ ‘ Well,’ he says, ‘ we have every kind of trained animals here, an’ de most o’ dem kin do nearly everyting but talk an’ laugh. Now what I want you to do is to go an’ sit in front o’ de animals’ cages, an’ jist look at dem all day long, an’ see if you kin make dem laugh. We’ve tried everyting on earth to make dem do it, but so far we haven’t succeeded even in makin’ dem smile, an’ if your make-up doesn’t do de business, den I’ll give it up as a bad job.’

“ Of course I felt kind of insulted at de idea at foyst, but I tought I might as well take him up, even if he wus bluffin ; so I walked into de place where de animals wus caged, an’ as soon

as dey laid eyes on me dey began to raise a distoybance dat you could hear a mile away.

"De lions laid right down in dere cages an' bellowed, an' de tigers done de same, an' de wolves howled as if dere hull family was dead at onct, an' de leopards jumped up an' down an' changed dere spots, an' de hull business got so demoralized dat de manager hustled me out o' de place on de double quick for fear de beasts 'ud break loose an' come out an' chew us all up.

" 'I'm afraid you will not be a success as a laughin' teacher,' he says, 'but it ain't your fault. I'm sorry I gave you so much trouble, but here's a dollar for yer attempt.'

"I took de dollar an' went out again into de cold, cold world to seek me fortune once more.

"When I got outside I stopped for a few minutes to look at de Ferris wheel goin' round. While I was lookin' at it it stopped an' didn't begin turnin' again. All de people in de cars began to scream, an' de excitement wus high.

"All of a sudden Ferris seen me an' when he did he says, 'It's no wonder de wheel stopped runnin'! Look at dat face!'

"He pointed at me an' de hull mob got onto me an' I had to toin round an' run for me life. When me back was toined to de wheel it commenced runnin' just de same as ever, an' I heard afterwards dat it was because de hoodoo wus removed.

"I happened to run into a museum for safety, and when de boss o' de place laid his lamps on me he says, 'Where did you escape from?' An' den I wus obliged to go tru all dat business of explainin' all over again, an' when de musee boss heard me story, a sudden idea struck him, an' he says, 'Have youse any objections to goin' on exhibition?' I says 'No, because I got to earn me livin' some way, an' as long as I'm a freak, I might as well be drawin' a salary as makin' an exhibition o' meself for nuttin.'

" 'Well,' he says, 'I'll give you twenty-five a week if you allow me to bill you as de greatest monstrosity of de nineteent' century.

" 'It don't make a bit o' difference to me wot you put on de bills,' I says, 'as long as I git me bills at de end o' de week. Go right ahead.'

"He made me sign a contract. I wus to git twenty-five a week an' me board, because I didn't want to stir out o' de place till I could make enough to pay a doctor to bleach me skin an' straighten out de tangles in me face, so's dat I look somet'in' like a human bein'.

“De next day de boss had bills pasted all over de place like dis : Here Dusty unfolded a large poster, which read as follows :

NOW ON EXHIBITION INSIDE :
 “GOWANUSTICUS,”
 THE CHINESE-IRISH MYSTERY,
 A LIVING ILLUSTRATION OF THE NECESSITY OF
 ENFORCING THE CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT !

“Well, we done a fine business,” Dusty went on, after the three attentive listeners had read the bill, “an’ de boss was feelin’ immense. He used to deliver lectures on me twelve times a day to de jays, tellin’ dem dat me fader was a Chineese an’ dat me mudder was Irish ; an’ holdin’ my case up as an example of de evils of Chinese emigration ; it used to make me mad, de way he used to poke fun at me, but den I wus gittin’ me twenty-five an’ tree squares a day, an’ of course I couldn’t kick.

“‘I used to talk a language o’ me own, a mixture of Toikish, Chinese, Irish an’ English, an’ some o’ de smartest men in de woild used to come in dere an’ look at me an’ go out, shakin’ dere heads, wonderin’ wot I was.

“One mornin’ after I’d been dere about two weeks, me face began to feel kinder itchy, an’ I took a bottle o’ vaseline belongin’ to de boss’ wife, an’ I smeared it all over me face, to see if it might make me feel better, and den I took a towel, an’ I wiped it off an’ went out into de musee an’ sat down in me regular place.

“When de boss come in, he give one look at me an’ he says, ‘Wot t’ell you been doin’ to yerself?’

“‘Nuttin’,’ I says, ‘only I rubbed a little vaseline on me face dis mornin’ because it was itchy, an’ I wiped it off wit a towel.’

“‘Well,’ he says, ‘you wiped yerself out o’ de museum business at de same time. You’re a nice mug, you are!’ An’ den he takes me over to a lookin’-glass, an’ I found dat de vaseline had took every bit o’ de yellor paint an’ everyting off me face, an’ I wus looking jist de same as before I went to woik in de Chinese theayter.

“Of course I had to give up me job, but den I felt a good deal more comfortable witout dat makeup, because I knowed dat when I walked out in de street de hull population wouldn’t foller me around.

“I got de money dat was owin’ to me an’ waltzed out, an’ de foyst one I met wus de Toik dat hired me to lecture in front o’ de dance de venture.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

DUSTY CONCLUDES THE STORY OF HIS ADVENTURES AT THE
WORLD'S FAIR.

"When de boss Toik seen me comin' out o' de musee," Dusty went on, "he grinned like a baboon, an' he come over an' shook hands wit me, an' he says, 'Wot are y' up to now? y' ain't been lecturin' for dat fake show, have yer?'"

"'Nope,' I says; 'I been woikin' in dere as a freak for de last tree weeks.'"

"'A freak!' he says, wit his mout' wide open; 'how'd yer come down so low?'"

"'Aw,' I says, 'I had a job in de Chinese teayter as a musicianer an' dey done me doyt, lettin' me drink some stuff like knockerout dat put me in a trance for two hull days, an' when I come to dey gimme de freeze, see?'"

"Well, de Toik didn't seem to be no wiser dan before, even after me explainin' de reasons to him, but I didn't bodder makin' it any plainer dan I did, becuz if dem bugs can't loin English when dey come to de country, w'y, de best plan is to eider give dem a jolly or leave dem in de dark, dat's all."

"'How's de dance de venture goyls?' I says to him, jist for a feeler."

"'Out er sight, Dusty,' he says, 'oney dey're all gittin' awful bony, fallin' away, you know, on account o' not seein' you since Comstock stopped de dancin' in de Midway; dey're all plum dead stuck on yer shape, an' dat's flat,' he says, wit a grin like an organ-grinder's monkey."

"Well, maybe it's flat,' I says, lookin' him square in de lamps, 'but it ain't straight; you can't jolly an' old duck like me,' I says, 'tellin' him ghost stories like dat, see?'"

"'Allar be praised!' he says, rollin' his eyes up at de Ferris wheel, which is de way de Toiks have of swearin' dat wot dey say is on de level; 'it's de troot, or I'm anudder.'"

"'Allar be rats!' I says, rollin' me eyes up de same way as he done; 'don't give me any more o' dat stuffin'; save it for some jay dat's never seen Coney Island; but how about the

goyls? I haven't seen anyting o' dem since his wiskers Comstock jumped on dere necks.'

"Oh,' he says, 'I brung dem right down to Chicago an' started a stag racket entertainment bureau; I read in a Brooklyn paper dat dey had dancin' goyls at a stag in a fashionable club dere, so I made up me mind to see if I couldn't find somet'n for de goyls to do in a quiet way, an' I tell you'se I'm makin' out way up in de air, Dusty; I have more dates on me book dan I can fill; de Chicago clubmen say dat dey'll see Brooklyn an' go it one better, even if dey have to hock dere undershoyts to do it.'

"'Is dere any chance o' de goyls comin' back to de Midway?' I says, for I wus thinkin' o' me snap job an' me sure pay, lecturin' to de jays.

"'Soitenly,' he says; 'I hoyd yesterday dat Comstock was needed back in New York, an' dat he starts to-morrow; as soon as de train passes de city limits I'll run de goyls down here on de double quick, an' we'll start right in, for it's gittin' late in de season, an' we got to make up for lost time.'

"'You'll need me, I suppose?' I says, kinder doubtful like.

"'Why, o' course, old man,' he says; we couldn't tink o' gittin' along without yer. Unless we have you to do de barkin' de show won't be one, two, six. Be on de lookout, an' no matter wot kind of a job you have when I open up, chuck it up right away an' come to me, won't yer?'

"'You kin jist bet yer sweet I will,' I says, an' wit dat understandin' he went off.

"He toined around when he was oney a little ways up, an' he come back, an' he says, 'Dusty, you better come wit' me. I'll give yer somet'n to do in de streets of Cairo while we're waitin' for Saint Antony to make a sneak to New York.'

"'All right,' I says, an' I went wit' him, an' he toined me over to an old Toik, an' give him some game o' talk in Toikish, an' de old mug took me into a house an' picked out a white suit, or, to tell de troot, it wus white once, but wus almost black, an' he made motions dat I was to put it on.

"Well, I did, an' when I wus all dressed he took a bottle o' stuff an' done me up brown; gee, I didn't know meself when I piked in de glass; I looked on de bum for fair; but I didn't give a hang. I knowed it wus money in me clothes to stick to his nibs de boss Toik, so I let de bloke fix me up any way he liked. When I came out de boss took me over to a place where dere

wus a mug makin' some kind o' sticky candy; he took a hunk of it an' give it to me, an' he says, 'Eat dis; it won't do yer a bit o' good.'

"Well, I ate it, an' de stuff tasted so rotten dat I had to make faces at myself for five minutes.

" 'How do you like de candy?' says de boss.

" 'Well,' I says, 'if youse'll excuse me for sayin' so, I tink it's on de bum,' at de same time makin' a bow.

"De boss must 'a' took a wrong meanin' out o' wot I said, becuz he clapped his hands, an' he says 'Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum candy; I'm glad you like it, becuz I'm goin' to have you here sellin' it, an' you must loin to sing dis song, so's to draw a crowd.'

"Den he gimme dis slip o' paper," said Dusty, as he drew a dirty piece of writing paper from his vest pocket, and handed it to Jigsy, who read with a good deal of squinting and struggling the following rhyme:

Bum, bum candy; bum, bum candy,
You find him vera handy;
Sweet as honey, not cost much money;
Ta-ra-ra-bum, bum candy.

"I loined de song in less than half a shake, an' I tell youse I sung it out o' sight. I sold more o' de candy dan dey ever sold dere before, an' de candy maker wus dead sore on me for bein' so popular, becuz it kep him busy makin' de stuff all day long, an' all he wus ketchin' was thoity cents a day an' his board.

"I found out before I wus dere a day dat bum in Toikish means good, an' dat dat was de reason for de Toik bein' so pleased when I said de candy wus on de bum.

"I got along o k at the bum, bum candy stand, but one day I caught cold an' me pipes froze up, an' I couldn't make a sound to save me neck.

"When de boss seen de way I wus fixed he says to me, 'I'll have to change youse around to-day, as long as you aint able to sing; I'll put you on de camel stand, an' all you'll have to do is to lift people on an' off de camels' backs when dey take a ride.' Gee! When I hoid dat I thought I'd jump out o' me skin; it wus jist de snap I wus lookin' for. I used to watch dose low down mugs of Toiks liftin' de pretty goyls on an' off de camels' backs, an' I often tought if I oney had dat job I wouldn't give it up for de presidency o' de hull fair.

"I tell youse, I had the swellelegantest time of me life de

foyst day I wus woikin' alongside de camels. I never seen so many 'peaches' in me life, an' den jist tink o' de fun of grabbin' dem around de waist an' liftin' dem up body an' bones onto de camels' back, an' given' dem an odd squeeze jist for luck ; I tell youse it wus immense !

"Some o' de goyls wus so scary dat de minute I'd grab dem by de waist dey'd git frightened an' trow dere arms around me neck, an' hang on, de same as if dey wus drownin', while de fellers dat wus wit dem, or dere mudders an' faders, ud look so disgusted dat you'd tink I was goin' to steal de fairies away from dem. I used to have great fun wit de squeamish goyls, de kind dat never allowed a young feller to put his arm around dere waist in dere lives, you know ; dey used to decline de pleasure of my assistance, an' den dey'd try to climb up on de camel's back by demselves, an' I used to lay back an' laugh at dem, an' when dey'd get out o' breath I'd grab dem an' hist dem up so quick dat dey didn't know wot struck dem, an' I'd give dem sich a squeeze dat de chances are in nine cases out o' ten I broke some o' de bones—if not in dere body, in dere corsets, anyway.

"We used to have to put de feet o' de passengers into a kind of a stirrup, an' it wus necessary for de goyls to chuck dere legs around de hump on de camel's back in order to be able to hang on while de camel wus walkin' ; some o' de squeamish fairies used to kick like steers about dis arrangement, but I used to jist grab dere feet an' fix dem on right in spite o' demselves, because if dey fell off an' got killed dey'd say it wus my fault. De only part o' de game where dere was no fun was when we had a fat woman dat wanted to ride ; dey generally used to get a gigglin' fit on dat made dem so wobbly on dere feet dat we had all we could do to lift dem. De fact is, I generally used to be very busy when I seen one o' dem comin', so's dat some o' de reglar Toiks ud have de pleasure o' liftin' dem, while I laid for anyt'ing very choice, an' made de most o' me chances.

"Of course, de boss intended to put me back in de bum bum candy stall when me cold got better, but I took good care dat it didn't get better ; whenever I felt me voice comin' back I jist soaked me feet in cold water, shoes an' all, an' went to bed dat way, an' de nex' mornin' I wus jist as bad as ever. It wus while I wus mindin' the camel passengers dat I met Mrs. Mulgrew ; I wus so glad to see a Gowanus face dat I went up an' spoke to her, an' near scared her out of her wits. Well, one mornin', when I wus jist helpin' a regular daisy to git up on de back of

one o' de camels, de boss come runnin' in, an' he says, 'Hurry dat up, Dusty; I want to speak to yer.' Well, I wus sorry to have to let go o' de fairy, she was a jim lulu; but I passed her over to one o' de udder mugs, and follied de boss into his office.

"'Dusty,' he says, 'I want you to dust right into yer bunk, an' put on yer American clothes. I managed to beat Comstock at his own game. I went to de managers o' de fair, an' I told dem dat de fair ud be a failure unless my dance de venture wus allowed to go on, an' after a good deal o' talk dey come to look at it in de same way, an' dey told me to go ahead, an' not to bodder about Comstock at all; so we open at de old stand dis evenin', an' you kin have yer old posish an' yer old salary from now till de end o' de fair.'

"Well, I didn't take much time to tink over it, for I wus gettin' kinder sick o' de camel job, becuz dat week it seems to me dere wus nuttin' but men an' fat old women ridin'; so I got out o' me Toikish togs in pooty quick time, an' into me regular clothes; but when I come to try an' wash de brown paint off me mug de blame stuff wouldn't come off, but it didn't matter much; in fact, it wus a kind of an improvement; so I didn't bodder about it. Well, I began lecturin' dat night, an' kep it up wit de same success right to de end o' de fair, an' de boss wus as good as gold to me; I seen dozens o' Brooklyn mugs sneakin' in to see de dance, but I never said nuttin' to dem, becuz dey wus havin' dere fun, an' I wus gittin' me good money for steerin' dem an' udders like dem into de place. When de fair wus over, meself an' de dance de venture goyls an' de boss all come to New York togedder, an' we started to run de show dere, but de police stopped it, an' now I'm out of a job. But de boss is tinkin' of takin' de outfit out o' town, an' if he does I'll be wit him sure."

Here Dusty glanced at the clock, and making some remark about not knowing it was so late, and that he had an engagement in New York, he took up his cigar, lit it, and saying "Ta ta" to his friends, walked out, leaving Mr. Mulgrew, Jigsy and Slob gazing at each other in a sort of trance.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MRS. MULGREW AND MARY ANN GO TO THE FOOD EXPOSITION.

One morning in the early part of last week as Mrs. McBrannigan was returning from the butcher store, with a fine piece of corned beef on one arm and a head of cabbage in her left hand, she met Mrs. Mulgrew, who was walking very slowly in the direction of the German grocery store.

“Good-mornin’, Mrs. Mulgrew,” said Mrs. McBrannigan, pleasantly; “an’ how is ivery tether lenth o’ ye, this blessed mornin’?”

Mrs. Mulgrew’s face took on that peculiar expression which is usually assumed by people when they are looking for sympathy, and in a whining voice she answered:

“Faith, ’tis a fine lot o’ neighbors I have around me here; I might be dead an’ buried widout any o’ thim findin’ it out, so I might, an’ that’s the truth.”

“An’ wor ye sick, Mrs. Mulgrew?” asked Mrs. McBrannigan. “That’s the first I heerd of it; I didn’t see no docthor’s wagon shtoppin’ in front of yer dure this week, an’ how in the world cud ye expect me to know ye worn’t well?”

“Phwhy, ye might know, phwhin ye didn’t see me out on the sthreet ivery day that there was somethin’ the matther wid me,” said Mrs. Mulgrew, with a slight show of temper.

“That’s so,” said Mrs. McBrannigan, “that’s so. I did miss ye, to tell the truth, but I’ve been so busy for the lasht couple o’ weeks that I didn’t have the time to consider phwhat might be the throuble wid ye.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Mulgrew, “we always wor good frinds, an’ I hope we’ll continue so as long as the Lord laves us here.”

“I hope so, too,” said Mrs. McBrannigan; “but ye niver towld me phwhat ailed ye lasht week phwhin ye wor laid up. Was it the ould complaint, fatty degeneration o’ the heart?”

“Oh, no,” answered Mrs. Mulgrew; “’twas nothin’ as sarious as that; but phwhile I had the attack I was afeard I was goin’ to die, an’ siveral times I was on the point of sindin’ for a lawyer to make me will, an’ a docthor an’ a priest to finish up me other

affairs, but, thanks be to goodness, I managed to pull through, an' if I only have gumption enough to take care o' meself, I'm good for another phwhile, I guess."

"Was it a cowl'd ye caught?" asked Mrs. McBrannigan, with a rising inflection in her voice, which showed how interested she was in Mrs. Mulgrew's welfare.

"No, no; me sickness was brought on be pure foolishness," replied Mrs. Mulgrew, "jusht the same as phwhin I was laid up afther me bicycle ride, an' me exparience at the bowlin' club. I thought I had some sinse left afther those things, but I found out I had less than before."

"An' phwhat in the name o' goodness have ye been doin' now?" asked Mrs. McBrannigan, with some curiosity.

"Nothin' more or less than atin' phwhat didn't agree wid me blood," replied Mrs. Mulgrew. "I wint to the food show lasht week."

"The food show?" said Mrs. McBrannigan. "Phwhat the divil is the food show?"

"Oh, 'tis an affair they do have ivery year, in a big buildin' over on the other side of Brooklyn," replied Mrs. Mulgrew; "an' a very enjoyable affair, too, in some ways."

"An' how did ye come to get sick afther visitin' the food show?" asked Mrs. McBrannigan.

"Well, listen, an' I'll tell ye all about it," said Mrs. Mulgrew. "Wan avenin' lasht week I sint Mary Ann over to the grocery shtore for a few things, an' phwhin she kem back she says, 'Maw, the grocer med me a present of two tickets for the food show; would you like to go?' 'Would a pig squeal if he was caught undher a gate?' says I. 'Of course I'll go; shure I haven't been to a blessed place since I kem home from the World's Fair.' 'All right,' says she, 'we'll shtart right afther supper.'"

"So phwhin the supper was over, we washed ourselves an' I put on me Sunday clothes, an' off we wint. We rode in the ille-vated road for a long time an' thin we got out, an afther a short walk we kem to the food show. Mary Ann gev up the tickets, an' we wint in. Well, the place was jammed wid people, jusht like the buildin's at the World's Fair, an' I had great throuble pushin' me way around at first, but afther a phwhile some o' the people went home, an' that left more room for thim that was there."

"Phwhin we wint in the dure a man wid a big nose an' a bunch

o' gray hair on his chin handed each of us a bag. 'Phwhat's this for,' says I to him. 'That's to carry home your samples in, ma'am,' says he. 'Oh, well, if it is,' says I, 'I'm much obliged to ye.' An' he gev me such a sick smile, that I was goin' to let him have a swipe across the jaw wid his ould bag, but the crowd was pushin' by so fasht that I was carried away before I could say 'boo.'

"The first place we wint into was a room phwhere a woman wid a phwhite apron on was givin' a lecthyer on cookin'. Now, there's no man, woman or child or naygur that can gimme any points on cookin'. I cooked in some o' the finest families in New York for a good many years before I was married, an' although I do say it myself, I could tache any tacher that iver tried to tache cookin', even if he kem out of Delmonico's own kitchen.

"Well, we sat down in the cookin' school, an' the tacher began to let off a rigmarole about cookin' potatoes. Well, the longer I lishtened to her the more disgushted I was gettin', until finally I couldn't shtand it any longer, an' I shtood up an' I says, 'You'll excuse me, ma'am, for saying so, but you don't know no more about cookin' potatoes than a Gowanus billy goat does about playin' baseball; jusht allow me to explain to the ladies and gintlemin how a murphy should be cooked, an' I'll open their eyes.'

"But instid of gettin' down off her perch an' lettin' me talk, that knew somethin' about cookin', she let a scream out of her as if some one had shtuck a knife in her gizzard, an' fainted away, an' the whole gang comminced to laugh.

"In a few minutes a man kem in an' axed phwhat the matther was, an' phwhin I towld him, he says to me, 'Madam, the besht thing you can do is to walk around an' look at some o' the things ye don't know so much about, an' lave this lecture business alone.' I saw there was a crowd gatherin' round, an' I thought I might as well move on, bekase Mary Ann always does a Frinch fit phwhiniver I do anything that gathers a crowd; she says it makes her so imbarassed that she feels like fallin' through the flure.

"Thin we shtarted on the round o' the hall, an' I tell ye 'twas wondherful to see the different places all piled up wid different kinds o' shtuff for atin' an' dhrinkin', wid lovely young gerruls explainin' about the different things, an' givin' out samples to ivery wan that kem along.

"The way thim people behaved was a shame an' a disgrace. Phwhy, they almost tore the clothes off wan another's backs thryin'

to get free packages o' shtuff to carry home, an' it was only the shtroungest wans that wor able to get anything at all.

"I soon got into the way that was the besht for gettin' plinty o' samples. I jusht pushed right an' left wid me elbows, an' thim that didn't get out o' me way in quick time got hurted; faith, 'twould do ye good to see the black looks some o' thim weazened up little Yanks gev me phwhin I shoved thim out o' the way an' grabbed the samples that they wor waitin' mebbe half an hour to get, an' gev thim to Mary Ann to put in the bag to take home.

"But 'twas the samples that I ate on the spot that raised the divil wid me insides; ye see, I was injoyin' meself so well that I niver thought o' phwhat might happen aftherwards, an' I ate iverything that was handed to me, jusht like the rest o' the women. First I swallied a hot biscuit, med wid some kind o' bakin' powdher; thin I ate a couple o' pancakes wid sugar on thim; afther that I dhrank a cup o' chocolate an' a cup o' cocoa; thin I dhrank a little bowl o' soup, med from a patent exthract o' beef; then I ate a couple o' jam tarts that were given away to advertise some kind o' flour. I followed that up wid a glass o' root beer an' a spoonful o' salad dhressin'; thin I had some cooked corned beef an' a slice o' some new kind of English breakfast bacon, washed down wid a cup of Japan tay; afther that I ate some soda crackers an' two or three pickles an' dhrank a glass o' cidher; thin I ate a handful o' prunes an' a few raisins and currants an a couple o' pieces o' molasses taffy; thin I had some condinsed milk an' a few pickled walnuts an' a piece o' cheese, an' some ice-crame, an' some ginger snaps, an' some boneless codfish, an' some stirabout, an' a salt herrin', an' a few sardines, an' a plate o' Boshton baked beans, an' some chow chow, an some plum puddin', an' a lot o' canned lobsther, an' some butthermilk, an a whole lot of other things that I can't remimber jusht now.

"They all wint down very beautifully, but phwhin I got home they commined raisin' a regular Lannigan's ball wid me stomach; I tell ye, the heart throuble was a regular picnic along side o' phwhat I wint through, an' I was takin' casthor-oil for five days before I got rid o' the taste o' the different things I ate. To-day is the first day I've been able to go out, an' I'm goin' up now to give that Dutchman a layin' out for givin' Mary Ann the tickets for the food show, bekase if he didn't give her the tickets we wouldn't have gone there, an' I wouldn't have been laid up in lavendher for the pasht week."

“Well,” said Mrs. McBrannigan, “as long as ye have business to attind to I won’t be detainin’ ye. I have to hurry home, anyway, to cook the dinner. Maud an’ meself are goin’ down-town to buy some things this afthernoon, so I’ll say good-mornin’.”

“Good-mornin’,” said Mrs. Mulgrew, with a smile, as she went on her way to the German grocery to give the threatened “laying-out” to the proprietor, who is so used to Mrs. Mulgrew’s abuse by this time, that her tongue-lashings have no more effect on him than a mosquito bite has on the hide of a rhinoceros.

THE END.



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